

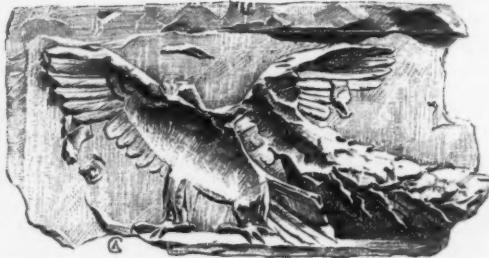
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AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.

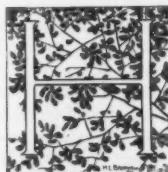
BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÒCI DÒU FELIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PART FIRST.

I.



AD we not gone roundabout through devious ways in Languedoc,—being there-to beguiled by the flesh-pots of Collias, and the charms of the ducal city of Uzès, and a proper desire to look upon the Pont du Gard, and a longing for the shade of an illusive forest,—we might have made the journey from Nîmes to Avignon not in a week, but in a single day. Had we made the journey by rail, taking the noon express, we could have covered the distance in three minutes less than a single hour.

The railroad, of course, was out of the ques-

tion. Geoffroi Rudel, even in the fever of his longing to take ship for Tripoli, and there breathe out his life and love together at his lady's feet, never would have consented to travel from Bordeaux to Clette by the *rapide*. To me, a troubadour's representative, the accredited Ambassador of an American poet to his friends and fellows of Provence, the *rapide* equally was impossible. Strictly, the nice proprieties of the case required that I should go upon my embassy on horseback or on foot. Consideration for the Ambassador, however, forbade walking; and the only horses for hire in Nîmes were round little ponies of the Camargue, not nearly up to my weight—smaller, even, than El Chico Alazan: whose size, in relation to my size, was wont to excite derisive comment among my friends in Mexico. The

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outcome of it all was that — compromising between the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries —we decided to drive.

By a friend in whom we had every confidence, we were commended to an honest livery-man, one Noé Mourgue. It was ten in the morning when we went to the stables. Outside the door a lithe young fellow — a Catalan, with crisp black hair, a jaunty black mustache, and daredevil black eyes — was rubbing down a horse. To him we applied ourselves.

"M'sieu' Noé is absent upon an affair," the Catalan replied. "He is a witness at the Palais de Justice. It is most provoking. But he surely will return at noon. That is of necessity — it is his breakfast-hour. Even a court of justice is not so barbarous as to keep a man from his breakfast. Is it not so?"

We looked at carriages in the *remise*, — it all was delightfully like Yorick, and the "desobligéant," and Monsieur Dessein, — but found nothing to serve our turn. The Catalan cheered us with the assurance that precisely what we wanted would come in that very night. At the moment, a commercial gent had it upon the road. It was a carriage of one seat, with a hood which could be raised or lowered, and in the rear was a locker wherein m'sieu'-madame could carry their samples with great convenience. It was in constant request among commercial folk, this carriage — not because of its elegance, but because of its comfort: it ran so smoothly that driving in it was like a dream!

A little after noon we returned to the stables. The Catalan had vanished, and the only live thing visible was a very old dog asleep on a truss of straw in the sun. The dog slowly roused himself, and gave an aged bark or two without rising from his place; whereupon a woman came down the spiral stair from the dwelling-place above. She was in a fine state of indignation, and replied to our question as to the whereabouts of the proprietor hotly. "The breakfast of M'sieu' Noé is waiting for him," she said. "It has been waiting for more than a quarter of an hour. If he delays another instant the whole of it will perish! What are these judges thinking of that they keep an honest man from his breakfast? It is an outrage! It is a crime!"

Even as she thus wrathfully delivered herself, Noé returned; but with so harried and hungry a look that 'twas plain this was no time to make a bargain with him. We assured him that our matter did not press; bade him eat his breakfast in peace, and to take his time over it; and to come to us, when it was ended, at our hotel — the Cheval Blanc.

When he presented himself, a couple of hours

later, he was in the most amiable of moods, and our bargain was struck briskly. Provided, he said, that we took the horse and carriage for not less than a week — here I interpolated that we should want it for a considerably longer period — we should have it for six francs a day; and, also, monsieur was to pay for the food of the horse. Nothing could be more reasonable than these terms. We accepted them without more words.

"And what sort of a horse does monsieur require?"

Monsieur replied that he required simply a good average horse; neither a sheep, nor yet a wild bull.

"Ah, the Ponette is precisely the animal suited to monsieur's needs. She is a brave beast! Perhaps monsieur will not think her handsome, but he will acknowledge her worth — for she is wonderful to go! He must not hurry her. She is of a resolute disposition, and prefers to do her work in her own way. But if monsieur will give her her head, she will accomplish marvels — forty, even fifty, kilometers in a single day." And as to the carriage, Monsieur Noé declared briefly that it was fit for the Pope.

The excellent Noé, be it remembered, came to us fresh from the Palais de Justice, and the strain of delivering himself under oath. We caught his veracity, as it were, on the rebound. There was truth in his statement, but the percentage of this element was not high. The Ponette, stocky, stolid, did have a considerable amount of dull endurance; but she was very much lazier than she was long. The carriage did run easily, for its springs were relaxed with age; but it was quite the shabbiest carriage that I ever saw. Indeed, when this odd outfit came to the door of the Cheval Blanc the next morning, I had grave doubts as to the fitness of associating the Embassy with a conveyance so utterly lacking in dignity.

Fortunately, one of the troubadours of Nîmes happened along just then, and put heart into me. He had come to see us off upon our journey, and had brought to each of us, for a farewell offering, a poem in Provençal. They were exquisite, these little lays; and especially did the soul of thirteenth century song irradiate the one entitled "*Uno responso*" — which was addressed in what I am confident was purely imaginative reply to a strictly non-existent "Nourado," on the absolutely baseless assumption that she had asked him, "What is Love?" I state the case with this handsome series of qualifying negotiations because — this troubadour being a stout gentleman, rising sixty, most happily married to a charming wife — the inference that his verses indicated a disposition to emulate the divided allegiance of Bernard de Ventadour is not tenable. But that Bernard would

have been proud to own this delicately phrased and gracefully turned poem will surprise no one learned in the modern poetry of Provence and Languedoc when I add that its writer was Monsieur Louis Bard.

nicety. "Take care never to wear a ripped garment," wrote the Sieur de Sescas; "better is it to wear one torn. The first shows a slovenly nature; the second, only poverty." Applying this rule to the carriage, Monsieur Bard pointed out



LOUIS BARBIER.

When we had accepted gratefully his offering of lays, I opened to him my doubts in regard to the fitness of our equipage; which doubts he resolved promptly by quoting from the rules laid down for the guidance of troubadours (and, therefore, for the ambassadors of troubadours) by Amanieu de Sescas, a recognized past-master in the arts of love and war. A proper troubadour, according to this Gascon authority of the thirteenth century, must have "a horse of seven years or more, brisk, vigorous, docile, lacking nothing for the march." Monsieur Bard declared that the Ponette fulfilled these several conditions, excepting only that of briskness, to a

that while the slits in the leather were many, the rips were insignificantly few. And in triumphant conclusion he quoted: "There is no great merit in being well dressed when one is rich; but nothing pleases more, or has more the air of good breeding, than to be serviceably dressed when one has not the wherewithal to provide fine attire."

As our friend knew, this summing up of the matter fitted our case to a hair. More than satisfied with his reasoning, I ordered the valise to be stowed in the locker (in lieu of the samples which the Catalan had expected us to carry there); we mounted into our chariot; our poet

A. CASTAINGNE, 1892.

THE DEPARTURE FROM THE CHEVAL BLANC, NIMES.



bade us God-speed; the Ponette moved forward sluggishly—and the Embassy was under way!

II.

OUR first intention had been to drive direct to Avignon; and we did, in fact, go out from Nîmes by the Avignon road. But there was not the least need for hurry. The troubadours of Provence did not even dream that an American embassy was on its way to them. There was no especial reason why we should be anywhere at any particular time. And out of these agreeable conditions came quickly our decision to drift for a while along the pleasant ways of Languedoc, taking such happiness as for our virtues should be given us, before we headed the lazy little Ponette eastward, and crossed the Rhône.

The tiny ducal city of Uzès seemed to be a good objective point; and it was the more alluring because on the way thither—at the village of Collias, on the Gardon—was an inn kept by one Bargeton, at which, as we knew by experience, an excellent breakfast could be obtained. It was the breakfast that settled matters. At St. Gervasy we turned northward from the highway into a cross-country road, a *chemin vicinal*; passed through the rocky *garrigue* region, and down to the river through a cañon that seemed to have gone adrift from the Sierra Madre; crossed the Gardon by a suspension-bridge, and so came into Collias an hour after noon.

On a very small amount of structural capital, the inn at Collias supports no less than three names. Along the end of it is painted in large letters "Café du Midi"; along the front, in larger letters, "Hôtel Bargeton"; over the main entrance is the enticing legend "Restaurant Parisien." Our previous visit had been upon a Sunday. Then, the establishment was crowded. Now it was deserted. As we drove through the arched gateway into the courtyard the only living creatures in sight were a flock of chickens, and two white cats with black tails. All the doors and windows were tight shut—for breakfast long since was over, and this was the time of day divinely set apart for sleep.

The noise of our wheels aroused Monsieur Bargeton. Presently a door opened, and he slowly thrust forth his head, and stared at us drowsily and doubtfully. Then, slowly, he withdrew his head and closed the door. From the fact that some minutes elapsed before he came forth in his shirt-sleeves, we inferred that at his first semi-appearance his attire had been even less complete.

"Yes, yes," he said, speaking in an injured tone, "breakfast can be had, of course. But it will not be a good breakfast, and it will not be

ready soon. The time for breakfast is long past. Everything must be prepared."

Fortunately, the end was better than this bad beginning promised. As he unharnessed the Ponette and stabled her, he shook off a little of his slumbrous heaviness, and his disposition toward us grew less severe. The old woman whom he summoned to his counsels, from some hidden depth of the house, put still more heart into him. After a conference with her, while we sat on a stone bench beneath a tree in the courtyard, he came to us with a statement full of encouragement. It was all right about the breakfast, he declared. Monsieur and madame should be well served with an omelet and sausages and fried potatoes; and then he came again to say that monsieur and madame should have a good cutlet and a salad; and yet later, with triumph, he announced that there was a melon for the dessert.

It was our fancy to have our breakfast served on the great stone table in the courtyard. Monsieur Bargeton did not approve of this arrangement,—the table, he said, was only for teamsters and such common folk,—but he yielded the point gracefully. Over one end of the table he spread a clean white cloth; set forth a service of clean, coarse chinaware; brought us very fair wine in a wine-cooler improvised from a watering-pot, and then the omelet was served, and our feast began.

No teamsters came to interfere with us. The only suggestion of one was a smart black wagon, on which, in gilded letters, was the legend: "Entrepôt de Bières, Uzès." While we were breakfasting, the beer-man came out from the inn, hitched up his horse, and drove away. He seemed to be surprised to find us eating there beside his wagon—but he said never a word to us, and never a word did we say to him. The black-tailed white cats breakfasted with us, the boldest of them jumping up on the far end of the table, beyond the limits of the cloth, and eating a bit of cutlet with a truly dainty and catlike grace; and while our meal went forward a delightful old woman in a white cap and a blue gown made a pretext of picking up sticks near by that she might gaze at us with a stealthy wonder. It all seemed like a bit out of a picture; and when Monsieur Bargeton, thoroughly awake and abounding in friendliness, came flourishing out to us with the coffee, we assured him that never had a breakfast been more to our minds.

Not until four o'clock—after an honest reckoning of eight francs and fifty centimes for our own and the Ponette's entertainment—did we get away; and evening was close upon us as we drove slowly up the hill whereon is the very high-bred and lovable little city of Uzès.

III.

WE had hoped that three days of absolute rest in Uzès would have put a trifle of spirit into the Ponette; but this hope was not realized. She came forth from her pleasant pastime

ran west again—afforded a circuitous line of approach to the Pont du Gard that was much more to our liking. Naturally, after having carefully looked out this route upon the map, and after having decided considerably to follow it, we abandoned it for something that we



BREAKFAST AT COLLIAS.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

of eating her head off in Monsieur Béchard's stables in precisely the same dull, phlegmatic condition that she went in. It was impossible to force her to a faster gait than a slow jog-trot. Left to herself—in accordance with her owner's fond suggestion—she instantly fell into a lumbering walk. But her loitering disposition was so well in accord with our own that we found little fault in her monumental slowness. There could be no greater happiness, we thought, than thus to giddling along through that lovely country in that bright weather while our hearts were as light within us as the summer days were long.

The highway leading eastward from Uzès served our purposes far too directly for us to follow it. A minor road—going around by the northeast to another road, which ran south to a third road, which, doubling on our course,

believed to be better before we had gone half a dozen miles.

Near the hamlet of Flaux we began the ascent of low mountains: a very desolate region of slate-gray rock, with here and there patches of scrub-oak (*chêne-vert*) growing in a meager soil. Beyond Flaux, off to the right among the oak-bushes, went a most tempting road. According to the map it was a *chemin d'exploitation*. Precisely what meaning attached to this term I did not know (I found out a little later); but the road possessed the obvious merit of leading directly across the mountain to the village of Vers, and thence the highway went onward to the Pont du Gard. Setting aside as irrelevant the fact that we had come out of our way for the express purpose of prolonging our journey, we decided to commit ourselves to this doubt-

ful pathway for the good reason that it was a short cut.

We had gone but a little way along it when we met a carter (a treacherous person, whose apparent kindliness cloaked a malevolent soul) whose deliberate statement that the road was passable set us entirely at our ease. He himself had but just come from Vers, he said; and he gave us careful directions that we might not miss the way: We were to ascend the mountain, and to continue across the little plain that there was on top of it, until we came to a tall stone post at a fork in the road. This was a sign-post, but in the course of years the inscription upon it had weathered away. At this post we were to take the turn to the right—and then we would be in Vers in a twinkling.

After we left this betraying-beacon of a carter, the road rapidly grew rougher, and the growth of scrub-oak on each side of it became so thick as to be almost impenetrable. The four or five bare little stone houses of Flaux were the last which we saw in a stretch of more than six miles. It was a most dismal solitude, having about it that air of brooding and portentous melancholy which I have found always in rugged regions desert even of little animals and birds.

We came slowly to the plain upon the mountain-top, and to the sign-post whereon there was no sign; and there we took, as the perfidious carter had directed, the turning to the right. The road ran smoothly enough across the plain, but the moment that it tipped down-hill it became very bad indeed. Before we had descended a dozen rods it was no more than the dry bed of a mountain stream, cumbered with boulders and broken by rocky ledges of a foot high, down which the carriage went with a series of appalling bumps. To turn about was impossible. On each side of the stream—I prefer to speak of it as a stream—the scrub-oak grew in a thick tangle into which the Ponette could not have thrust so much as her snubby nose. So narrow was the watercourse that the oak-bushes on each side brushed against our wheels. We were in for it, and whether we wanted to or not our only course was to keep on bumping down the hill. In my haste, I then and there cursed that carter bitterly; and I may add that in my subsequent leisure my curse has not been recalled. That he counted upon finding our wreck and establishing a claim for salvage I am confident. He may even have been following us stealthily, waiting for the catastrophe to occur. It is a great satisfaction to me that his pernicious project was foiled. By a series of miracles we pulled through entire; on the lower reaches of the mountain the stream became a road again; and as we swung clear from

the bushes,—getting at last safe sea-room off that desperate lee-shore,—we saw the houses of Vers before us, not a mile away.

IV.

VERS is a very small town, certainly not more than a hundred yards across, but in the course of our attempt to traverse its tangle of streets—all so narrow that our carriage took up almost the entire space between the houses, and all leading down-hill—we succeeded in getting hopelessly lost. We descended upon the town at about five in the afternoon; at which peaceful hour the women-folk were seated before their house doors, in the shade of the high houses, making a show of knitting while they kept up a steady buzz of talk. Many of them had helpless babes upon their laps, and innocent little children were playing about their knees.

Our passage through the town even at a walk would have occasioned a considerable disturbance of its inhabitants. Actually, we spread consternation among them by dashing through the narrow streets almost at a run. This extraordinary burst of speed on the part of the Ponette—the only sign of spirit that she manifested during our whole journey—was due to extraneous causes. Just as we entered the town a swarm of vicious flies settled upon her sensitive under-parts, biting her so savagely that they drove her quite wild with pain. For a moment she stopped, while she made ineffectual kicks at her own stomach; then she darted forward, and all my strength was required to keep her off a run. The women and children shrieked and fled from our path; bolting into their houses and, most fortunately for all of us, taking their chairs in with them and so leaving us a clear course. At the little *grande place* I took what looked like the right turn, but it really was a doubling upon our course—and in a minute more we were charging down the very same street again, scattering the crowds assembled to talk about the cyclone and to gaze in the direction in which it had gone. As these people had their backs turned toward us, it was only by a miracle that they escaped alive. This time I took another turn from the *grande place*—grazing a young woman carrying a baby as I rounded the corner; skilfully swinging the Ponette away from an open door that she seemed bent upon entering; and then forward among a fresh lot of women knitting and talking at their ease. The Ponette seemed to be quite crazed. Twice I succeeded in almost stopping her, while I tried to ask my way out of that little devil of a town; and each time, in the midst of the answer, she made vain kicks at her luckless stomach, and then dashed forward



IN VERS.

ENGRAVED BY P.AITKEN.

like a simoom. Had I been driving a nightmare the situation could not have been worse.

A brave old man rescued us. While I held in the Ponette hard, he seized her bridle; and when he had calmed her by brushing away the tormenting flies, and I had explained that we were lost and had begged him to guide us to the highway, he smiled gently and in a moment had led us out from that entangling maze. The distance to the highway

proved to be less than two score yards—but then he knew what turns to take in that most marvelously crooked town!

In my gratitude I offered the old man money. He refused to accept it: "I cannot take monsieur's silver," he said politely. "Already I am more than paid. In all the seventy years of my life here in Vers, monsieur is the very first who has been lost in my little town. It is most interesting. It is enough!"

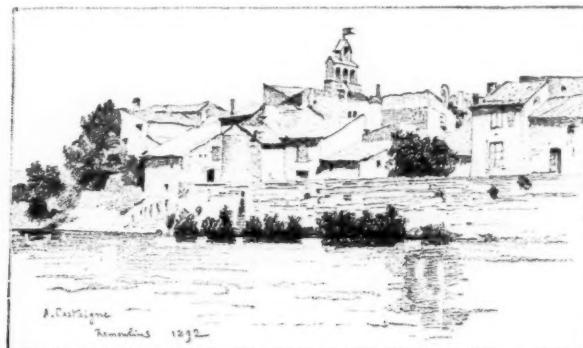
In this position he was firm. I thanked him again, warmly, and we drove away. When we had gone a short distance, I looked back. He was standing in the middle of the road gazing after us. His face was wreathed in smiles.

v.

IN going from Vers to the Pont du Gard, and thence to Remoulins, we were compelled to travel by the great highways; but in going from Remoulins to Avignon we fell once more into roundabout courses, taking a *route nationale* north to the village of Valliguières, that thence we might go east by a cross-

crest the sun was hanging low on the horizon above the summits of the Cévennes.

On the hilltop, with a sigh of thankfulness, the Ponette stopped; and for a while we did not urge her to go forward. Below us, in purple twilight, lay the Rhône valley, here widely extended by its junction with the valley of the Durance. On its farther side were the foot-hills of the Alps, with Mont Ventour standing boldly forward and rising high into the radiant upper regions of the air. Near at hand, down in the purple shadows, close beside the river, was a dark mass of houses and churches, sharply defined by surrounding ramparts, from the midst of which a huge



REMOULINS.

ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

country road which traversed a forest, according to the map, and therefore promised protection from the blazing rays of the August sun. On the map, this Forêt de Tavel made a fine showing. On the face of nature, the showing that it made was less impressive. In fact, when we reached it we found that we had come a full half-century too soon. For four or five miles we drove across rocky hills more or less covered with oak-bushes, which in time, no doubt, will become trees. But of trees actually grown, we saw in this distance precisely six. Unfortunately, they were scattered at intervals of half a mile or more apart. They would have been more impressive, would better have realized our crude American conception of a forest, had they been in a group.

It was because of our detour in search of the shade of trees which had only a chartographical existence that our coming to the hills bordering the Rhône westward was delayed until late in the afternoon; and the Ponette walked up the long ascent so slowly, and so frequently halted,—with a persuasive look over her shoulder that could not be refused,—that when at last we reached the

building towered to so great a height that all its upper portion was bathed in sunshine, while its upper windows, reflecting the nearly level sunbeams, blazed as with fire. And we knew that we were looking upon Avignon and the Palace of the Popes: and our hearts were filled with a great thankfulness—because in that moment was realized one of the deep longings of our lives.

The Ponette, with the carriage pushing behind her, went down the zigzag road, Les Angles, at an astonishing trot; but pulled up to her normal gentle pace on the level before we reached the bridge, and crossed that structure—over which a sarcastic sign forbade her to gallop—at an easy crawl. We did not try to hasten her pondering footsteps, being well content to approach slowly this city of our love: seeing below us the Rhône tossing like a little sea; on each side of us, in the central portion of the passage, the green darkness of the Isle Barthelasse; off to the left the surviving fragment of the bridge built seven hundred years ago by St. Bénezet of blessed memory; in front of us the high houses of the city rising above their encircling wall. Slowly we went onward, and in the

dusk of early evening we entered Avignon by the Porte de l'Oulle.

VI.

We had intended going to a modest, low-priced hotel—"un peu à l'écart, mais recommandé," as the guide-book put it—in the central portion of the town. The civic guard

lead the Ponette to her quarters, manifested a sense of the indignity put upon the establishment by interrupting my orders as to oats with a curt, "But yes, m'sieu'; I know, I know," and going off with his nose ranged well in air.

It came upon us with a shock, this show of scorn. In the little towns where we had halted during the week that our journey had lasted



THE PALACE OF THE POPES, AVIGNON.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

who halted us at the gate—to request our assurance that our cargo in the after-hold was of a sort upon which the *octroi* had no claim—gave us with the good will of a true Provençal the most precise directions as to how this hotel was to be reached. Having thus directed us, he said frankly that we probably would get lost on the way thither, but added that anybody whom we met would be glad to set us on our course anew. This warning, and a single glance into the labyrinth before us, determined me against essaying the adventure. After our experience in Vers,—and Avignon was to Vers as a haystack to a wisp of hay,—I had no fancy again to try conclusions with a maze; and I was the more easily seduced from this dangerous endeavor by finding, not a dozen rods within the city gate, the friendly doorway of an inn.

It was the Hôtel de l'Europe, the most magnificent establishment in Avignon; the hotel to which, above all others, we had decided that we would not go. Without a moment's hesitation I drove the hopelessly vulgar Ponette and our shabby carriage through the open archway and across the courtyard to the main entrance. The *gérant* received us coldly; the waiters, in evening dress, regarded us with an open disdain. Even the stable-boy, called to

we everywhere had been well received. At Tavel, where we had breakfasted that very day,—'t was a village that I had hesitated about entering in such poor array because of the sign at its outer limits: "A Tavel la mendicité est interdite,"—our host had volunteered the handsome statement that the Ponette was a *bonne bête* with legs of iron; and he had spoken in tones of conviction which left no room for doubting that his admiration for her was sincere. But at Tavel, and through the whole of that happy week, we had been among the simple children of nature; in coming to the Hôtel de l'Europe, as we now sharply realized, we once more were in touch with that highly conventionalized phase of civilization known as fashionable society, and were subject to its artificial laws.

As we were led to our gilded and red-velveted apartment,—with a man in waiting to brush the Ambassador's rusty coat, and a maid to bring hot water for the Ambassador,—I could not but feel a shuddering dread that my mission might prove a failure after all! What if the Provençal poets should resent—even as the *gérant* and the waiters so obviously resented—the lowly state in which the American Embassy had come?

T. A. Janvier.

BALCONY STORIES.

WITH PICTURES BY A. E. STERNER.

I. MIMI'S MARRIAGE.



HIS is how she told about it, sitting in her little room,—her bridal chamber,—not larger, really not larger than sufficed for the bed there, the armoire here, the bureau opposite, and the washstand behind the door, the corners all touching. But a nice set of furniture, quite *comme il faut*,—handsome, in fact,—as a bride of good family should have. And she was dressed very prettily, too, in her long white *negligée*, with plenty of lace and ruffles and blue ribbons,—such as only the Creole girls can make, and brides, alas! wear,—the pretty honeymoon costume that suggests, that suggests—well! to proceed. “The poor little cat!” as one could not help calling her, so *mignon*, so blonde, with the pretty black eyes, and the rosebud of a mouth,—whenever she closed it,—a perfect kiss.

“But you know, Louise,” she said, beginning quite seriously at the beginning, “papa would never have consented, never, never—poor papa! Indeed, I should never have asked him; it would only have been one humiliation more for him, poor papa! So it was well he was dead, if it was God’s will for it to be. Of course I had my dreams, like everybody. I was so blonde, so blonde, and so small; it seemed like a law I should marry a *brun*, a tall, handsome *brun*, with a mustache and a fine barytone voice. That was how I always arranged it, and—you will laugh—but a large, large house, and numbers of servants, and a good cook, but a superlatively good cuisine, and wine and all that, and long, trailing silk dresses, and theater every night, and voyages to Europe, and—well, everything God had to give, in fact. You know, I get that from papa, wanting everything God has to give. Poor papa! It seemed to me I was to meet him at any time, my handsome *brun*. I used to look for him positively on my way to school, and back home again, and whenever

I would think of him I would try and walk so prettily, and look so pretty! *Mon Dieu!* I was not ten years old yet! And afterward it was only for that that I went into society. What should girls go into society for otherwise but to meet their *brun* or their blond? Do you think it is amusing, to economize and economize, and sew and sew, just to go to a party to dance? No! I assure you, I went into society only for that; and I do not believe what girls say—they go into society only for that too.

“You know at school how we used to *tirer la bonne aventure*.¹ Well, every time he was not *brun*, *riche*, *avenant*, Jules, or Raoul, or Guy, I simply would not accept it, but would go on drawing until I obtained what I wanted. As I tell you, I thought it was my destiny. And when I would try with a flower to see if he loved me,—*Il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, passionnément, pas du tout*,—if it were *pas du tout*, I would always throw the flower away, and begin tearing off the leaves from another one immediately. *Passionnément* was what I wanted, and I always got it in the end.

“But papa, poor papa, he never knew anything of that, of course. He would get furious when any one would come to see me, and sometimes, when he would take me in society, if I danced with a “nobody,”—as he called no matter whom I danced with,—he would come up and take me away with such an air—such an air! It would seem that papa thought himself better than everybody in the world. But it went worse and worse with papa, not only in the affairs of the world, but in health. Always thinner and thinner, always a cough; in fact, you know, I am a little feeble-chested myself, from papa. And Clementine! Clementine with her children—just think, Louise, eight! I thank God my mama had only me, if papa’s second wife had to have so many. And so naughty! I assure you, they were all devils; and no correction, no punishment, no education—but you know Clementine! I tell you, sometimes on account of those children I used to think myself in ‘ell [making the Creole’s attempt and failure to pronounce the h], and Clementine had no pride

question after question, and guessing a number, a companion volunteering to read the answer to one. To avoid cheating, the books were revised from time to time, and the numbers changed.

¹ *La bonne aventure* is or was generally a very much battered foolscap copy-book, which contained a list of all possible elements of future (school-girl) happiness. Each item answered a question, and had a number affixed to it. To draw one’s fortune consisted in asking



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about them. If they had shoes, well ; if they had not shoes, well also.

" "But Clementine!" I would expostulate, I would pray—

" "But do not be a fool, Mimi," she would say. "Am I God? Can I do miracles? Or must I humiliate your papa?"

" That was true. Poor papa! It would have humiliated papa. When he had money he gave; only it was a pity he had no money. As for what he observed, he thought it was Clementine's

negligence. For it is true, Clementine had no order, no industry, in the best of fortune as in the worst. But to do her justice, it was not her fault this time, only she let him believe it, to save his pride; and Clementine, you know, has a genius for stories. I assure you, Louise, I was desperate. I prayed to God to help me, to advise me. I could not teach—I had no education; I could not go into a shop—that would be dishonoring papa—and *enfin*, I was too pretty. 'And proclaim to the world,' Clemen-

tine would cry, 'that your papa does not make money for his family.' That was true. The world is so malicious. You know, Louise, sometimes it seems to me the world is glad to hear that a man cannot support his family; it complimented those who can. As if papa had not intelligence, and honor, and honesty! But they do not count now as in old times, 'before the war.'

"And so when I thought of that, I laughed and talked and played the thoughtless like Clementine, and made bills. We made bills—we had to—for everything; we could do that, you know, on our old name and family. But it is too long! I am sure it is too long and tiresome! What egotism on my part! Come, we will take a glass of anisette, and talk of something else—your trip, your family. No? no? You are only asking me out of politeness! You are so *aimable*, so proud. Well, if you are not *ennuyée*—in fact, I want to tell you. It was too long to write, and I detest a pen. To me there is no instrument of torture like a pen.

"Well, the lady next door, she was an American, and common, very common, according to papa. In comparison to us she had no family whatever. Our little children were forbidden even to associate with her little children. I thought that was ridiculous—not that I am a democrat, but I thought it ridiculous. But the children cared; they were so disobedient and they were always next door, and they always had something nice to eat over there. I sometimes thought Clementine used to encourage their disobedience, just for the good things they got to eat over there. But papa was always making fun of them; you know what a sharp tongue he had. The gentleman was a clerk; and, according to papa, the only true gentlemen in the world had family and a profession. We did not dare allow ourselves to think it, but Clementine and I knew that they, in fact, were in more comfortable circumstances than we.

"The lady, who also had a great number of children, sent one day, with all the discretion and delicacy possible, and asked me if I would be so kind as to—guess what, Louise! But only guess! But you never could! Well, to darn some of her children's stockings for her. It was God who inspired her, I am sure, on account of my praying so much to him. You will be shocked, Louise, when I tell you. It sounds like a sin, but I was not in despair when papa died. It was a grief,—yes, it seized the heart, but it was not despair. Men ought not to be subjected to the humiliation of life; they are not like women, you know. We are made to stand things; they have their pride,—their *orgueil*, as we say in French,—and that is the point of honor with some men. And Clementine and I, we could not have concealed

it much longer. In fact, the truth was crying out everywhere, in the children, in the house, in our own persons, in our faces. The darning did not provide a superfluity, I guarantee you!

"Poor papa! He caught cold. He was condemned from the first. And so all his fine qualities died; for he had fine qualities—they were too fine for this age, that was all. Yes; it was a kindness of God to take him before he found out. If it was to be, it was better. Just so with Clementine and me. After the funeral—crack! everything went to pieces. We were at the four corners for the necessities of life, and the bills came in—my dear, the bills that came in! What memories! what memories! Clementine and I exclaimed; there were some bills that we had completely forgotten about. The lady next door sent her brother over when papa died. He sat up all night, that night, and he assisted us in all our arrangements. And he came in afterward, every evening. If papa had been there, there would have been a fine scene over it; he would have had to take the door, very likely. But now there was no one to make objections. And so when, as I say, we were at the four corners for the necessities of life, he asked Clementine's permission to ask me to marry him.

"I give you my word, Louise, I had forgotten there was such a thing as marriage in the world for me! I had forgotten it as completely as the chronology of the Merovingian dynasty, alas! with all the other school things forgotten. And I do not believe Clementine remembered there was such a possibility in the world for me. *Mon Dieu!* when a girl is poor she may have all the beauty in the world—not that I had beauty, only a little prettiness. But you should have seen Clementine! She screamed for joy when she told me. Oh, there was but one answer according to her, and according to everybody she could consult, in her haste. They all said it was a dispensation of Providence in my favor. He was young, he was strong; he did not make a fortune, it was true, but he made a good living. And what an assistance to have a man in the family!—an assistance for Clementine and the children. But the principal thing, after all, was, he wanted to marry me. Nobody had ever wanted that before, my dear!

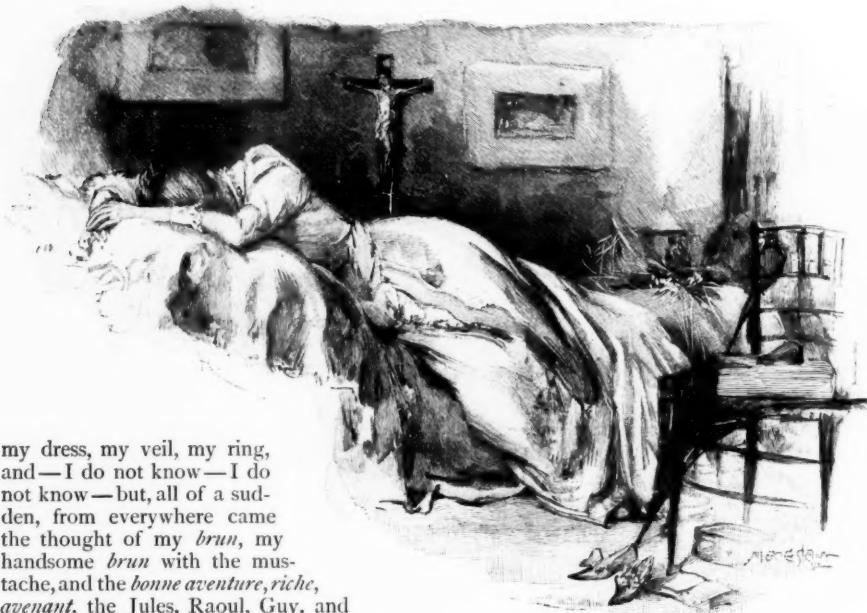
"Quick, quick, it was all arranged. All my friends did something for me. One made my *peignoirs* for me, one this, one that—*ma foi!* I did not recognize myself. One made all the toilet of the bureau, another of the bed, and we all sewed on the wedding-dress together. And you should have seen Clementine, going out in all her great mourning, looking for a house, looking for a servant. But the wedding was private on account of poor papa. But you know, Loulou, I had never time to think, ex-

cept about Clementine and the children, and when I thought of all those poor little children, poor papa's children, I said 'Quick, quick,' like the rest.

"It was the next day, the morning after the wedding, I had time to think. I was sitting here, just as you see me now, in my pretty new *negligée*. I had been looking at all the pretty presents I have shown you, and my trousseau, and my furniture,—it is not bad, as you see,—

band who adores you; who asks only to be a brother to your sisters and brothers, and son to Clementine; who has given you more than you ever possessed in your life—but because he did not come out of the *bonne aventure*—and who gets a husband out of the *bonne aventure*?—and would your *brun* have come to you in your misfortune? I am sure God inspired those thoughts in me.

"I tell you, I rose from that bed—natu-



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"I WEPT, I WEPT, I WEPT."

my dress, my veil, my ring, and—I do not know—I do not know—but, all of a sudden, from everywhere came the thought of my *brun*, my handsome *brun* with the mustache, and the *bonne aventure, riche, avenir*, the Jules, Raoul, Guy, and the flower leaves, and '*il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, pas du tout, passionnément*', and the way I expected to meet him walking to and from school, walking as if I were dancing the steps, and oh, my plans, my plans, my plans,—silk dresses, theater, voyages to Europe,—and poor papa, so fine, so tall, so aristocratic. I cannot tell you how it all came; it seized my heart, and, *mon Dieu!* I cried out, and I wept, I wept, I wept. How I wept! It pains me here now to remember it. Hours, hours it lasted, until I had no tears in my body, and I had to weep without them, with sobs and moans. But this, I have always observed, is the time for reflection—after the tears are all out. And I am sure God himself gave me my thoughts. 'Poor little Mimi!' I thought, '*si donc!* You are going to make a fool of yourself now when it is all over, because why? It is God who manages the world, and not you. You pray to God to help you in your despair, and he has helped you. He has sent you a good, kind hus-

rally I had thrown myself upon it. Quick I washed my face, I brushed my hair, and, you see these bows of ribbons,—look, here are the marks of the tears,—I turned them. *Hé, Loulou*, it occurs to me, that if you examined the blue bows on a bride's *negligée*, you might always find tears on the other side; for do they not all have to marry whom God sends? and am I the only one who had dreams? It is the end of dreams, marriage; and that is the good thing about it. God lets us dream to keep us quiet, but he knows when to wake us up, I tell you. The blue bows knew! And now, you see, I prefer my husband to my *brun*; in fact, Loulou, I adore him, and I am furiously jealous about him. And he is so good to Clementine and the poor little children; and see his photograph—a blond, and not good-looking, and small!

"But poor papa! If he had been alive, I am sure he never would have agreed with God about my marriage."

II. THE MIRACLE CHAPEL.

EVERY heart has a miracle to pray for. Every life holds that which only a miracle can cure. To prove that there have never been, that there can never be, miracles does not alter the matter. So long as there is something hoped for,—that does not come in the legitimate channel of possible events,—so long as something does come not to be hoped or expected in the legitimate channel of possible events, just so long will the miracle be prayed for.

The rich and the prosperous, it would seem, do not depend upon God so much, do not need miracles, as the poor do. They do not have to pray for the extra crust when starvation hovers near; for the softening of an obdurate landlord's heart; for strength in temptation, light in darkness, salvation from vice; for a friend in friendlessness; for that miracle of miracles, an opportunity to struggling ambition; for the ending of a dark night, the breaking of day; and, oh! for God's own miracle to the bedside-watchers—the change for the better, when death is there and the apothecary's skill too far, far away. The poor, the miserable, the unhappy, they can show their miracles by the score; that is why God is called the poor man's friend. He does not mind, so they say, going in the face of logic and reason to relieve them; for often the kind and charitable are sadly hampered by the fetters of logic and reason, which hold them, as it were, away from their own benevolence.

But the rich have their miracles, no doubt, even in that beautiful empyrean of moneyed ease in which the poor place them. Their money cannot buy all they enjoy, and God knows how much of their sorrow it assuages. As it is, one hears now and then of accidents among them, conversions to better thoughts, warding off of danger, rescue of life; and heirs are sometimes born, and husbands provided, and fortunes saved, in such surprising ways, that even the rich, feeling their limitations in spite of their money, must ascribe it privately if not publicly to other potencies than their own. These cathedral *tours de force*, however, do not, if the truth be told, convince like the miracles of the obscure little chapel.

There is always a more and a most obscure little miracle chapel, and as faith seems ever to lead unhesitatingly to the latter one, there is ever rising out of humility and obscurity, as in response to a demand, some new shrine, to replace the wear and tear and loss of other

shrines by prosperity. For, alas! it is hard even for a chapel to remain obscure and humble in the face of prosperity and popularity. And how to prevent such popularity and prosperity? As soon as the noise of a good miracle in it gets abroad, every one is for hurrying thither at once with their needs and their prayers, their candles and their picayunes; and the little miracle chapel, perhaps despite itself, becomes with mushroom growth a church, and the church a cathedral, from whose resplendent altars the cheap, humble ex-voto tablets, the modest beginnings of its ecclesiastical fortunes, are before long banished to dimly lighted lateral shrines.

The miracle chapel in question lay at the end of a very confusing but still intelligible route. It is not in truth a chapel at all, but a consecrated chamber in a very small, very lowly cottage, which stands, or one might appropriately, if not with absolute novelty, say which kneels, in the center of a large garden, a garden primeval in rusticity and size, its limits being defined by no lesser boundaries than the four intersecting streets outside, and its culture, the careless, shiftless culture of nature. The streets outside were miracles themselves in that, with their liquid contents, they were streets and not bayous. However, they protected their island chapel almost as well as a six-foot moat could have done. There was a small paved space on the sidewalk that served to the pedestrian as an indication of the spot in the tall, long, broad fence where a gate might be sought. It was a small gate with a strong latch. It required a strong hand to open it. At the sound of the click it made, the little street ragamuffin, who stood near, peeping through the fence, looked up. He had worked quite a hole between the boards with his fingers. Such an anxious expression passed over his face that even a casual passer-by could not help relieving it by a question—any question:

"Is this the miracle chapel, little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes." His expression changed to one of eagerness, yet hardly less anxious.

"Here. Take this —"

He did not hold out his hand, the coin had to seek it. At its touch he refused to take it.

"I ain't begging."

"What are you looking at so through the fence?" He was all sadness now.

"Just looking."

"Is there anything to see inside?"

He did not answer. The interrogation was repeated.

"I can't see nothing. I'm blind," putting his eyes again to the hole, first one, then the other.

"Come, won't you tell me how this came to be a miracle chapel?"

"Oh, ma'am,"—he turned his face from the fence, and clasped his hands in excitement,—“it was a poor widow woman who come here with her baby that was a-dying, and she prayed to the Virgin Mary, and the Virgin Mary made the baby live—”

He dropped his voice, the words falling slower and slower. As he raised his face, one could see then that he was blind, and the accident that had happened to him, in fording the street. What sightless eyes! What a wet, muddy little skeleton! Ten? No; hardly ten years of age.

“The widow woman she picked up her baby, and she run down the walk here, and out into the street screaming—she was so glad,”—putting his eyes to the peep-hole again,—“and the Virgin Mary come down the walk after her, and come through the gate, too; and that was all she seed—the widow woman.”

“Did you know the widow woman?”

He shook his head.

“How do you know it?”

“That was what they told me. And they told me, the birds all begun to sing at once, and the flowers all lighted up like the sun was shining on them. They seed her. And she come down the walk, and through the gate,” his voice lowering again to a whisper.

Ay, how the birds must have sung, and the flowers shone, to the widowed mother as she ran, nay, leaped, down that rose-hedged walk, with her restored baby clasped to her bosom!

“They seed her,” repeated the little fellow.

“And that is why you stand here—to see her, too?”

His shoulder turned uneasily in the clasp upon it.

“They seed her, and they ain’t got no eyes.”

“Have you no mother?”

“Ain’t never had no mother.” A thought struck him. “Would that count, ma’am? Would that count? The little baby that was dying—yes, ma’am, it had a mother; and it’s the mothers that come here constant with their children; I sometimes hear ‘em dragging them in by the hand.”

“How long have you been coming here?”

“Ever since the first time I heard it, ma’am.”

Street ragamuffins do not cry: it would be better if they did so, when they are so young and so blind; it would be easier for the spectator, the auditor.

“They seed her—I might see her ef—ef I could see her once—ef—ef I could see anything once.” His voice faltered; but he stiffened it instantly. “She might see me. She can’t pass through this gate without seeing me; and—and—ef she seed me—and I did n’t even see her—oh, I’m so tired of being blind!”

“Did you never go inside to pray?” How embarrassing such a question is, even to a child!

“No, ma’am. Does that count, too? The little baby did n’t pray, the flowers did n’t go inside, nor the birds. And they say the birds broke out singing all at once, and the flowers shined, like the sun was shining on ‘em—like the sun was shining in ‘em,” he corrected himself. “The birds they can see, and the flowers they can’t see, and they seed her.” He shivered with the damp cold—and perhaps too with hunger.

“Where do you live?”

He would n’t answer.

“What do you live on?”

He shook his head.

“Come with me.” He could not resist the grasp on his shoulder, and the firm directing of his bare, muddy feet through the gate, up the walk, and into the chamber which the Virgin found that day. He was turned to the altar, and pressed down on his knees.

One should not look at the face of a blind child praying to the Virgin for sight. Only the Virgin herself should see that—and if she once saw that little boy! There were hearts, feet, hands, and eyes enough hanging around to warrant hope at least, if not faith; the effigies of the human aches and pains that had here found relief, if not surcease; feet and hands beholding to no physician for their exorcism of rheumatism; eyes and ears indebted to no oculist or aurist; and the hearts,—they are always in excess,—and, to the most skeptical, there is something sweetly comforting in the sight of so many cured hearts, with their thanks cut deep, as they should be, in the very marble thereof. Where the bed must have stood was the altar, rising by easy gradations, brave in ecclesiastical deckings, to the plaster figure of her whom those yearning hearts were seeing, whom those murmuring lips were addressing. Hearts must be all alike to her at such a distance, but the faces to the looker-on were so different. The eyes straining to look through all the experiences and troubles that their life has held to plead, as only eyes can plead, to one who can, if she will, perform their miracle for them. And the mouths,—the sensitive human mouths,—each one distorted by the tragedy against which it was praying.

Their miracles! their miracles! what trifles to divinity! Perhaps hardly more to humanity! How far a simple looker-on could supply them if so minded! Perhaps a liberal exercise of love and charity by not more than half a dozen well-to-do people could answer every prayer in the room! But what a miracle that would be, and how the Virgin’s heart would gladden thereat, and jubilate over her restored heart-dying children even as the widowed mother did over her one dying babe!

And the little boy had stopped praying. The futility of it—perhaps his own impotence—

had overcome him. He was crying, and past the shame of showing it—crying helplessly, hopelessly. Tears were rolling out of his sightless eyes over his wordless lips. He could not pray; he could only cry. What better after all can any of us do? But what a prayer to a

woman—to even the plaster figure of a woman! And the Virgin did hear him; for she had him taken without loss of a moment to the hospital, and how easy she made it for the physician to remove the disability! To her be the credit.

Grace King.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY C. D. GIBSON.

VIII.



HE second meeting of the "Woman's Society for the Legal Relief of Oppressed Wives," after various delays, took place, not at the house of Mrs. Vernon, whose physician had declared that lady totally unable to bear the strain of further participation in work for the public good, but at the mansion of no less a dignitary than Mrs. Van Loon, born in the American purple, married in early youth to a great fortune, and backed by an actual pedigree as respectable and solid as any in the land. How this came about may be briefly explained.

Mrs. Van Loon, who, at the time of the first meeting, had been on her way across the continent from Santa Barbara (whither she had taken Mr. Van Loon for the benefit of his ailing throat), arrived in town to hear how clever Mrs. Boulter had succeeded in wresting the reins of power from Mrs. Bullion, and was in a fair way to control the most fashionable charity of the year. This to Mrs. Van Loon was wormwood. More than once she had had occasion to bow her neck and come in to Mrs. Boulter's schemes. Mrs. Boulter, clever as she was, had no birth and little or no money; and Mrs. Van Loon viewed with displeasure the encroachment of mere brains and glibness upon a territory hitherto almost exclusively her own. When it was a question of laying down the social law, Mrs. Van Loon felt herself to be deputed by Heaven to do it. And if you once let these writing people get ahead in society, in Heaven's name, where will they stop?

A call upon Mrs. Van Shuter found that exhausted leader willing to waive all rights of government in favor of her younger and more

active ally. Mrs. Vernon's polite note to inform Mrs. Van Shuter, and the ladies of the board, of her great regret that the orders of her physician made it imperative for her to withdraw from connection with the work, gave Mrs. Van Loon the immediate opportunity she desired. Mrs. Van Shuter, who agreed to attend the meetings if she were released from further effort, made her last contribution to the fund by ordering the hapless Miss Thompson to write an entirely new set of little notes. And clever Mrs. Boulter found herself bidden into an enemy's camp, where judicious wire-pulling put Mrs. Van Loon in the chair, *vice* Mrs. Van Shuter, resigned, and where Mrs. Bullion, now mysteriously appeased, was induced to reconsider and to accept the office of treasurer.

In the hands of Mrs. Van Loon the committee was as wax. The chairwoman let the dark-eyed lady suggest her *bal poudré*; the sandy-haired lady was allowed to air her histrionic daughter; all other schemes, from the Russian tea to the amateur nigger minstrels, were vouchsafed a gracious hearing; and then the obedient assemblage was somehow made to understand that it was pledged to support an Early-Republican ball, to be opened by a Centennial Minuet.

"It is so simple," said the presiding officer. "Every one should wear ancestral clothes belonging to the period, with miniatures, and seals, and — er — all that kind of thing — and the hair powdered, as Mrs. Creighton so happily suggests. Those who dance in the opening minuet should, of course, represent families known in political or social life in the days of Washington's residence in New York as President. By hunting up all the old books at the Historical and Society and Astor libraries, many valuable hints may be obtained as to emblems and mottos and decorations of that date. And I have an idea that our best people might be induced to form a loan collection

of the portraits of their American ancestors to hang around the walls of the ball-room, if the insurance were properly looked after, and there were detectives kept day and night, of course. What could be easier?"

Easy as it was, an unaccountable dejection settled over certain portions of the company. At once a buzz of discussion ensued that blocked the wheels of progress. In the burning question that arose in every woman's mind as to the award of places in the minutet of honor, the "Legal Relief of Oppressed Wives" went down the stream, and was utterly lost to sight. Mrs. Boulter, after letting fly two or three arrows of satire that pierced Mrs. Van Loon's armor visibly, offered her resignation to the board. Mrs. Gramercy St. John, who was deemed sure of a leading rôle in the affair, confided to her neighbor that she could not bring herself to serve, because Mrs. Fulton Manhattan (whose great-grandfather had sold figs while hers stood on the balcony beside President Washington at Federal Hall) had been proposed as her vis-à-vis. Mrs. Fulton Manhattan, hearing this whisper, also resigned from the board of managers. Old Mrs. Bowling Green, whose spinster daughter Selina had been overlooked in the first hastily made list of dancers, rose up, and in a quavering voice begged leave to offer a few remarks. She would detain the ladies only long enough to say that although *her* ancestor was a favorite staff-officer of Washington, and the cups from which his Excellency drank tea with her grandmama were daily dusted upon her cupboard-shelves, she should consider it quite too ridiculous to have one of her family appear in such a *mixed* affair—after which she left the room. Mrs. Central Parker, who had been absorbed in the mental wording of a cablegram to Worth for a delicious First-Empire toilet, sprang upon her feet at this, and, resenting a fancied direction of Mrs. Green's remarks to her, proffered *her* resignation, and retired, resolving to induce her husband to cable, instead, for a duke's house for the London season.

Amid this confusion, and under a stress of feeling that bid fair to depopulate the committee, Mrs. Calliope Duncombe sat by, serene and unruffled, her eyes cast down, her meek hands folded in her lap. Something in her expression seemed to annoy Mrs. Van Shuter, who was in the condition of the camel that resented the last straw.

"I think it would be as well to tell that person,—Mrs. What's-her-name,—" said the Idol, very crossly and audibly, to Mrs. Van Loon, "that it's of no earthly use for *her* to come to the meetings of our committee."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Van Loon; "I had thought of that, myself. It's bad enough to be in such a turmoil, without having anybody

sitting by and looking like a saint. Tell her when we've anything to give, we'll let her know."

"But I never tell people things, myself" answered the great lady, a-flutter; "it is so apt to bring on palpitation, to have to think about the words."

"Then the secretary must notify her. What with the clatter and quarreling, I'm almost distracted now," said the chairwoman of the board.

BETTY HALLIDAY, again in attendance upon an occasion she vowed was as good as a circus with three rings, gave a full report of the proceedings to Nell at luncheon, where Nell's mother-in-law had dropped in on her way for her drive. Betty, struck with the careworn look on Mrs. Vernon's face, thought she observed her eye gleam with something like triumph at the account of the snub to Mrs. Duncombe. But the widow, observing merely that it was really too bad she should have to miss the Early-Republican ball, as she had more than half decided to go to the other side, bestowed a kiss upon Nell's cheek, and took an imposing leave.

ELEANOR, who objected to the idea of set afternoons at home, on which her pretty house would be overrun by the crowd that comes to congratulate and goes to criticize, had at once established a tea-table at five o'clock, where friends dropping in were tempted to linger with the lengthening days.

She was not a woman like the heroines of French novels, to make intimate corners into which it is death for more than one man to venture at a time. There was in her drawing-room an absence of divans, beneath tent-shaped draperies pitched under palm-trees where camels and caravans alone are wanting. Visitors, presenting themselves in visiting-hours, had no opportunity to discern their hostess in the roseate glow of lamps veiled by wonderful frilled shades, lolling on piles of cushions in a Del-sartian pose, tête-à-tête with some youngster who assumes to be disagreeably surprised at an interruption. Her own old friends,—men and girls,—and Jerry's coterie of gilded youths, who had been a little everywhere, knew a little of everything, dealt with all topics lightly, often amusingly, pronounced Nell's "five o'clock" a find.

"What makes the lambs love Mary so?" said Dick Henderson, on one of these afternoons. "Do you give it up, Mrs. Jerry? Well, its hostess apart, yours is a restful house. The amount of manual labor a man has, nowadays, in calling upon most women! The logs that won't burn, the chimneys that smoke, the can-

dle-shades that catch fire, the spirit-lamps and dogs that have to be put out—”

“Don’t, please,” said Trix, coming in, in her walking-dress, just then. “You make me ashamed of my dear Friar Tuck, who, when he goes with me visiting, will neither stay outside nor stay in. Nell, if I’m later than usual, put it down to Tuck, for he had to be exercised. Ever since the awful day he—well, not exactly growled, but—*rumbled* at Jerry’s aunt Tryphena, who despises dogs, I’ve never dared bring him here, without coming in first to reconnoiter. He’s walking around the block, waiting for me, now, the dear.”

“What, alone?” said Eleanor.

“No; there’s somebody else,” the girl answered, blushing and vanishing amid a general laugh, to reappear, accompanied not only by a noble St. Bernard dog, who at once laid his “Shakspearean dewlaps” on Mrs. Gerald’s knees, and stood still to be caressed, but a slim, broad-shouldered young man wearing an altogether bright and wholesome countenance, who was introduced to her sister as Mr. Vyvan.

IX.

THIS little group brought with it into Eleanor’s drawing-room a sense of open-air freshness and young vitality. The blitheness in Vyvan’s face set Eleanor to thinking; and placing him in a chair beside her, she studied him narrowly, a scrutiny his frank manhood enabled the youth to bear becomingly. Trix, meanwhile, came in for her share of rallying attention.

“It’s love me, love my dog, with you, is n’t it, Miss Beatrix?” said De Witt, in a low tone, as he handed her the cream.

“Not always,” the girl answered, curling her lip; “you are at perfect liberty to love my dog, Mr. De Witt.”

“Hard hit, Freddy,” said Henderson. “Come here, Friar Tuck, you are a credit to your bringing up. Short’s your friend, not Codlin. Would it insult you to be offered one of Mrs. Jerry’s tea-cakes?”

But the Friar, proof against blandishments, had now transferred his huge muzzle from Nell’s knee to Vyvan’s, where he remained, consulting the young man’s face with the dumb longingness a big dog can make so eloquent.

“Did n’t he take a prize at the last bench-show?” went on Henderson with persistent civility to Trix.

“No-o,” said Tuck’s mistress, shaking her head as she surveyed her treasure mournfully. “I can’t think why, but I’m afraid there was something underhand, because one of the judges told me Tuck was too perfectly lovely to live.”

“I admire that fellow’s diplomacy,” put in De Witt. “Did he tell you also that you should have a dog-show exclusively for Friar Tuck, where all the others would be cats, and he’d be sure to win a prize—”

Trix was saved the trouble of a repartee by Friar Tuck himself, who, turning at this moment his deliberate gaze on the last speaker, vented his feelings by a long and heartfelt yawn.

“You have been very lucky to win the Friar’s confidence,” Eleanor said to young Vyvan. “He is, in general, very repellent of advances by strangers.”

“Oh, I was brought up with dogs for play-fellows. In the South, where our doors are always open, they walk through our homes like members of the family. I pity these poor creatures cribbed up in town. I suppose it’s the fellow-feeling that makes me kind.”

“Then you miss your Southern life? But of course you do. My sister Trix and I, and our brother Jack, have been going always in summer to a rather hot, dull little place my mother has on the Hudson River, and we preferred that to anything New York could furnish. Those splendid big Maryland estates of yours must give you even more of a feeling of room to breathe and grow in.”

“Big enough they are,” said Brock, laughing; “but the splendor is all in space and forests.”

“Tell me about your home.”

“I sha’n’t bore you? It’s an old place called Mount St. Dunstan, that has been built on a long time, and has always belonged to my mother’s family. After my father was killed in the last year of the war, I was born, and she went back there to live with my grandfather, who is now a very old man, devoted to flowers and dogs. Every fine day you may see him working in his garden or greenhouses, with a golden collie at his heels. My mother keeps the house, with a poor lot of servants,—the best they can get down there now,—and everything indoors is rather worn and shabby, I suppose; but I know I would n’t have it changed—”

His ingenuous face, one of those in which expression is “on tiptoe for a flight,” softened, then clouded as he stopped.

“You are the only son?” Eleanor asked softly.

“The only child, worse luck. It is hard for her to do without me, though of course there are always cousins stopping in the house, and work enough in the affairs of the plantation. And she is getting used to it, now, what with the four years at the university and those in New York.”

“We must try to make you feel at home

with us," she said, with a smile that reminded him of Trix.

"Oh, I am happy. I like the vista that seems to have no end that opens before a young man of purpose here. When I first came, I had such a different notion of standards and values—coming out of that dreamy old-world atmosphere of sentimental aristocracy into this broad daylight of commercial enterprise. Now I have found my place, I am encouraged about the future in a way I could not have been, had I remained at home. But, Mrs. Vernon, you must think me abominably vain."

"Some day I must hear more. You must come and dine with us," she began, when her attention was claimed elsewhere.

"Come, Mrs. Jerry, decide for us," said Henderson. "Is it the men's fault or the girls', that we average fellows in society have to wait till our hair gets thin before we take wives?"

"Like old Beau Meredith," added De Witt; "live to be the happiness of successive generations of débutantes, and return to second childhood in the process. But it's poor economy to wait till your hair grows thin before you marry. One of the prettiest women I know told me she never sees the bald spot on her husband's head that it does n't make her want to gape. Of course it's the women's fault. They won't look at us unless we can give them—well, say,—looking about him approvingly,—the likes of this."

"That's it," said Henderson, ruefully. "Fancy asking any girl of our set to live with you and be your love in a flat with five speaking-trumpets surmounting five visiting-cards in the vestibule, and a smell of codfish in the halls. I've often thought I might manage to *feed* my wife, if she would make her trousseau last; but how I could pay three dollars an evening for cabs to convey her to other people's dinners, I don't see. On the whole, I think I had rather be taken in and done for by my father-in-law."

"Widows, now," said De Witt, "offer a delightful solution of the difficulty, if they are rich and young; but the stock is limited."

"For shame!" said Eleanor. "I refuse to arbitrate. Thank goodness, there are love-matches, even in 'our set!'"

"Denzil's, for instance," said Henderson. "When he left college, an honor-man, and the world before him where to choose,—the best-looking, the cleverest fellow of his day, an athlete, and a hero,—he went in for architecture, and might have been anything. Well, two years later, he took out to dinner a girl with a Burne-Jones profile and without a cent, raved the next day to us about her brow that should have worn a perpetual fillet, and in three months—married her. Look at them now.

They have been married eight years. She is a dowdy goddess, a millstone around Denzil's neck. He has lost pluck and temper, has become a cynic, pitches into all things American, is begrudging of other men's good things, and continually hampered by the necessity of paying household bills. Now tell me, whose happiness does Denzil make? Who makes his? What has he secured by marrying for love?"

"That Mrs. Denzil!" commented Trix, scornfully. "She is the kind of limp woman who sits and complains of her husband, and raves about Browning and Tolstoi, while her children are running in the streets. It is her fault, if anybody's; and I think you are all horrid and cold-blooded in the way you talk."

"Have you ever estimated the price of the butcher's meat consumed by Nip and Tuck, Miss Beatrix?" said her tormentor, Fred de Witt. "And do you think you'd be willing to put down your dogs, as some women put down their carriages, for your husband's sake?"

"There is something else I should like to put down first," said Trix, crushingly.

To this chatter Brock Vyvan listened with mingled feelings. He knew these men to belong to a class of comparative leisure, to be well-dressed, able to indulge themselves in many things which he could but dream of one day possessing. He saw them drifting out of youth without a thought of assuming the matrimonial yoke, and he could not but admit a certain reason in their arguments against so doing. And even with the ring of Trix's honest voice in protest in his ear, he looked around him, and then in fancy back to the faded rooms of the Mount St. Dunstan homestead which was to be his inheritance. In contrast with this affluent prosperity deemed indispensable to the higher civilization of to-day, he set the barren acres, the cramped fortunes, the lack of ready money of his home-people. He thought of how many years of toil must pass to bring him to the independence needed to rid the old place of debt, to furnish comforts to his mother's declining years; and steeled his heart against the siren whisperings that had, of late, begun to echo there with a music that never ceased.

Eleanor, refusing to "give in her testimony," felt that on her side much might be said. "It is a craven sort of thing," she thought, "to sit here and let these young men think we are all material worldlings because we've been born in a certain social class. But I can't speak; the truth is, I'm afraid to say too much. And they might not believe me if I told the very truth—that if Jerry had brought me nothing but himself I'd have been as content. And if this is foolish, I don't want to be wise."

The talk was here interrupted by Hughes, the ex-valet, who for an increase of stipend

had consented to take upon his accomplished hands the duty of butler in the new establishment. He was preceding two gentlemen, about whom Trix, recognizing them, uttered her significant word, "Bother!" as Hughes announced Mr. Van Loon and Mr. Leeds.

The blood came into Eleanor's cheeks. The immense impertinence of the individual last-named, in intruding himself under the wing of an old acquaintance into her house, filled her with indignation that found no vent. It is in comedies of the stage, not of real life, that the heroine has the exact words ready with which to repel audacity. And a woman in her own house rarely allows herself the pleasure of a downright invitation to go out of it to any one short of an intending burglar. Even a book-agent's way to the front door is soothed by apologetic courtesy.

"Saw Vernon at the club," said Timothy, addressing his hostess, but his vagrant eye captured anew by the spring-like charms of Trix, who had given him a slight and frosty nod. "Said you'd be here at tea-time. Got in from Florida on my boat, this morning. Havin' a new yacht built, and, by Jove, I'd thought o' namin' it the *Beatrix*; but your sister's so uncommon huffy, nowadays—won't look at a man, like the other girls you see around. Have you heard my latest good thing anywhere? No? Really! New beauty at the Ponce de Leon since you left, named Milliken, from the West somewhere, stands six foot in her stockin's, if an inch. Can't think what's happened to the girls now, to make 'em all so tall. Fellows wanted me to lead a cotillion with the Milliken; but I just looked at her, and gave it up. 'Could n't do it unless I danced on stilts,' I said, 'and I never learned that way.' By Jove, I've heard of nothin' else since, everywhere I've been. People are buzzin' it all over the country, I believe. 'Could n't do it unless I danced on stilts' was what I *said*, 'and I never learned that way.' I believe somebody has sent the thing to 'Puck'; but you may say you had it right from me."

Trix laughed. Encouraged by what he took to be approval, Mr. Van Loon forsook Eleanor, and conveyed himself and hat and stick over to a piano-bench near where the girl was seated, his place by Mrs. Gerald being at once assumed by Mr. Carteret Leeds.

"Van Loon told you we 'd-er-met Vernon at the club," said that unabashed gentleman. "From what he said, I-er-thought you'd be glad of the last news from our friends in Florida. Your husband told us he'd be at home, himself, this afternoon; but I suppose he changed his mind, as I saw him walking with'er—a fair lady down the avenue a half-hour since."

"Mr. Vernon is in the habit of going to his mother at this time," said Eleanor, angry with herself for answering at all.

"Oh, no; not Mrs. Vernon," he said, with an intonation maliciously jocose—"not Mrs. Vernon, certainly. I say, it would be a good joke on Jerry to let the cat out now."

"You have taken many liberties," Eleanor said very low, and with awful distinctness, "but you have never gone so far before as to presume to discuss my husband's affairs with me. May I ask that you will keep this fact in mind?"

"Oh, but I say, you know," he urged, still jocular, "most women would be glad of a chance to bring a man to book—when it's about an old flame, especially. Come, now, I'll lay ten to one you're dying to get down off your high horse and own up you're curious. But I won't peach. Only you'd better ask Jerry why he advised Van Loon to come to see you now."

They were sitting a little apart, behind the table in the back-room, and with an exclamation of disgust, Eleanor arose hurriedly, intending to join the rest and to cut short the hateful conference. This movement Friar Tuck, who had been peacefully dozing at her feet, misinterpreted to mean a declaration of war upon her enemy, and, starting up with a growl of deep-seated determination, his teeth gleaming, his body tense,—a terrible object in his wrath,—he launched his great bulk forward in a spring at the offender. Quick as he was, Brock Vyvan, who, the other men having taken leave, had been rather tamely turning over a book of photographs of cathedrals, while Trix was appropriated by Van Loon, was quicker. Before Tuck could reach his victim, a firm hand was on his collar, and Trix, flying to the rescue, helped to reduce the huge creature to good behavior.

Dead-white, and with chattering teeth, Mr. Carteret Leeds for once parted with his offensive ease, and went off babbling his adieu in an abject sort of way.

"I never saw Tuck do such a thing before," said Trix, as Van Loon prepared to follow his friend. "He's as mild as milk in general. Lucky it was that horrid Mr. Leeds."

"Tuck never before had such provocation," said Eleanor in an undertone to her sister, her heart beating fiercely at the remembered insolence.

"You are goin' to Mrs. Bullion's dinner, ain't you?" asked lingering Timothy, whose chains this meeting had newly welded. "I know you are, for she told me so, before she could get me to say I'd come; and you'll give me the cotillion, won't you, at the next Assembly?"

"I don't know if I'm engaged; I'll see," said Trix, darting a look at Vyvan, who remained inanimate. Some fine lady of his acquaintance had sent him a card for the festivity in question, and, an hour before, he had talked eagerly with the girl about going thither for the pleasure of dancing with her. But the glimpse just afforded him into the workings of fashionable life had apparently chilled his enthusiasm for its functions.

"I should keep both you and Mr. Vyvan if we were dining at home," said Eleanor, when Trix also rose to go.

"Mama is alone to-night, and I could n't stop," Trix answered; "but Mr. Vyvan need not take the long walk home with 'Tuck and me.'

Again she ventured a shy side-glance. This time a dark red tinge came upon his cheeks and brow. He made no answer, but when they were outside kept with her in the street.

"I said you need not trouble to walk back with me," she repeated, a little more distinctly.

"I heard you, of course, and I have no wish to intrude my company; but if you think I am going to lose you from my sight till you are within your own front door, you are mistaken. That is n't the way we treat ladies in our part of the world."

"If you don't, you *all but* engage them to dance the cotillion with you, and then leave them in the lurch, to be snapped up by any goose."

"Do you think he is a goose?" he cried, with a joyous tremor in his voice. "Then I will dance with or without you for a week."

"This is 'tew ridic'lous,'" Trix said, trying to turn off her consciousness of pleasure with a jest. "That's what the backwoodsman remarked when he came home after an Indian raid, and found his home burnt, and his wife and children lying scalped upon the ground."

"Oh, you may laugh at me," he said, now close beside her, the big dog "padding" on the chain ahead, "but I've been told—I know what's expected. Half the girls I meet out ask me if I think you'll marry Mr. Timothy Van Loon. It's part of the stock conversation of polite society."

"Let us talk about foot-ball," said Trix, mischievously.

ELEANOR, in the hands of her maid, making ready for a dinner, one of the series in honor of their nuptials to which the young couple had not ceased to be bidden, was vexed at her own longing to hear Jerry's foot upon the stairs. He was unusually late, and now there would be no opportunity till they should be in the carriage to pour forth her full soul about the attempted poison of Mr. Carteret Leeds' discourse. She

had already made up her mind that malice was at the bottom of it, and she longed, in Jerry's arms, to rid herself of the recollection of a momentary pang of doubt of him. But there was ever a lurking wonder as to who could be the woman the world of gossip had a right to call Jerry's "old flame." Why had she heard of this person, now, for the first time? Then Eleanor laughed at herself for supposing her beautiful Jerry could have gone so far through his young manhood without some aspersion of the sort. In another wife, she would have been first to judge such weakness beneath contempt.

All the same, when she saw the gown Elsa had laid out for her,—a "creation" in reds and watermelon pinks that Gerald had decried,—with some petulance she ordered it away. In its place she put on a robe of black gauze, that should bring out the dazzling freshness of her skin, and serve as a background for the luster of Jerry's diamonds scattered upon her bodice and in her hair. Until now the girl had decked herself, as flowers unfold their petals to the sun, in fragrant unconsciousness of the law that bids them open. Tasting the fruit of knowledge, she had already learned what men of Gerald's stamp make of vital importance in woman's eyes, and then deride them for considering. Gazing at her image in the mirror, and admitting with a blush the success of her innocent design, the young wife's eye fell on the face of a tiny clock standing among the litter of silver and ivory upon her toilet.

"How late it is!" she exclaimed. "You are quite sure, Elsa, Mr. Vernon has not come into his room?"

The discreet Elsa, tripping away, returned without bearing comfort; and just as Eleanor began to feel anxiety succeeding blankness, Jerry's key was heard in the door below.

"All right; I'm late, but I'll make all the haste I can," he said, looking in on her for a moment. "Why, what a swell you are, with your whole jewel-box emptied over your head and sticking where it fell."

"Is there too much of it—are n't you pleased with me?" she said, rather cut by his comment.

She had risen, and stood before him in her blooming youth, amid the sparkle of her gems, offering herself to his criticism with a movement half coquettish, all womanly. Jerry leaned over, and regardless of Elsa's completed masterpiece, clasped her in his arms, kissing her lips and cheeks.

"Oh, please go," she said; "you will never have time to change. The carriage is there now; it is disgraceful to be so late."

But when, shrouded by her maid in a long wrap whose high collar of fur caressed the coils of her nut-brown hair, and armed with her scepter of curling ostrich plumes, she sat



"ARE N'T YOU PLEASED WITH ME?"

beside Jerry in the brougham, and they were driven, at speed, through the lighted streets, Nell nestled toward him lovingly.

"How unnecessarily fast Beacon drives, Jerry. I'm sure we have time enough. If Mrs. Van Loon is to be there, we are sure to have to wait the usual half-hour for her. I have so much to tell you. I don't see why women so often say they dread the driving out to dinner, because their husbands are always cross; you are always sweet to me then, Jerry, and we are so deliciously alone."

"I might as well attempt to get my arm around a Polar bear, as you in that fluffy overcoat," he said good-humoredly. "But I always like to do what's expected of me—so

here goes. Now begin, and put in as much talk as a woman can crowd into three quarters of a mile, and I'll promise not to interrupt."

Eleanor's first impulse had been to pour into her husband's ear the annoyance contributed to her day's experience by Mr. Carteret Leeds. But she could not bring herself to mar the happiness of this brief time with him snatched from the outer world. She talked on in her rapid girlish way about the incidents of the day, the contents of her letters, the callers at her tea-table.

"Henderson and De Witt hoped you would be up before they left. They were as amusing as ever, and then Trix came with Tuck and young Vyvan—oh, Jerry, that's a delightful boy. I

wish, I wish Trix and he could — but there 's no use thinking of it, I suppose."

"If Trix knows what is good for her, she will whistle back Van Loon," said Jerry.

"Jerry! You are not in earnest. My buoyant, sparkling Trix tied to that man — oh, impossible!"

"Your mother don't think it impossible, and the rest of the world will call Trix a down-right fool if she gets another chance at him and lets him go."

"Mama — poor mama — you know she thinks only of what is best for us," began Eleanor, and stopped in embarrassment.

"When a woman's got a family with as little money to support them as your mother has, she's obliged to take views ahead. People who have lived to her time of life see that, if a fellow's decent, marriages come out about the same in the long run. There's nothing, as men look at it, against Timothy; and if Trix don't snap him up, another woman will."

"Jerry, I can't believe you would hold such sentiments," Eleanor said, drawing away from him a little.

"Because we are spoons on each other, it don't follow that every one else need be," he said, with a careless laugh. "But here's news for you, Nell: my mother, who kept me so late talking about her plans, is to sail in the *Teutonic* on Wednesday next. I got a deck stateroom for her and her maid, and cabled Mrs. Vane-Benson to establish her at Claridge's. She and the doctor have patched up between them that she can't stand the climate of New York in spring. The truth is, Nell, she's got the constitution of a horse, and I suspect there's some tiff under it. I believe she sent for her physician like a woman I heard of, lately, who said, 'Doctor, I want to go abroad. Tell me what's the matter with me!'"

"Then you *were* with your mother, after all?" Eleanor said, forgetting in her satisfaction to make filial comment on Mrs. Vernon's plans.

"With her. What do you mean?" he said, withdrawing his arm. "Did n't I tell you I've been running about all day, settling her affairs?"

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.





FIGUREHEAD OF AN OLD WHALER, NEW BEDFORD.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A WHALEMAN'S LOG.¹



TWO-PRONGED TOOTH OF A SPERM WHALE — IN THE ATHENEUM MUSEUM, NANTUCKET.

THE smoke of the *Alabama*'s guns had scarcely lifted from the highways of the ocean, when the New Bedford whalemen began to refit their vessels for long-deferred cruises. For four years the good ship *Cachalot*, bound in chains, had been chafing her sides in the narrow confines of a dock; but with the news of peace she was soon overhauled,

and, plunging her nose into the restless waters of Buzzard's Bay, she headed for the Pacific Ocean, via the Western Islands. While making a quick passage from this group, sperm-whales were occasionally seen moving rapidly to windward,—always to windward,—and now and then a humpback, or a finback, and, while off the stormy Cape, several right whales. The boats were lowered from time to time, and engaged in an exciting chase; but the whales had eyes, and also heels, and won in the race. Myriads of blackfish—a small cetaceous animal valuable for its oil, though the yield individually is small—were encountered, and the boats were lowered frequently in order that the green hands might attain a degree of proficiency that would enable them to encounter the monsters of the Pacific.

While cruising on the coast of New Zealand, one day about 11.30 A. M., the lookout at the main hailed the deck with: "Thar sh' b-l-o-w-s! Thar sh' b-l-o-w-s! Blows! B-l-o-w-s!"

"Where away?" promptly responded the officer of the deck.

"Four points off the lee bow! Blows sperm-whales! Blows! Blows!" came from aloft.

¹ With the exception of the engraving on page 512, the accompanying pictures were drawn by W. Taber.

"How far off?" shouted the captain, roused out of his cabin by the alarm, as his head and shoulders appeared above deck. "Where are they heading?" he continued, as he went up the rigging on all-fours.

"Blows about two miles and a half off, sir," replied Mr. Braxton, the mate, looking off the lee bow with his glasses, "and coming to windward, I believe."

"Call all hands!" said the captain. "Haul up the mainsail, and back your main-yards! Hurry up there! Get your boats ready, Mr. Braxton!"

At the first alarm the men came swarming up the companionway of the forecastle, divesting themselves of superfluous articles of clothing, and scattering them indiscriminately about the deck. Rolling up their trousers, and girding their loins with their leather belts, taking a double reef until supper-time, they flitted nervously here and there in their bare legs and feet, observing every order with the greatest alacrity, and holding themselves in readiness to go over the side of the vessel at the word of command. There is a certain order, systematic action, or red tape, observed on all first-class whaling-vessels, however imperfectly disciplined some of the boat-crews may be. The captain indicates the boats he wishes to attack the whales; the boat-header (an officer) and the boat-steerer (the harpooner) take their proper positions in the boat, the former at the stern and the latter at the bow, while suspended in the davits. At the proper moment the davit-tackles are run out by men on deck, and the boats drop with a lively splash; the sprightly oarsmen meantime leap the ship's rail, and, swinging themselves down the side of the vessel, tumble promiscuously into the boats just about the time the latter strike the water. Although it may be said that there is a general scramble, there is not the

STRAY LEAVES FROM A WHALEMAN'S LOG.

least confusion; every person and thing has the proper place assigned to it in a whaleboat; the officer has full command, but he is subject to the orders of the captain, who signals his instructions from the ship, usually by means of the light sails. The manner of going on to a whale, the number of men and their positions in the boat, and the kind of instruments and the manner of using them, have been perpetuated in this fishery for more than two centuries. But let us catch our whale.

"Clear away the larboard and bow boats!" shouted the captain. "Get in ahead of the whales, Mr. Braxton, if you can. Here, cook, you and cooper lend a hand there with them davy-taycles. Are you ready? Hoist and swing your boats!"

Down went the larboard boat and the bow boat almost simultaneously.

"Shove off! Up sail! Out oars! Pull ahead!" were the orders from Mr.

Braxton, the officer of the larboard boat, in rapid succession. "Let's get clear of the ship. Come, bear a hand with that sail, do," he added coaxingly, with his eye on the third mate's boat. "Don't let 'em get in ahead of us."

"All right, sir; here you go, sheet," replied Vera, the harpooner, a well-developed and intelligent American-Portuguese, with his accustomed good spirit and vivacity.

The sail was run up, and the gafftopsail set, and under the immense spread of canvas peculiar to whaleboats, the little craft bounded merrily over the waves. "Peak your ears, boys! Take your paddles, and send her along!" said the officer. "Look out for whales, boy!" he continued, addressing Vera. "Sing out when we head for them!"

"Blows! B-l-o-w-s! S-t-e-a-d-y! Coming to windward, sir," said Vera.

"Look out for the head whale, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton.

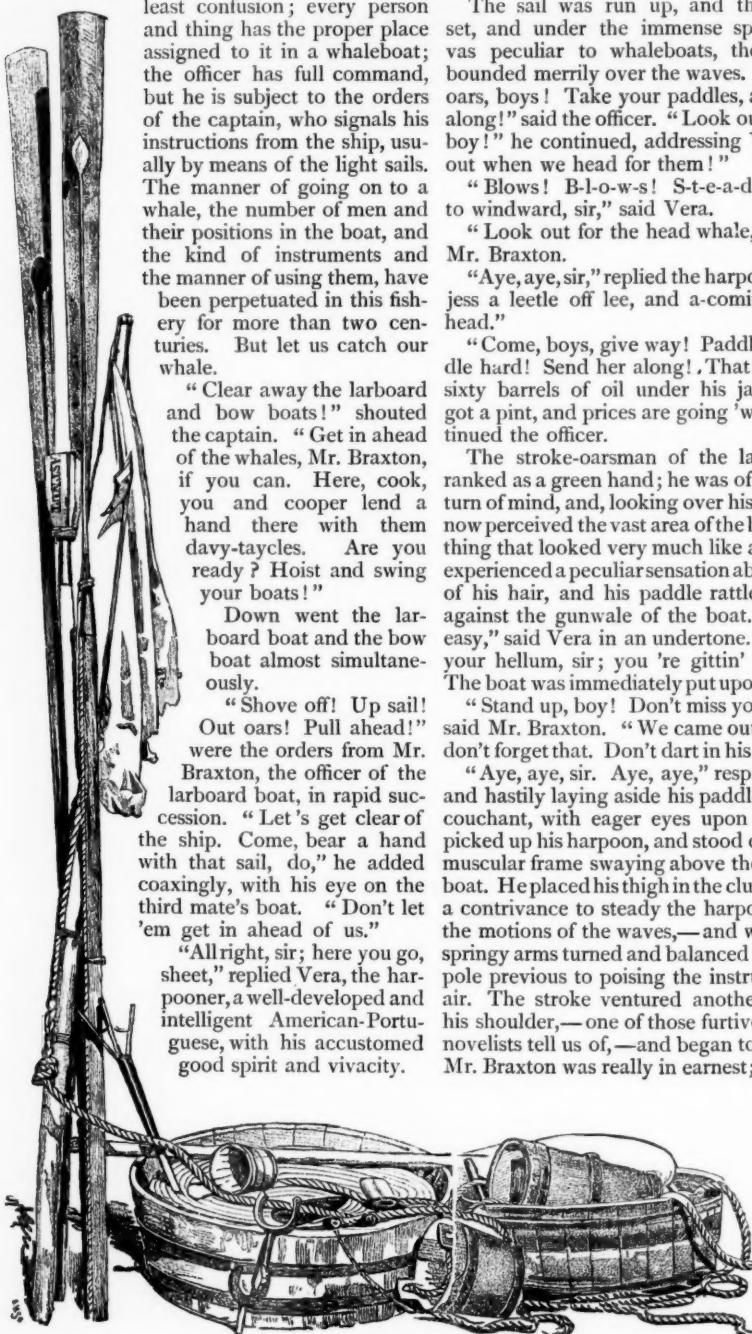
"Aye, aye, sir," replied the harpooner. "Him jess a leetle off lee, and a-comin' head and head."

"Come, boys, give way! Paddle hard! paddle hard! Send her along! That fellow's got sixty barrels of oil under his jacket if he's got a pint, and prices are going 'way up," continued the officer.

The stroke-oarsman of the larboard boat ranked as a green hand; he was of an inquiring turn of mind, and, looking over his shoulder, he now perceived the vast area of the back of something that looked very much like a whale. He experienced a peculiar sensation about the roots of his hair, and his paddle rattled nervously against the gunwale of the boat. "Easy, sir, easy," said Vera in an undertone. "Starboard your hellum, sir; you're gittin' on his eye." The boat was immediately put upon her course.

"Stand up, boy! Don't miss your chance!" said Mr. Braxton. "We came out here for oil; don't forget that. Don't dart in his head, Vera."

"Aye, aye, sir. Aye, aye," responded Vera; and hastily laying aside his paddle, like a tiger couchant, with eager eyes upon his prey, he picked up his harpoon, and stood erect, his tall, muscular frame swaying above the head of the boat. He placed his thigh in the clumsy-cleat,—a contrivance to steady the harpooner against the motions of the waves,—and with his long, springy arms turned and balanced the harpoon-pole previous to poising the instrument in the air. The stroke ventured another peep over his shoulder,—one of those furtive glances the novelists tell us of,—and began to believe that Mr. Braxton was really in earnest; that he had



OUTFIT OF A WHALEBOAT.

ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

really come for oil; that he was really laying the boat on the head of the whale; and that Vera was really about to strike the animal with the harpoon. Under the motive power of sail and paddle, the space between the boat and whale was rapidly diminishing, and apparently they would soon come in collision. The enormous head of the cetacean, as it plowed a wide furrow in the ocean, and the tall column of vapor rising from the blow-holes, as it spouted ten or twelve feet in the air, were to be seen right ahead; the expired air, as it rushed like steam from a valve, could be heard near by; the bunch of the neck and the hump were plainly visible as they rose and fell with the swell of the waves; and the terrible commotion of the troubled waters, fanned by the gigantic flukes, left a swath of foaming and dancing waves clearly outlined upon the surface of the sea.

Mr. Braxton laid the boat off gracefully to starboard, and the mastodontic head of a genuine spermaceti-whale loomed up on our port bow. The junk was seamed and scarred with many a wound received in fierce and angry struggles for supremacy with individuals of its own species, or perhaps with the kraken; the foaming waters ran up and down the great shining black head, exposing from time to time the long, rakish under-jaw; but what small eyes—!

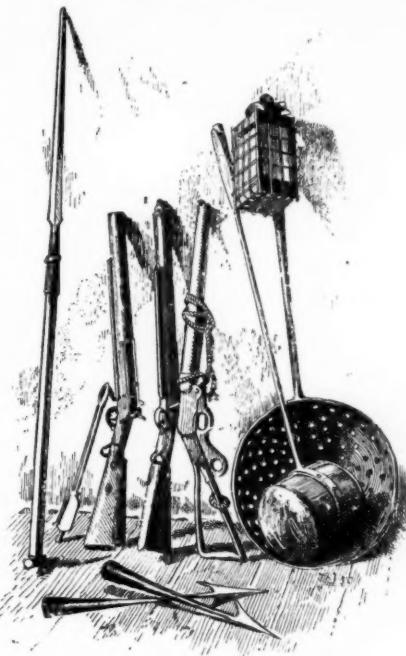
"Now!" shouted the officer, as if Vera was a half-mile off instead of about twenty-five feet. "Give him some, boy! Give him—!" But his well-trained and faithful harpooner had already darted the harpoon into the glistening black skin just abaft the fin; the boat was enveloped in a foam-cloud—the "white water" of the whalers, stirred up by the tremendous flukes of the whale.

"Stern all!" shouted the officer; and the boat was quickly propelled backward by the oarsmen, to clear it from the whale. "Are you fast, boy?"

"Fust iron in, sir; can't tell second," replied Vera; but the zip-zip-zip of the line as it fairly leaped from the tub and went spinning round the loggerhead and through the chocks, sending up a cloud of smoke produced by friction, indicated the presence of healthy game at one end.

"Wet line! wet line!" shouted Mr. Braxton, as he went forward to kill the whale, and Vera came aft to steer the boat, unstepping the mast on his way; for all whales are now struck under sail. The whale, however, soon turned flukes, and went head first to the depths below. Meantime the other whales had taken the alarm, and, with their noses in the air, were showing a "clean pair of heels" to windward.

The boat lay by awaiting the "rising" of the cetacean. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-



WHALING-IMPLEMENT.
Boarding-knife. Bomb-lance. One-fluked iron. Two-fluked iron.
Harpoon-guns. Boat-lantern. Skimmer. Bailer.

five, stroke-oarsman began to feel hungry; thirty, thirty-five, and still the line was either slowly running out or taut; but soon it began to slacken. "Haul line! haul line!" said the officer, peering into the water. "He's stopped." The line was retrieved as fast as possible, and carefully laid in loose coils on the after platform. "Haul line! He's coming! Coil line clear, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking over the gunwale at an immense opaque spot just beginning to outline itself in the depths below. "Look out! Here he comes! Stern all. Look out for whale!"

But the mate's injunctions were received too late. The whale, fairly out of breath, came up with a bound and a puff, scattering the water in all directions, and catching the keel of the boat on the bunch of its neck. The boat bounded from this part of the whale's anatomy to the hump, and, careening to starboard, shot the crew first on the whale's side and then into the water. The stroke-oarsman now began to feel wet. The whale, terrified beyond measure by the tickling sensation of the little thirty-foot boat creeping down its back, caught the frail cedar craft on one corner of its flukes, and tossed it gracefully, but perhaps not intentionally, into the air, as one would play with a light rubber

ball. As the boat descended, with one tremendous "side wipe" of the mighty caudal fin, and with a terrible crash that was heard on the ship nearly two miles away, the whale smashed it into kindling-wood. Then catching up the lantern-keg, water-keg, line-tubs, and other wooden utensils comprising the furniture of the boat, it ground them to splinters in its ponderous jaws, and spitefully ejected the fragments. With festoons of whale-line hanging from its teeth, it angrily shook its head, and started off to join its fellows, leaving a wide wake of boiling suds, and the wreck of the boat. The work of demolition occupied considerably less time than is required to describe it. Meantime the crew were afloat, clinging to oars and paddles, and endeavoring to place themselves beyond the foaming water. The mate, with a presence of mind that never forsakes the fraternity, was treading water between the whale and his men; and as soon as he could divest his spiracles of the briny liquid he had stowed away when first thrown overboard, he began to count noses, or rather the heads that were bobbing up and down in the water.

"One, two, three, four, five—one man gone" said he, turning almost white. "Who is—oh, no," he added, regaining his equanimity, "I forgot to count myself. All right! All 'counted for safe! Boat ahoy!" he yelled, raising his voice to the highest pitch. The sea was running a mill-race. Mr. Ashford, the officer of the bow boat, had, according to instructions, remained as close alongside as he could, and down came the starboard and waist boats with mainsails flowing. "I 'm afraid you 're wet," remarked the officer in the bow boat, with a dry kind of humor, to the officer in the water.

"A little moist, perhaps. I say, can't you give my men a little run over to the ship?" was the rejoinder.

"I don't know," returned Mr. Ashford. "I don't see any more whales; perhaps I can."

This dialogue was conducted with the most perfect nonchalance, while the men in the boat were resting automatically on their oars with their ears apeak, and the men in the water were bobbing up and down as serenely as possible, awaiting orders to go aboard. The water-logged crew were finally hauled over the gunwale, and all sail made for the ship. The incident of the day very naturally furnished enough material to spin yarns of the most extraordinary length and character. Such accidents are common enough, it is true, in the sperm fishery, but still they do not happen every twenty-four hours.

Vera had been ordered to rig up one of the spare boats, and devoted most of the

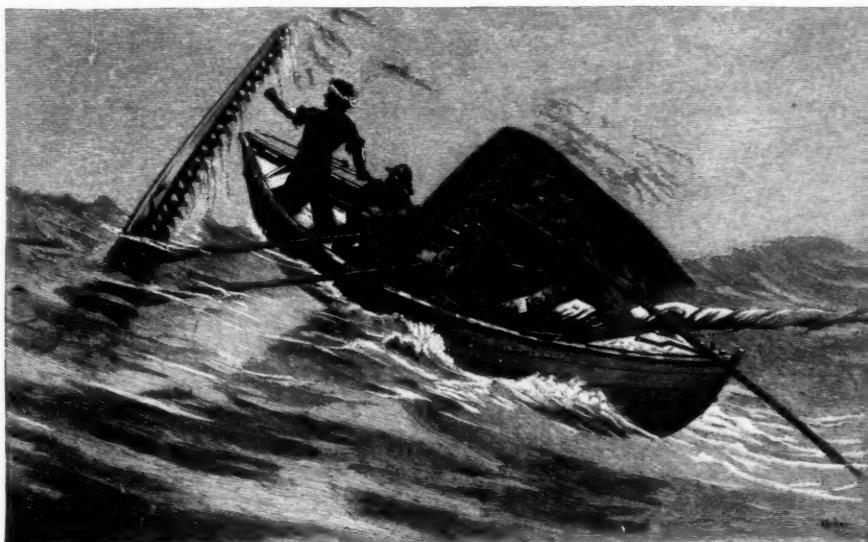
night to "strapping his irons," and to getting the boat in shape for lowering; whistling, and humming snatches of songs to himself, as he worked industriously about the windlass-bitts. Early next morning a "lone" sperm-whale was descried upon the horizon, and the larboard and bow boats were again ordered down. "I think you 'd better play loose boats to-day, and let Mr. Ashford get fast," said the captain to Mr. Braxton, as the boats pulled from the ship.

"All right, sir," replied the mate, and away sped the little boats through the silent water, under double motive power of sail and oar.

The bow boat, according to orders, got in first, and was going head on; but the whale "turned flukes," and sounded. Both boats lay off for the "rising," and for further developments. The boat-steerer of the bow boat was reported ill before leaving the vessel, and Vera had taken his place; the bow-oarsman of the larboard boat, an active harpooner, had taken Vera's place, another man being sent to fill the vacancy. The stroke-oarsman, being the lightest man of the crew, was retained at his own oar, and at the time we now speak of was in excellent position to witness the magnificent spectacle of harpooning a large sperm-whale, provided Mr. Ashford's boat should strike it first. Vera was standing in the head of his craft with his harpoon well in hand, his head swathed in a party-colored handkerchief, his shirt-collar turned well back, exposing the bronze of his powerful neck, and his nervous, restless eye covering the sea about him. There was a deathlike stillness about the scene, broken only by the swashing of the restless waves as they beat against the sides of the boats, and by the gurgling noise of the tide-rips as they played mischievously with the steering-oars, which trailed astern. Suddenly there seemed to be a commotion in the bow boat; Vera uttered a cry in Portuguese, and, like a terrific bolt of fire from the clear sky of a midsummer day, the immense glistening lower jaw, armed with two rows of polished teeth, flashed from the water, and the gigantic whale leaped into the air, carrying with it the head of the boat, which had been snapped asunder, and the unfortunate Vera, whose head and long arms were suspended from the corner of the monster's mouth, the body and legs being confined within the iron vise. The sportive humpbacks, those clowns of the cetaceous order, oftentimes "bolt" clear of the water; but it is seldom the horizon is outlined between a sperm-whale and the sea. The eyes of the stroke-oarsman of the larboard boat were directed to poor Vera's face—the rapidly changing expression of that face, which afterward

appeared to him in his dreams in the forecastle and in his lonely vigils at night. First it indicated surprise and indignation; next it seemed to implore help; but the lips spake not, and not a muscle moved. A calm resignation now settled upon the blanched fea-

During the remainder of the voyage, as the bright lights of St. Elmo's fires, or corposants, made their appearance at the midnight hour, settling upon the apex of the mainroyalmast, and at either extremity of the mainroyal-yards, and burning with steady flames, the men who



A WHALEBOAT BETWEEN THE JAWS OF A WHALE (SEE THE PREVIOUS PAGE).

tures, but it soon gave way to utter despair and helplessness, which were rapidly succeeded by facial contortions indicative of the most intense physical suffering. The whale closed its mouth upon the victim's waist, and disappeared beneath the boiling waters, carrying with it the wretched sufferer, whose life-blood tinged the foam-crested waves. Two other men, the bow-oarsman and the midship-oarsman, were never seen again. No one knows whether they were killed outright or drowned. The remaining three, all of whom were more or less cut or bruised, though not seriously, were fished up from the floating debris, the officer, Mr. Ashford, being hauled up by the hair of his head in a fainting condition. Not a word was uttered, except by Mr. Braxton, who said in a low, soft tone of voice, "Come, boys, let 's head her for the ship."

The captain had witnessed the tragedy through his glasses from the vessel near by. When the boats returned, his absence from the deck was remarked; but as some of the men passed the cabin skylight, they saw the "old man," with his hands thrust into his pockets, gazing abstractedly upon the well-worn oil-cloth of the cabin floor.

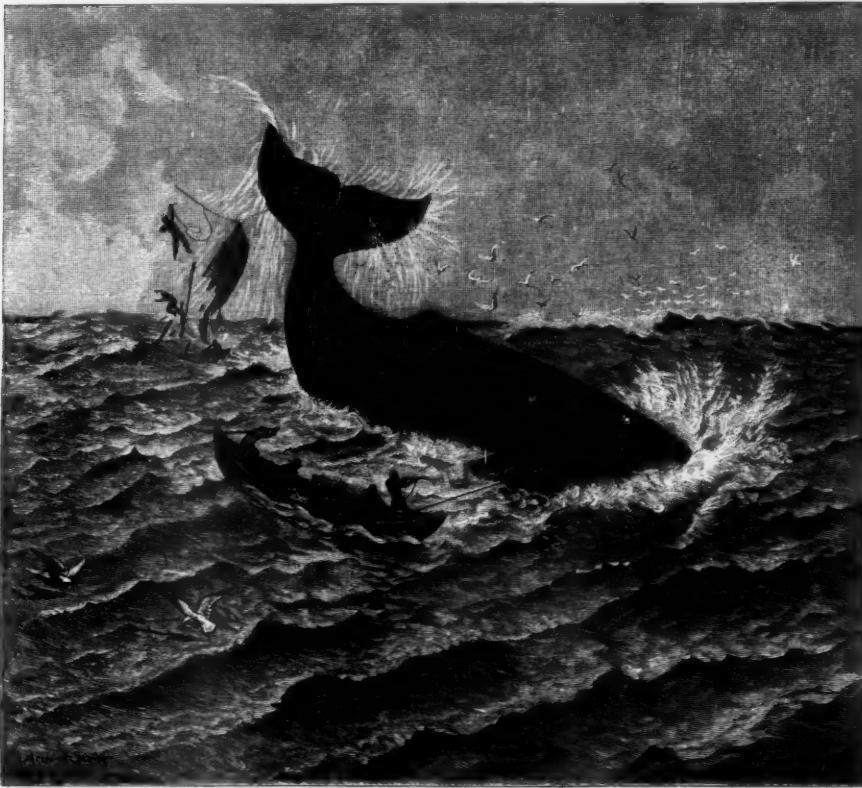
served their tricks at the wheel in this watch hailed their presence as a good omen, for they knew that the brave spirits of Vera and his two companions would not leave their ship until she was safe in port.

After this sad adventure the current of daily conversation was directed into new channels. The vessel ran into Port Nelson on Blind Bay, as soon as possible, and shipped three men to fill the vacancies caused by death. One of them, an old gray-bearded whaleman of large experience, but one of those ne'er-do-wells, related the following episode in the chequered life of the men who hunt for whale.

"Last year," he said, "I was with the bark *Awashonks*, and in October we were cruising for right whales on the coast of Patagonia. We raised two about noon; the first, by the way, we had seen since we left Port St. Catharine's, Brazil. We got dinner, and lowered three boats. I belonged to the bow boat, headed by Amos G. Baker, a spry young whaleman from Bedford. The whales were running together, coming toward the bark and boats, and we took them head and head. The second mate went in and got slightly fast to one whale by the lip. Both whales sounded, but they soon broke water together. The fast one was fighting like a

Turk, and sending the white water almost mast-head high. Our boat tried to strike the loose whale, but he would settle before we got anywhere near darting distance of him. Mr. Baker got tired of trying for him, and went into the

Mr. Baker and the wreck right up to his flukes. One of the men was hanging on the steering-oar, and Mr. Baker asked him to cut the line, which he finally succeeded in doing, and, shortly after, the whale spouted blood, and



PAINTED BY CLEMENT SWIFT.

FIRING A BOMB-LANCE.

ENGRAVED BY E. C. HELD.

suds, and struck the first whale, taking him quartering on the head.

"Don't miss him, Tom," he shouted to the boat-steerer, a Cape Verder.

"Don't you 'fraid, M. Bake'. I hit him. Don't you 'fraid. No go too near," sung out Tom, at the same time sending both harpoons up to the hitches into the whale. Three of the green hands jumped into the water as soon as they saw Tom was going to dart; I guess they were gallied. Mr. Baker went forward with the hand-lance to kill the whale, and had just got two sets in the life, when the beast flirted us up in the air with his flukes. The next thing we knew we were all in the water. Mr. Baker was badly hurt, and was lying helplessly on a part of the boat which was foul in the whale-line, and every time the whale kicked, he'd yank

turned up. We were picked up by the mate's boat, and carried to the ship. Mr. Baker had one leg and his collar-bone broken, and was badly cut about the head and chin."

This is a true story. Captain Baker is now keeper of Clark's Point Light, near New Bedford, and, although lame, is in excellent health. Seven or eight months after the adventure related by the old whaleman, the *Awashonks* (which was finally crushed in ice in the Arctic Ocean) on her home passage fell in with two schools of sperm-whale in about latitude $10^{\circ} 30'$ north, longitude $39^{\circ} 00'$ west, in the Atlantic Ocean, and although the captain remonstrated with Mr. Baker, who was still on crutches, the latter persisted in lowering for the capture. The boat was stove by a whale, and Mr. Baker and the same harpooner who was

with him before were again picked up by the mate, and sent to the ship.

On the middle ground, about latitude $44^{\circ} 20'$ south, and longitude $169^{\circ} 40'$ east, whales were raised one morning at daylight, four miles off. All hands stowed away an "able-bodied breakfast," and by seven o'clock all the boats were down, and all of them got whales. The whales were small and easily taken, except the one killed by the waist boat, and he was not large, but extremely vicious. After a struggle of five or six hours, the boat-header stopped his career, and rendered him *hors de combat*, by "hamstringing" him with the boat-spade. Stopping a running whale in this manner is at once the most dangerous and thrilling feat ever executed in the varied career of the whaleman; but this method of capture has been superseded by the bomb-lances. The old whalers never tire of telling us, as their eyes sparkle with the fire of youthful daring, how they "fought under the flukes of the whale." All aquatic mammiferous animals, such as whales, dolphins, and porpoises, that come to the surface for respiration and inhalation, commonly known as spouting, have horizontal caudal appendages of flukes; while the cold-blooded animals, such as fish, which receive the oxygen through gills, or branchiae, have vertical caudal fins. A whale, therefore, when about to "take a header," must first get a purchase with his broad, flat caudal, and then throw it high in the air in order to dive head first; and the officer of the boat, taking advantage of this evolution, known as "turning flukes," would thrust the sharp-edged spade into the "small"—in which are inclosed the tendons that connect the body and the flukes,—and having severed some of them, the tail, if I may use this term, becomes useless, like the disabled screw of a propeller; progressive motion is arrested, and the whale is then a comparatively easy prey. Some of the whalers were very skillful in this feat, even when the whale was swimming or running on the water, and it required powerful arms and courageous hearts to crown their efforts with success. There is one case on record, which has come under my observation, where an officer actually unjointed the flukes by a tremendous and well-directed blow of the spade. The whale was in a favorable position, the uplifted flukes producing a tension, and the caudal fin, though still connected, hung to one side. This was vouchered for by several whalers of Edgartown. Spading flukes is one of the lost arts of the fishery, and may never again be revived, but will live with the whalers from generation to generation.

When whales are raised from the masthead, the species may be determined by their apparently sportive actions as well as by their

spouts. In the latter case they are, of course, easily recognized, as the cachalot has one spiracle and the others two. The nostrils of the sperm-whale are on the left side of the cranium, and coalesce in one passage, which communicates with an external sigmoid fissure,¹ near the anterior and upper extremity of the head,—which portion is known to whalers as the "needle end,"—on the left of the median line. Through this orifice the animal expires the column of air from its lungs, which is erroneously called the *jet d'eau* by some authors. The "spout" may at times, as the animal makes its rising, when the spiracle is submerged by the waves of a rough sea, be composed of or mingled with surface water, which is elevated by the column of breath as it escapes upward. Otherwise the spout is merely a condensation of warm air from the lungs as it comes in contact with the colder air of the atmosphere.

The right whale has two blow-holes at the summit of the large protuberance on the back of the head familiarly known as the "crown," and the vaporous emissions, which are thrown up vertically, part at the top and fall on each side. The bifurcate appearance of the column has given origin to the name "forked spout," applied to this species by the Nantucketers. It is all the more apparent—provided you take time to investigate the matter—as the whale approaches or recedes from you in a direct line. The finback whale also has two spiracles; but, as the columns unite near the base, it has, at a distance, the appearance of one spout. But to the experienced eye the spout of this whale can never be confused with that of the sperm-whale; the former ascends at almost right angles with the horizon, and the latter is thrown forward at an angle of about 45 degrees, or, as the whalers say, about a four-point course.



ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

HARPOON. IN THE ATHENAEUM MUSEUM, NANTUCKET.

This harpoon (toggle-iron) was taken from a sperm-whale by Captain Hamblin of the bark *Platina* of New Bedford, in September, 1860; the whale yielding over 100 bbls. of oil. The whale was first struck by Captain Swain of the ship *People of Nantucket*, November 10, 1855, when the iron was broken. The whale was captured near Galapagos Island, Pacific Ocean, about 90 miles from where it was first struck by Captain Swain.

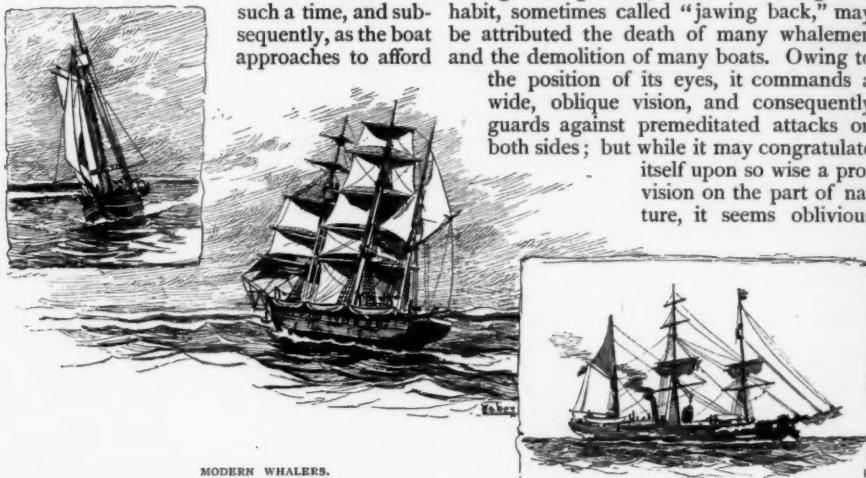
The actions of whales, when attacked, vary both with the species and the individuals. Superficial wounds annoy them, and internal ones destroy them. Suffering from the cruel

¹ This external opening may be said more nearly to resemble the letter f, or the holes in the soundboard of a violin.

blow of the harpoon, they endeavor to escape the hand that inflicts it, or to rid themselves of the instrument that irritates and tortures the flesh. To accomplish their ends, they can resort only to the most violent physical exertions

and contortions. At such a time, and subsequently, as the boat approaches to afford

it gives them up and down motions, bringing the broad surface with tremendous force and startling effect upon the water. If disposed to show fight, it relies, however, mainly upon its long, slender, treacherous lower jaw, studded with glistening teeth; and to this dangerous habit, sometimes called "jawing back," may be attributed the death of many whalers and the demolition of many boats. Owing to the position of its eyes, it commands a wide, oblique vision, and consequently guards against premeditated attacks on both sides; but while it may congratulate itself upon so wise a provision on the part of nature, it seems oblivious



MODERN WHALERS.

the officer an opportunity to use the hand-lance, the imminent danger to one's life is oftentimes unparalleled; but the danger diminishes when the lance penetrates the sensitive lungs or convoluted intestines, for the unhappy creature then weakens, and becomes quiet under the soothing influence of approaching death.

As a means of defense, the right whale depends solely upon its flukes, which measure from 12 to 15 and sometimes 20 feet in expansion, and in depth 5 or 6 feet, and weigh several tons. This immense creature uses its caudal fin with remarkable dexterity, and often with the most frightful results. The northwest coast whale, or the Pacific right whale (*Balaena japonica*) is the most dangerous of the bone-bearing whales to encounter. When attacked, or surrounded by obnoxious objects, it performs an evolution with its flukes commonly called "sweeping," that is, swinging them from side to side; and indeed, when greatly incensed, it "swoops from eye to eye," churning the water into mountains of foam, and demolishing everything in range. Although the whalers anticipate this defensive and offensive maneuver, they oftentimes permit their passionate ardor in the capture to exceed the bounds of prudence, and as a penalty sometimes lose the whaleboat, apparatus of capture, and even their own lives.

The sperm-whale, on the other hand, is dangerous at both ends. Although it does not sweep with its flukes as the right whale does,

of the fact that, for the same reason,—the peculiar position of its eyes,—it cannot perceive an object immediately in front or behind. To this oversight of nature the sperm-whale may attribute its defeat and destruction, and the sperm-whaler his success and profit. To use a colloquial expression, this species is rarely, if ever, approached on its blind side. The favorite method of capturing is, as the whalers express it, to "take it head and head," or to "go on the flukes." In either case it is better to keep the hump—a functionless adipose dorsal fin—and the spout in the line of vision; for in so doing, the boat cannot deviate far enough from its course to "get on the eye" of the whale. Going on head and head is therefore considered a better plan, and is always carried out when practicable. As the boat and the whale are moving toward each other, they come together more rapidly than when the boat follows the flukes. A few moments are of the utmost importance to a man about to strike a whale. Though large, this animal is exceedingly quick in its movements when alarmed; and the individual who thinks he can approach and strike it as he would a barn will find that he is greatly mistaken. In a twinkling the whale may change its position from a horizontal to a perpendicular one, and disappear beneath the surface; it may settle away like a corresponding mass of lead, disappearing rapidly from view; or with a dexterous movement of the flukes it may strike and demolish

the boat. Many sperm-whales are lost when the boat "goes on their heads," because the harpooner darts the iron prematurely, and, striking the impenetrable headskin, known as "white horse," bends the harpoon. This usually happens, however, when an inexperienced or "gallied" boat-steerer throws the iron, and loses his whale because he did not wait for the orders of his officer. An expert harpooner, on the other hand, need not be told when to dart, as he "chooses his chance," and buries his harpoon abaft the head as the boat is laid off. In following the flukes, the rule is, of course, first to overtake your whale. Having accomplished this, the boat is laid off, say to the starboard, to give the harpooner a right-handed dart, and ranged alongside the whale. When far enough forward, and about one

sperm-whales when mortally wounded, more especially after eating heartily, eject from their capacious stomachs immense "slabs" of the octopus, upon which this species largely feeds.

If the whale is swimming "top-water," the harpooner has a better target to fire at; but if swimming under the rim of the water, or about to sound, he must make the best use of his time and opportunity, and exercise his discretion. Again, the whale may be "scooping," or feeding,—a more horrible sight has never been witnessed ashore or afloat than a large right whale, with contracted upper lip exposing the long layers of baleen, taking in his food,—and while thus engaged pays little attention to surrounding objects, and may be struck with comparatively little trouble. And yet again, the whale, when approached, may



SOME WHALING CAPTAINS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

or two fathoms, or possibly three or four, from the whale, and moving in a line parallel with it, the boat-steerer has an excellent opportunity for darting the harpoon into the back, or bilge, and the chance of drawing will be lessened if the iron gets fast to one of the costal bones. It used to be the custom with some of the whalemen to carry a small air-tight cask in the boat. When they perceived that a sperm-whale, usually an old patriarch, was disposed to show fight, the cask was thrown overboard, and the ferocious animal immediately proceeded to attack it. From its buoyancy, and the facility with which it revolved on its axis in the water, the cask became at once an object of interest and annoyance to the cetacean, which was too much engrossed with this little nuisance to notice the boat as it stealthily approached. Some

turn flukes and sound; but the men know by experience about the location where it may make its rising, which it is compelled to do for inhalation. It may reappear suddenly under the boat, and smash or upset it, or it may come to within a short distance of the men, in which case the boat is laid on, and the boat-steerer strikes him "wood and blackskin." Or, as is the case very often in right whaling, the boat may sail over the whale broadside, striking it about midships, at the very time the harpoon is thrown. As before remarked, the right whale has the power to settle like a lump of lead when an offensive object comes in contact with it, and the boat sails over without injury, or whales may also be approached "quartering," the harpoon being thrown as the boat crosses the angle of the flukes.

All these conditions more or less influence the distance the harpoon is thrown, which is commonly known as "darting distance." In many cases some of the "long dartmen" have thrown their harpoons effectively as far as four or five fathoms. There is one case on record in which a remarkable dart is mentioned. Two boats belonging to different ships, American and English, were chasing the same whale, when one harpooner threw his iron over the

would be to swallow a small bird with its feathers. But he will crush you in his ponderous jaws, if he is a fighting bull, and eject you in detail. He will also chew up and spit out pieces of the demolished boat, break up the wooden utensils floating upon the water, and fight every piece of wood until more than seven baskets of fragments may be taken up; and having tired himself out in this way, he will lay off, angrily slapping the water with his fins, and challenge



TOWING A DEAD WHALE TO THE SHIP.

crew of the other boat, and "fastened on to" the whale. The boat-steerers pride themselves upon their darts, and the heroic deeds that have been performed in this manner would fill a chapter of wonderful events. I say heroic, for many whalers have lost their lives endeavoring to strike whales, when they might have abandoned the attempt and saved themselves by jumping into the water and swimming around until picked up by their own or other boats. But this would be cowardice, and very little of this material is found in the class of men selected for harpooneers.

Approaching a whale at all times is like going into battle, notwithstanding the abandon of the fishermen. Have no fear that the right whale will swallow you; he could not do so even if he were so disposed, as his gullet is only large enough to admit a good-sized herring. The sperm-whale could swallow a man if he desired to do so; but he is no more inclined to swallow a man, particularly with his clothes on, than you

some other boats, or perhaps, in rare cases, attack the vessel.

The capture of the whale, full of perils at all times, has been shorn of some of its dangers by the introduction of guns and bomb-lances. At least, it would seem so. Still, the record of accidents shows that the mishaps of the old style of fishing and those of the new are about evenly balanced. If it were not for the bomb-guns, few whales could be taken at present in any ocean. As the old style of killing the whale with the hand-lance was not only more dangerous but more exciting, I shall briefly refer to the manner in which it was accomplished.

The whale being well harnessed to the boat by means of the tow-line, which is fastened to the flesh-imbedded harpoon, it may either turn flukes and sound, or, bellowing at times like a bull,—with a greater volume of voice, however,—it may run, as it is termed, taking the boat in tow at a rate, it has been estimated, all the way from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, when it first

starts off, but settling down to about eight or ten knots per hour, when it gets warmed up to its work. This is the old "Nantucket sleigh-ride." The whale having tired itself by running, the boat is hauled up by the line, and side by side the crew, with hair standing on end, and the affrighted whale, startled anew by the close proximity of so strange a load, rush through the surging and fast-receding waters. The officer "gets a set" with his hand-lance, and plunges about five or six feet of cold iron into the lungs of the victim, and perseveres without ceasing in the up and down motions, familiarly known as "churning," as the boat persistently clings to the whale, until the spout of the unfortunate cetacean is tinged with the crimson of its own life-blood. The muscles of the strong arms now relax upon the lance, the boat is laid off, and the dying whale swims round and round in an unbroken circle. This is the "flurry." Death is now merely a question of time. The blood ejected through the spiracles now becomes as thick as tar. It is not only a belief of whalers, but it is usually the fact, that the whale, during its dying moments, so times its encircling path as to place its

head to the sun. It now makes a heavy lurch, the sea is lashed into a maelstrom of bloody water, and the ponderous whale rolls heavily on its side, or partly on its back, with the fin projecting above the water. This is "finning out." A one-sided jury would say that the whale died of hemorrhage of the lungs. To use a paradoxical expression, some dead whales are not always dead. It may be in a comatose state, but averse to vivisection; and when the men again approach it, and cut holes through the lips to make the line fast, to tow it to the vessel, a demolished boat or loss of life and limbs may be the reward. Hence the more cautious whalers "prick his eye," and if the whale does not flinch, it is supposed to be dead. Several boats take their position in line like a tandem team of horses; the tow-ropes are properly adjusted, and the men with merry boat-song begin the laborious and monotonous task of towing the whale to the vessel. A dead whale may be towed more easily head first, and it is also worthy of mention that a dead whale, when cast adrift, will beat to windward, the natural motions of the flukes having a tendency to propel the body.

James Temple Brown.

FRANZ LISZT.



HE young men of to-day can hardly imagine the *éclat*, the magical prestige, with which the name of Liszt flashed upon the horizon of the young musicians of the early part of the Second Empire — a name so foreign to the ears of a Frenchman, sharp and hissing as the edge of a sword that cuts through the air, torn by the Slavic Z as by a stroke of lightning. The artist and the man seemed to belong to fairyland. After having embodied on the piano the spirit of romanticism, Liszt, leaving behind him the glittering trail of a meteor, disappeared for a while behind the curtain of clouds which then veiled Germany — a Germany different from the one of our day; a mass of little kingdoms and independent duchies, bristling with turreted castles, and preserving even in its Gothic script the look of the middle ages, every trace of which had disappeared from France, in spite of the efforts of the poets to restore its beauty.

The greater part of the pieces which Liszt published seemed beyond the possibility of any executant but himself, and were so indeed, if played according to the old methods, which required perfect immobility of the whole body, the elbows close to the side, and allowed only a

limited action of the forearm. It was known that at the court of Weimar, disdainful of his former success, he was occupied with serious composition, dreaming of a renovation of art — a purpose which excited much anxious comment, as is always the case when a new world is to be explored or an accepted tradition broken. Moreover, the impressions left by Liszt in Paris gave ample ground for all sorts of surmises. Even the truth did not always appear probable when it was told about him. It was said that at a concert of the Conservatory, after the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven had been performed, he had dared to play the whole composition over again alone, the amazement of the audience being quickly replaced by a tremendous enthusiasm. Again, it was said that another day, bored with the docility of the public, — tired of seeing this lion, ready to tear to pieces any who displeased it, forever fawning at his feet, — he determined to rouse it, and amused himself by coming late to a concert at the Italiens, and calling on some fine ladies in their boxes, laughing and chatting, until the lion began to growl and roar. At last he seated himself at the piano, when the fury abated, the only demonstrations being those of pleasure and admiration.

Many things more are told of him, which are hardly within the limits of this article. Only

too much has been said of his success with the women of his day, his taste for princesses, and all the exterior phases of his personality. It is high time for us to take account with more care of his serious side, and of the important rôle which he played in contemporary art.

The influence of Liszt on the destiny of the piano was immense. I can best compare it with the revolution brought about by Victor Hugo in the mechanism of the French language. This influence was more powerful than that of Paganini in the world of the violin, because Paganini dwelt always in an inaccessible region where he alone could live, while Liszt, starting from the same point, deigned to descend into the practical paths where any one could follow who would take the trouble to work seriously. To play like him on the piano would be impossible. As Olga Janina said, in her strange book, his fingers were not human fingers; but nothing is easier than to follow the course he marked out, and in fact every one does follow it whether he knows it or not. The great development of sonority of tone, with the means of obtaining it, which he invented, has become the indispensable condition and very foundation of modern execution.

These means are of two kinds: the one pertaining to the technical methods of the performer, especially gymnastic exercises; the other to the style of writing for the piano, which Liszt completely transformed. Beethoven, scornfully ignoring the limits of nature, imposed his tyrannous will upon the strained and overtaxed fingers, but Liszt, on the contrary, takes them and gently exercises them in their own natural direction, so that the greatest amount of effect they are capable of producing may be obtained; and, therefore, his music, so alarming at first sight to the timid, is really less difficult than it appears; for by hard work the whole body is brought into play and talent is rapidly developed. We owe to him also the invention of picturesque musical notation, thanks to which, by an ingenious disposition of the notes, and an extraordinary variety in presenting them to the eye, the author contrived to indicate the character of a passage, and the exact way in which it should be executed. To-day these refined methods are in general use.

But above all we owe to Liszt the introduction on the piano of orchestral effects and of sonority, so far as these are possible on that instrument.

His method of attaining this end — a method not indeed within the reach of every one — consists in substituting in the transcription a free translation for a literal one. Transcription thus understood and practised becomes in a high degree artistic; the adaptations by Liszt for the piano of the symphonies of Beethoven — above all that of the Ninth for two pianos — may be regarded as masterpieces in this line. To be just, and to give every one his due, it must be said that the colossal work of arranging Beethoven's nine symphonies for the piano had already been attempted by Kalkbrenner, who deserves great credit for it; and although he was not strong enough for the task,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MME. MUNKACSY.

LISZT'S LAST WALK, AUGUST 15, 1886.

this attempt very probably gave the first start to Liszt's glorious work.

Liszt, undeniably the incarnation of the genius of the modern pianoforte, saw his compositions, for this very reason, discredited and spoken of scornfully as "pianist's music." The same disdainful title might be applied to the work of Robert Schumann, of which the piano is the soul; and if no one has thought of reproaching him, it is because Schumann, in spite of great effort in that direction, was never a brilliant performer; he never left the heights of "legitimate" art to revel in picturesque illustrations on the operas of all coun-

tries. But Liszt, at that time, without caring what was said of him, scattered lavishly and at random the pearls and diamonds of his overflowing imagination.

Let me say in passing that there is a great deal of pedantry and prejudice in the scorn which people often affect for works like the "Fantaisie" on "Don Juan," or the "Caprice" on the "Faust" waltz. There is more talent and real inspiration in such works than in many compositions we see produced every day, more serious in appearance, but of empty pretentiousness. Has it ever occurred to any one that the greater part of the celebrated overtures,—those of "Zampa," "Euryanthe," and "Tannhäuser," for example,—are really only fantasies on the motives of the operas which they precede? By taking the trouble to study the fantasies of Liszt, it will easily be seen to what degree they differ from any sort of *pot-pourris*—pieces where tunes of an opera taken at random only serve as a canvas for arabesque, garlands, and ribbons. It will be seen that the author knew how to draw the marrow from any bone; that his penetrating genius knew how to discover and fructify an artistic germ, however hidden under vulgarities and platitudes. When he attacks a great work like "Don Juan" he brings out the principal beauties, and adds a commentary which helps us to understand and appreciate its marvelous perfection and perennial youth.

The ingenuity of his pianoforte combinations is simply prodigious, as the admiration of all who cultivate the piano testifies; but I think perhaps the fact has not been sufficiently noticed that in the least of his arrangements the intelligence of the composer makes itself felt, the characteristic "earmark" of the great musician is apparent, if only for an instant.

Applied to such a pianist, who draws from the piano the soul of music, the term "pianist" ceases to be an insult, and "pianist's music" becomes a synonym for musician's music, and indeed who, in our time, has not felt the powerful influence of the piano? This influence began before the piano itself—with the well-tempered clavichord of Sebastian Bach. From the day when the "temperament"¹ of the scale introduced the interrelation of sharps and flats,

and made the practice of all keys allowable, the spirit of the clavier entered the world. The invention of hammer mechanism, secondary from the point of view of art, has produced the progressive development of a sonority unknown to the clavichord, and immense material resources which, by the introduction of the unlimited use of the heretical enharmonic system, have made the piano the devastating tyrant of music.²

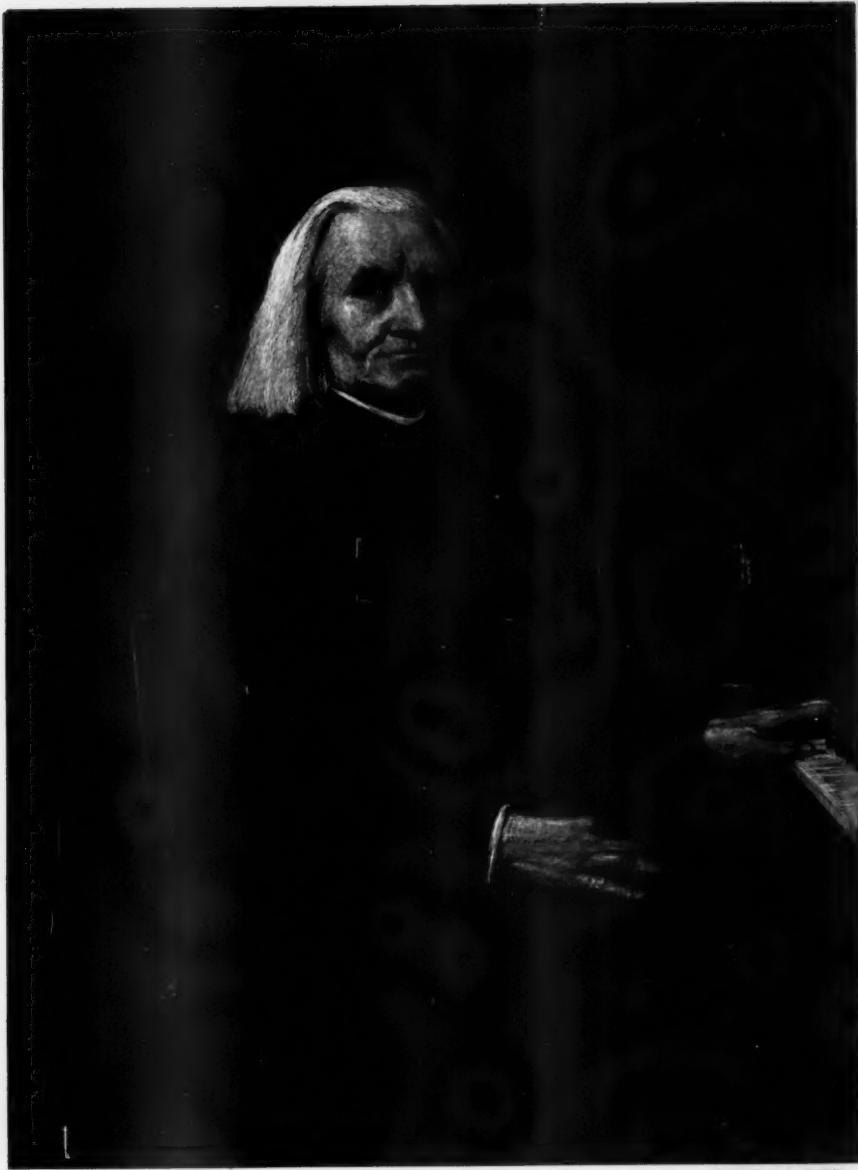
From this heresy, to be sure, proceeds nearly the whole of modern art. It has been too rich in results to allow us to deplore it, but it is nevertheless a heresy, destined to disappear some day,—a day probably far distant, but inevitable,—in consequence of the same revolution that gave it birth. What will remain then of the art of to-day? Perhaps Berlioz' alone, who, not having used the piano, had an instinctive aversion to enharmonic writing. In this he is the opposite of Richard Wagner, who pushed this principle to its extreme limits, and who was the embodiment of the enharmonic system. The critics, and in their turn the public, have nevertheless put Wagner and Berlioz in the same box—a forced conjunction that will astonish future ages.

Without wishing to linger too long over the fantasies which Liszt wrote on the motives of operas (there is a whole library of them), we should not forget to mention his "Illustrations du Prophète," which comes to a climax as dazzling as it is unexpected, or the "Fantaisie and Fugue" for organ on the chorale "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam." This last is a link between the arrangements, more or less free, and the original work of the author. It is a gigantic composition, the performance of which lasts not less than forty minutes, and it has this distinctive characteristic, that the theme does not once appear alone in its integrity. It runs through the whole, but below the surface, just as the sap circulates through a tree. The organ is treated in an unusual way, which greatly augments its resources. The author seems to have foreseen by intuition the recent improvements in the instrument, just as Mozart in his "Fantaisie and Sonata in C Minor" divined the modern piano. A colossal instrument easily handled, a performer thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of the organ and piano, are in-

¹ TEMPERAMENT.—In music, the principle or system of tuning in accordance with which the tones of an instrument of fixed intonation are tuned, or those of the voice or of an instrument of free intonation are modulated in a given case. The relative pitch of the tones of an ideal scale may be fixed with mathematical precision. An instrument tuned so as to produce such a scale, or a voice or instrument using the intervals of such a scale, is said to be tuned or modulated in *pure* or *just temperament*. So long as these tones only are used, no further adjustment is necessary. But if modulation be attempted, so that some other tone than the original one becomes the key-note, one or more intercalary tones are required,

and the relative pitch of some of the original tones has to be altered. To fit an instrument for varied modulations, therefore, either a large number of separate tones must be provided for, or the pitch of some of them must be slightly modified, so that a single tone may serve equally well for either of two or more tones whose pitches are theoretically different.—THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

² ENHARMONIC.—Pertaining to a use of notes which, though differing in name and in position on the staff, refer on instruments of fixed intonation, like the pianoforte, to identical keys or tones.—THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.



PAINTED BY MUNKACSY.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FRANZ LISZT.

dispensable to the proper execution of this piece, which means that the opportunities of listening to it under good conditions are exceedingly rare.

The "Soirées de Vienne," the "Rhapsodies Hongroises," although built upon borrowed themes, are genuine artistic creations, where the author manifests a most subtle talent. The Rhapsodies may be considered as illustrations of that curious and interesting book written by Liszt on the music of the gipsies. It is entirely wrong to consider them merely brilliant pieces. In them we find a reconstruction and, if we may so say, a civilizing of a national music of the highest artistic interest. The composer did not aim at difficulties (which did not exist for him), but at a picturesque effect, and a vivid reproduction of the outlandish orchestra of the Tziganes (gipsies). Indeed, in his works for the piano he never makes virtuosity an end, but always a means. If not judged by this standard his music becomes the reverse of what it was intended to be, and is rendered unintelligible.

It is a strange fact that this great artist and pianist has not poured his genius into his original pianoforte compositions. Excepting always the magnificent "Sonata,"—a bold and stirring work which has no equal in contemporary music,—Schumann and Chopin easily outdo him in this field. Nevertheless the "Méditations Religieuses" and the "Années de Pélerinage" contain some beautiful pages; yet the work is incomplete—the wing seems to beat and break against an invisible dome, one knows not how; the author seems to exhaust himself trying to reach an inaccessible ideal; and we feel a sense of uneasiness hard to define, a painful anxiety followed by insuperable weariness. I should except the "Scherzo" and "March,"—a dazzling and bewildering wild huntsman's ride, the execution of which, unhappily, is not easy to attain,—and the triumphant "Concerto in E Flat"—but in this last the orchestra comes to the rescue, the piano alone being insufficient. The same may be said of the "Mephisto Waltz" (No. 1), written at first for the piano, but with the ultimate purpose of arranging it for the orchestra, which was done later.

In the "Etudes" especially, as with Cramer and Clementi, we find the grand style and the great musician. These études the composer probably did not consider of as much importance as some others of his works for the piano. One of them, "Mazepa," easily passed from piano to orchestra, and became one of the "Poèmes Symphoniques."

In these celebrated poems, so variously criticized, together with the symphonies "Dante" and "Faust," we are in the presence of a new Liszt—the Liszt of Weimar, the great, the true, whom the smoke of the incense burned on the altars of the piano had too long concealed from

view. Boldly entering the path opened by Beethoven with the "Pastoral Symphony," and so brilliantly trodden by Berlioz, he leaves the worship of pure music for that of so-called "program music," which claims to depict clearly and definitely both characters and feelings. Plunging headlong into harmonic novelties, he dares what none other has dared before him; and if it sometimes chances that, to use the ingenious euphemism of one of his friends, he passes the limits of the beautiful, yet even here he makes some happy hits, and also some brilliant discoveries. The mold of the ancient symphony and the hoary overture is broken, and he proclaims the reign of music freed from all rules except those only which the author himself makes to fit the environment in which he has chosen to work.

With the orchestral sobriety of the classic symphony, he contrasts all the wealth of the modern orchestra, and, as he has by marvels of ingenuity reproduced this wealth on the piano, he now, turning the brilliant light of his virtuosity upon the orchestra, creates a new orchestration of infinite richness, by making use of the hitherto unexplored resources which the more perfect manufacture of instruments, and the increased development of technic in the performers, put at his command. The methods of Richard Wagner are often cruel. He does not take into account the fatigue which results from superhuman efforts. He constantly demands the impossible. One must get through it in the best way possible. The methods of Liszt are not open to this criticism. He demands of the orchestra all that it can give, but no more.

Like Berlioz, Liszt made expression the object of instrumental music, which tradition consecrated to the worship of form and impersonal beauty. Not that Liszt neglected these things. Where do we find purer form than in the second part of "Faust" ("Gretchen"), in the "Purgatory" of Dante, or in "Orpheus"? But it is in the exactitude and intensity of his expression that Liszt is really incomparable. His music speaks, and will be heard, unless the ears are wilfully closed beforehand by prejudice. It utters the inexpressible.

Perhaps he made the mistake (very excusable according to my way of thinking) of believing too implicitly in his own creation, of wishing to impose it on the world too soon. Owing to the attraction of an enormous, almost magical, prestige, and a personal magnetism which few men possessed in a like degree, he gathered about him and fanaticized a cluster of young and ardent minds, blindly devoted to him, who asked nothing better than to take part in a crusade against old dogmas, and to preach the new gospel. These hair-brained fellows, who feared no exaggeration, treated

the symphonies of Beethoven, with the exception of the Ninth, as useless old rubbish, and everything else in like manner.

Thus they disgusted, instead of carrying with them, the great mass of musicians and critics. When these wars were at their height, Liszt, battling proudly with his small but valiant band, became infatuated with the works of Richard Wagner, and brought out "Lohengrin" triumphantly on the Weimar stage,—a work which no theater had ventured to produce, although it had already been published. In a pamphlet, "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," which made an immense impression, he announced himself as the prophet of a new doctrine. It would be difficult to give any idea at the present day of the tremendous efforts he used, together with all his enormous influence, to spread the works of Wagner, and to place them in the theaters hitherto most violently opposed to them. We are free to suppose that Liszt, knowing himself to be powerless alone to move the world, dreamed of an alliance with the great reformer, in which each would have had his part to play, the one reigning on the stage, the other in the concert-hall; for Wagner proclaimed everywhere that he wrote works of a complex nature, in which music was only a part, forming with poetry and scenic representation an indivisible whole. But Liszt, great and generous soul, always ready to devote himself to a noble cause, had not taken into account the domineering spirit of his dangerous and colossal protégé, who was incapable of sharing the empire of the world even with his best friend.

We know now, since the publication of the correspondence between Liszt and Wagner, on which side the devotion was. The great artistic movement started by Liszt was turned against him: his works were thrown out of the concert-hall to make room for those of Wagner, which, according to the theories of the author himself, were written especially for the theater, and could not be heard elsewhere without danger of becoming unintelligible. Taking up again the arguments of the classic school, the Wagnerian critics undermined the foundations of the works of Liszt, by preaching the dogma of pure music, and declaring descriptive music heretical. Now it is evident that one of the greatest forces of Wagner, one of his most powerful means of affecting the public, had been precisely this development of descriptive music, carried to its extreme limits. He performed almost a miracle in this line, when he succeeded during the whole of the first act of "The Flying Dutchman" in making us hear the sound of the sea without interfering with the dramatic action. He has created a whole world in this style. How are we to explain such a contradiction? In a way as in-

genious as it is simple. "Yes," they say, "music has a right to be descriptive, but only on the stage." Miserable sophism! On the contrary, thanks to scenic representation, to the "stage setting," and so on, the theater is the very place where music can without great sacrifice be entirely devoted to the expression of sentiment. What becomes of the overtures and the fragments of Wagner's works when they are performed in the concert-hall, if they are not descriptive instrumental music, otherwise called "program music"? What, then, is the prelude to the third act of "Tannhäuser," which claims to relate all that takes place in the *entr'acte*, to give a history of the pilgrimage to Rome and of the malediction of the Pope? And what signifies the deference shown by Wagnerians to the works of Berlioz, who did not write a note of "pure music"? Enough has been said on this subject. The spectacle of ingratitude and dishonesty is too disheartening to dwell upon long.

Let us rather ascend the luminous summits of the works of the master, regretfully passing by many compositions of great interest, such as the marches, choruses, the "Prometheus," etc., in order to contemplate the great religious compositions into which he has poured his purest genius—the "Masses," the "Psalms," the "Christus," and the "Legend of St. Elizabeth." In these serene regions the "pianist" disappears. A strong tendency to mysticism, which shows itself from time to time in his compositions, finds here its place and its entire development. It is present even in the piano pieces, where it produces sometimes a strange effect, as in "Les Jeux d'Eau de la Ville d'Este," in which harmless cascades become finally the dayspring of life, the fountain of grace, with scriptural quotations.

To the surprise of many Liszt has made use of the voice with consummate art, and he has studied thoroughly and treated with perfect correctness Latin prosody. The great composer of fantasies is a faultless liturgist. The perfumes of incense, the play of colors in stained-glass windows, the gold of the sacred vessels, the wonderful splendor of the cathedral, are reflected in his masses with deep sentiment and penetrating charm. The Credo in his mass composed for the cathedral in Gran, with its magnificent ceremonial, its bold and beautiful harmonies, and its powerful coloring, its dramatic effect, never theatrical and especially appropriate to and admissible in the mysteries of the church, is alone sufficient to place the composer in the front rank of the great musical poets. Blind is he who does not see it!

In the "Christus," and in "St. Elizabeth," Liszt has created a kind of oratorio entirely different from the classical model, an oratorio separated into varied and independent scenes,

in which the picturesque is a marked characteristic. "St. Elizabeth" has all the freshness and grace of the legend which gave it birth, and one cannot help regretting, in listening to it, that the author did not write for the stage. He would have brought to it not only the secular note of his personal charm, but also a great dramatic sentiment, and a respect for the nature and powers of the human voice too often absent in the celebrated works which every one has heard. "Christus," which the author regarded as his most important work, is a composition of exaggerated dimensions, and goes beyond the bounds of human patience. Endowed with grace and charm rather than force and power, "Christus," heard in its entirety, is rather monotonous, but it is so written that it may be divided into separate parts, which can be performed in fragments without mutilating the whole.

Viewed as a whole, the work of Liszt is immense but unequal. There is a choice to make in the works which he has left us. Of how many great geniuses must the same be said! "Attila" does not make Corneille less great. The "Triple Concerto" of Beethoven, the variations of Mozart on "Ah ! vous dirai-je, maman ?" Wagner's ballet music in "Rienzi" do not diminish the fame of their authors. If then there are among the compositions of Liszt some useless works, there is nevertheless not one which does not bear the marks of his touch, the imprint of his personality. His great fault is that he lacks moderation; he does not stop himself in time, but loses himself in stupid digressions of wearisome length. He was aware of this himself, and anticipated criticism by noting passages in his compositions which could be left out. These cuts often detract from the beauty of the whole, and it is possible to find better ones than those indicated by the author. His music bubbles over with melody, a little too much for the taste of Germany, and for those who adopt her ideas—people who affect great scorn for all singing phrases, regularly developed, and can be pleased with nothing but polyphony, no matter how heavy, sulky, awkward, or confused. It makes no difference to some people that music is devoid of charm and elegance, or even devoid of ideas and correct composition, as long as it is complicated.

But the richness of melody in the works which now occupy us is balanced by as great a richness of harmony. In his bold search in the world of new harmony Liszt has far surpassed all that was done before him. Wagner himself has not attained the audacity shown in the prelude to "Faust," written in a hitherto unknown tonality, yet containing nothing to wound the ear, and in which it is impossible to change a single note.

Liszt has the inestimable advantage of hav-

ing typified a people: Schumann is the soul of Germany; Chopin of Poland; Liszt of the Magyar. He was a delightful combination of pride, native elegance, and wild, tameless energy. These traits lived and breathed in his marvelous playing, in which the most diverse gifts met—those even which seem to contradict each other, like absolute correctness combined with the most extravagant fancy. Haughtily wearing his patrician pride, he never had the air of "a gentleman who plays the piano." When he played his "St. François-de-Paule Marchant sur les Flots," he seemed almost an apostle. One could almost see the foam of the furious waves dashing upon his pale impassive face, with its eagle eye and clear, sharp profile. The most tremendously violent soundings of brass would be followed by the fine-drawn cobwebs of a dream. Entire passages were given as if they were parentheses. The remembrance of his playing consoles me for being no longer young. Without entirely agreeing with M. de Levy, who said that "Any one who could attain as great a technic would on that very account be farther removed from him," still it is certain that Liszt's prodigious technic was only one of the factors of his talent. It was not his fingers alone which made him such a marvelous performer, but the qualities of the great musician and the great poet which he possessed, his large heart, and his beautiful soul—above all, the soul of his race.

His great heart appears in all its nobility in the book which he wrote on Chopin. Where others would have found a rival Liszt saw only a brother-in-arms, and endeavored to show the great creative artist in one whom at that time the public still looked upon only as a charming virtuoso. He wrote French in an eccentric and cosmopolitan style, taking words out of his imagination, or anywhere else, as he had need of them; our modern symbolists have done far worse by us. Nevertheless the book on Chopin is most remarkable, and helps wonderfully in understanding and appreciating him. I cannot take exception to anything in it, save one severe criticism on the "Polonaise Fantaisie," one of the last compositions of its author. It is, to me, so touching! Discouragement, disillusion, religious thoughts, and hope and trust in immortality, all this in a winning and beautiful form. Is this nothing? Perhaps the fear of seeming partial, by always praising, inspired the criticism which surprises me so much. The same fear haunts me sometimes myself when I speak of Liszt. I have often been rallied for what they call my weakness for his music. But even if the feelings of gratitude and affection with which I am filled come before my eyes like a prism to color his image, I do not deeply regret it. But I owed him nothing, I had not

felt his personal fascination, I had neither seen nor heard him, when I fell in love with his first symphonic poems, which pointed out to me the path in which I was to find later my "Danse Macabre" and "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and other works of the like nature. I am therefore sure that my judgment is unbiased by outside considerations, and I am altogether responsible for my opinions. Time, which puts everything in its place, will be the final judge.

The sympathy which the great artist was kind enough to feel for me has honored me with the following precious letters. As a rule there is too much praise (praise which I well know is in great part courtesy) to be appropriate to this article. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving some extracts.

ROME, July 14, 1869.

DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND: Your kind letter promised me a number of your compositions. I have expected them . . . and meanwhile I want to thank you again for your Second Concerto, which I admire greatly. The form is new and very happy; the interest of the three movements increases continually, and you take an exact account of the piano effects, without sacrificing the ideas of the composer — an essential rule in works of this character.

To begin with, the prelude on the pedal point in G is striking and imposing. After such a felicitous inspiration you did wisely to repeat it at the end of the first movement, and to accompany it this time with some chords. Among the things which please me particularly, I note: the chromatic progression (last line in the prelude) and the one which alternates between the piano and orchestra (last measure on page 5), repeated afterward by the piano alone, page 15; the arrangement in sixths in triplets of eighth notes gives a fine sonorous effect, pages 8 and 9; it leads up superbly to the entrance of the fortissimo motive; the piquant rhythm of the second motive in the *allegro scherzando*, page 25. Perhaps this last would have gained by greater combination and development, either of the principal motive or of some accessory one. For example, this little bit of soothing counterpoint would not seem to me out of place:

8va.....

Violoncelle pizzicato
et Basson.

&c.

. . . In pages 50 to 54, where the simple breadth of the period with the sustained chords of the accompaniment leaves it a little bare, I should like in it some incidental additions, and some polyphonic combinations, as the German ogres call it. Pardon me this criticism of details. I would not risk it, could I not assure you in all sincerity that as a whole your work pleases me particularly. I played it day before yesterday to Sgambati, of whom Planté will speak to you as an artist above the ordinary, and indeed more than that. . . .

At my age, the business of being a young composer is no longer appropriate, and there would be no other for me in Paris, as I could not carry on indefinitely that of the veteran pianist on the invalid list. Therefore, I have resolved not to concern myself with my compositions excepting to write them, without any thought of spreading them abroad. If they have any real value it will be found out soon enough, either during my life, or afterward. The sympathy of my friends, who, I flatter myself, are very well chosen, is amply sufficient to me. The rest of the world may say what they will.

ROME, December 6, 1881.

. . . No one realizes more than myself the disproportion in my compositions between the good intention and the results accomplished. Meanwhile I continue to write, not without fatigue, but from a deep inward need and old habit. But to aim high is not forbidden us; whether we touch the goal or not remains an open question. . . . You very kindly suggest my return to Paris. Traveling has become very burdensome in my old age, and I fear that I should be found out of place in great capitals like Paris or London, where no special obligation calls me. This fear does not make me ungrateful toward the public, and above all toward my friends in Paris, to whom I am so deeply indebted: I should not like to give up all idea of seeing them again, though the dismal execution of the "Messe de Gran" in '66, and the consequent talk, have left a painful impression upon me. Without false modesty or foolish vanity, I cannot place myself in the ranks of celebrated pianists wandering hopelessly amid compositions which have been failures.

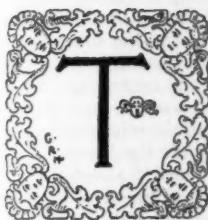
Those who know my "Second Concerto" (in G minor) will notice that I did not profit by the suggestions of Liszt relating to the *scherzo*. This is not because I did not realize perfectly the justice of them. The counterpoint, which with charming hypocrisy he styles "soothing," would have greatly enhanced the passage which he mentioned. But I make it an invariable rule, in relation to my compositions (of whatever nature they may be), never to profit by any suggestion or outside influence. This is to me a question of honor. I do not think I have broken this rule in publishing in my "First Concerto" (in D major) the "facilités" which I owe to the ingenuity and indefatigable kindness of Liszt, who, to oblige me, did not disdain to descend to this humblest of work.

Camille Saint-Saëns.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

IV.



HE Rev. George Maurice's difficulty with the vigilance committee at Laughing Valley City was the climax of the ill will which began to show itself against him in the town a month or two after his arrival

there from his last parish, in Dakota. He had failed with these people not merely because he lacked the cardinal virtue of the West, adaptability, though certainly he was tactless enough, and would often rasp the sensibilities of those whom he would willingly have pleased. Nor had he failed altogether because he was arbitrary and dictatorial; no doubt his congregation could have borne that cheerfully from a man they respected—indeed it is not certain that they might not have liked him the better for being a bit of a bully.

If they had been asked to lay a finger on the source of their dissatisfaction with him, they would probably have had to own that they could n't. However, that was not a thing to make them less dissatisfied. In fact, he was one of the men to whom it would be a pleasure to attribute something forgivable—like a definite sin. Perhaps it was his indefinite weakness that was unpardonable.

One might say, for example, as certain people did, that he was not too scrupulous about money matters; but it could not truthfully be said that he was unscrupulous. It might be alleged that he did light things, unbecoming his cloth; but his behavior was never clearly unseemly. He could easily be proved lacking in consideration for others, or, if one liked,—and there were usually several who liked,—for his daughter; yet when one would say "selfish," the remembrance of a reckless act of generosity would recall itself, or the recollection of the strain of self-sacrifice in him, declaring itself in acts that enslaved to him those whom they helped, and endeared him to a following among the young of all his parishes; and condemnation was laid by the heels.

Maurice did not pretend to be perfect. If he had made any such pretense he would, for instance, have felt bound to bury Carstarphen

and Telfner when they died of smallpox, which had been brought to Laughing Valley City by a party of Chinamen. Like other miners, the men had lived in disregard of every sanitary precaution; no measures had been taken for disinfecting the cabin in which they had died, and to go to it to read the burial service over them, and then to accompany their bodies to the grave, on the side of Carbonate Mountain, two miles from town, was, as a matter of fact, a serious risk. It was unfortunate that those duties of a minister of the gospel, which, in personal experience of them, one must of course qualify a trifle, should be so simply conceived by the friends of the dead men. His refusal to perform the last office for the men, though made with the proper reluctance and regret, and reasoned cogently, was taken extremely ill.

The miners who had come to ask his services as the only minister in town "cursed him out," as they afterward told the indignation meeting. It was at this meeting that the resolutions were adopted, in which the word "coward" occurred six times, exclusive of the indignant preamble.

The resolutions, which, after the received custom, gave him twenty-four hours to leave town, expressly excepted his daughter; and the ladies of the place had arranged among themselves to keep her by them, and to look after her, with the purpose of sending her after her father, if she should desire to go, when he should be settled somewhere. Carelessly enough, this plan had reckoned without Dorothy's energetic will, it was found, when the time came; and they let her go with the band that escorted him to the edge of the town because she very quietly would have it so, not imagining it necessary to extract a promise from her to go no further.

Dick Messiter (a young man whom the ladies knew to have a mill-owning father somewhere in Massachusetts, and whose occupation at Laughing Valley City was that of Superintendent of Cincinnati Mining Co. No. 3) had offered to go along and look after her; and in spite of the lamentable occasion of the association of the two young people under these conditions, the circumstance gratified that dumb novelist, or perhaps it is merely romancer, which seems to lurk in every woman's breast. It struck the ladies of the town as a beautiful situation, and they would have been the last

to interpose an obstacle to the crisis which is somewhere toward the top of every situation.

They trembled appropriately for the clergyman when he was led out in the midst of the shouting mob, and they exchanged the observation that they ought not to have thought of such a thing as letting her go, when they saw her riding among the noisiest of them. It would have been hard if they could not assuage their remorse by the suggestive spectacle of Dick and the girl riding side by side up the hill. If one looked at the matter from this standpoint, it was clear that the mob could not be too noisy; and it was even to be hoped that, in a harmless way, it might prove obstreperous: it would be a pretty opportunity for Dick.

The trail over which Philip and Cutter followed the three riders clambered difficultly along the walls of Red Rock Cañon; or sometimes it would dip into it, or wander quite out of it, and take its way along the table-land above. Bayles's Park, where they were to find the train for Maverick, and where the railway terminated for the present, lay in one of those green and sheltered hollows, in the penetralia of the hills, known to Colorado vocabularies as a park. For a good part of the year, the parks—which are a kind of small paradise to the traveler who comes down into them out of the mountains—keep a spring festival, and if any one supposes that there are hill-gnomes, he must be sure that it is on these fresh and flower-starred lawns that they hold their revels. At all events, the hills water and refresh them, as if they would keep their ball-room bright—or perhaps it is with the hospitable thought of maintaining one guest-chamber among their unfriendly rocks; and every mountain traveler knows how to praise the shelter it offers.

Bayles's Park was still well nigh a two hours' journey forward, however, and the snow had begun to fly more thickly. The noiseless coming of the storms in which men and beasts are lost in these mountains is their most awful effect: one could die more easily, one feels, in the worst riot of tempest. The snow fell silently about them as they rode, piling the folds of their greatcoats, and their ponies' flanks, with its stealthy increase. The wind, which blindingly blew the flakes in their faces, was smitten soundless by the solid curtain of white through which it passed to reach them. The world was filled with snow and silence. It had grown very cold.

There are often such snow-flurries in the mountains, and then, in a few moments, sunshine again. Philip and Cutter consulted with each other, and did not believe it would last; but they agreed that it should make no difference if it did. They could not turn back and leave those in advance to take their chances, even if Philip was ready to give up the wedding.

So people will agree while their feet are still warm; and they pushed on doggedly, as the fall grew heavier.

The telegraph line followed the trail, save when, at rare times, led on stubby iron poles, it would go forward, for the sake of a short cut, in a dizzy run over the rocks jutting from the cliff above them. Where the poles were set along their path they were higher, and when the snow was most blinding it was still easy to make out the road by them. But the poles were presently less plain, and the sullen murmur of the Chepita, rising steadily from the chasm which opened at the outer edge of the trail, a measureless void, warned them to use their eyes before they used the reins with which they would sometimes guide the horses.

"Look sharp there, Deed!" shouted Cutter, suddenly; and Philip withheld his pony in time to save himself from the gulf.

The pony backed in terror, and when Philip got him started forward again, Cutter's horse refused to budge. Cutter alighted, and led him. The animal came forward reluctantly, cowering at each step, and eying the way before him doubtfully. The snow-fall appeared suddenly to grow more dense, and the river, down at the bottom of the cañon, which had marched with them until now to a soothing melody, seemed suddenly to shake itself free from the silence of which it had been part, and to give forth a muffled roar and shout.

Cutter looked back for a sight of Philip's face. He could touch his pony's nose, but the rider was a vague specter. Cutter gave a prolonged shout.

"Hello-o-o-o-o-o!"

They were not three paces from each other, but he could not be sure whether the answer was an echo or Philip's voice. He pressed his pony back against Philip's. They caught at each other's hands as the animals came together.

"I was afraid of this," said Cutter, hoarsely, with the fear which we find after the event.

"Yes," answered Philip.

The frightful huddle and scurry of the big flakes came between them, as they peered in each other's faces, and their voices reached each other dully out of the pall of snow.

"Think of those people!" said Philip, after a moment, in which they let their horses stand. "Think of that girl!"

"Hellish!" muttered Cutter, who had had no comment for the business while they watched it.

"Come on!" said Philip, briefly, and Cutter understood. It was true; they must find them. And at the moment they heard a vague sound, like voices, in advance.

Philip's pony would not move quickly enough, and he threw himself off, and jerked him forward.

"You heard?" he asked of Cutter.

"Yes."

They pressed forward, and presently came upon the group halted in the middle of the trail, bending over the girl, who had been taken from her horse, and was being plied with brandy by the tall young man. Her father, who was rubbing her ears with snow, would raise his eyes from time to time desperately, frowning and blinking at the storm.

She had not fainted. She was merely exhausted by the storm, and numbed by the cold. The spirits seemed to restore her. She looked up at sound of the shout of greeting with which Philip and Cutter made their presence known, and described their figures.

"My horse," she murmured to Messiter, who was stooping over her; and he and her father raised her up, and set her on her pony, while Philip put himself at the animal's head.

Philip shouted something in Messiter's ear, as he came around in front of her animal to take his own by the rein.

"To be sure!" answered the girl's cavalier. "Had n't thought of it."

Messiter did not catch what Philip added, but he replied to the question he guessed in his voice: "Yes; near here. I know the place well enough when the weather has n't got the blind staggers. Blast the snow!" he shouted, rubbing his eyebrows and mustache, and mopping the little segment of face which showed between his high muffler and low-fitting cap. "Brown's Cañon, don't they call it?"

He was near enough to see Philip's nod.

"A cut in the rock, and the cave just inside of it? Beyond the Fifth Cascade?"

"That's the place," said Philip.

They set forward for it without delay, each leading his own horse, except that Philip took Messiter's besides his own, while Messiter led the girl's. Cutter, who did not know the cave, brought up the rear with the clergyman, who made no attempt to hide from him his disapproval of the storm and of the entire situation. Cutter had never heard such pleasant-hearted, even mellow grumbling. The man had a charm of manner which one felt through the snow itself. In front, the two young men discussed the whereabouts of the cleft in the rocks (which was known as a cañon, for no very good reason), and of the cave. About the place itself Philip knew best, having bunked in the cave for a night, when he had come over the pass the year before, on his way to Piñon; but his companion was much more familiar with the trail.

They went peeringly forward, dragging the trembling horses. There was always an uncertain moment after they had lost sight of one telegraph pole, and before they could make

out the next; and at these times they felt cautiously along the rocky wall that soared into the air on the inside of the trail, and did not venture toward the outer edge. The horses tried each step inquiringly before taking it, and the two men in the lead, advancing into the unknown with such courage as they might, would often pause to take counsel with each other's ignorance and helplessness. It was impossible to say where anything was in this night of snow; all of their world was that next step which they could see; and that step might always plunge them into the world which no man has seen at any time. Somehow the cold seemed to numb the thought, by sympathy with the bodily pain and bewilderment which intense cold brings. The girl, who had not their resource of motion, was crying in silent agony from it, Philip saw, when he made way at a turn in the path for the young man to lead her horse by him; and he pressed his flask of whisky into her hands. They were so cold, and the men's mittens she had drawn over her gloves so clumsy, that she almost dropped it; Philip caught it up as it slipped from her, and, shouting to his companion to hold on, asked her by a motion to raise her veil, and, pulling himself by a jutting boulder to her level, put the flask to her lips. She was very pale, and the smile she extorted from herself for thanks was pitiful.

Sometimes the trail turned sharp corners, and once they found themselves at the edge of the precipice, and the cry of the river leaped up to them through the storm with a sudden loudness. The two in advance shuddered back from the sound, clutching at each other, and feeling blindly through the swirl toward the cliff on which their lives hung. Shouldered firmly against the wall once more, they paused for a weary and discouraged moment to shake off the snow, and to take heart for another venture into the awful mystery of white.

The death which might lie before them was certain where they stood, from snow and cold, and at last they dared question the wall again with advancing hands. Philip was sure the cañon and its cave could not be far. But the storm created its own far and near. Ten paces were far: one might have to lie down and give up the fight at the end of them; the second step was not near: one might never take it. The wind had risen to a gale, the cold searched their veins, and their limbs began to answer their wills uncertainly. It wastime they found shelter. One of the horses stumbled, and could not rise until Cutter felt his way back along the bridle-rein and helped him up; but when he tugged at the reins again the pony would not move.

"We shall have to give the poor beast up,

I'm afraid," he said. Philip went back, and spoke a heartening word to the pony,—it had belonged to him in the mountains,—and the animal came along for a few paces, and stopped again, when it became necessary to repeat the action.

It was all done in silence. For half an hour no one had spoken, when Philip shouted, "The cascade!" and as they halted to listen, there reached their ears remotely, as if from a great distance, the steady, down-beating pour of a waterfall. The sound triumphed over the clamoring river and the loud-breathing wind, though it seemed so far away; and hope blessed them again.

When the wall opened at last to their weary hands, and discovered the cañon and, a moment later, the cave, they had just strength enough left among them to get the girl from her horse and to set her within the cavern. They sank about her exhausted when they saw her safe, and for a long time lay powerless to help her or one another.

Philip was the first to find his feet.

"Here, Cutter, stop that! Wake up!" he cried. Cutter was dozing in the dangerous sleep in which men die from cold. He shook him violently.

"Let me alone!" grunted Cutter; but Philip caught him up, and seated him against one of the walls of the cave.

"Wake up! Do you hear?"

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Cutter, drowsily.

"See here, do you want your head banged against these rocks? They're sharp, I warn you!"

Cutter started awake. He cast a listless glance over the cavern, which was high and spacious, with boulders scattered about the floor. The roof and sides were toothed and rutted, and showed everywhere sharp points of rock, at sight of which Cutter rubbed his head ruefully and, having found a smile, knew himself again. "Got a match?" he asked.

"No; but I think you have."

"Fact." He fumbled for the silver match-case, with the figure of the humorous young demon atop, which was one of the relics of his Eastern career as a young man about town.

"Good!" said Philip, energetically. "Then we'll have a fire! There's a sort of room just back round the curve in the rock there, unless I am out of my bearings, and a thing Hicks and Baxter used to call a fireplace when they were living here on a grub-stake. You'll find some wood. Get up a fire if you can, while I look after this poor girl. Sing out when you're ready, and I'll fetch her back."

He spoke rapidly and urgently, and Cutter got himself on his feet, and made his way with stumbling steps in the direction of the rear of

the cavern. Philip watched him anxiously a moment; he had asked him to go, to give him a reason for bestirring himself, but he feared he would drop asleep again while he went about the kindling of the fire. But there was no time for concern about Cutter. He stood upon his own stiff legs with a groan, and made his way over to where the girl sat propped against the wall of the cave.

Her head was drooped upon her breast, but she was not asleep, and she looked up with a lifeless smile as Philip bent over her. He made her take another long pull at his flask, and then snatched off the heavy mittens which Messiter had given up to her, and, peeling off the thin gloves underneath, fell to chafing her hands as briskly as his own benumbed arms would let him.

After a moment, when she began to look about her, he ran over to the prostrate figure of the clergyman, and shook him alive, and then punched up Messiter. When they had found their feet, they came over and helped him; and the girl was able after a time to reward their common efforts with a look into which the heart and courage had a little returned. She began to seem again something like the girl who had cast off the restraining hand on her rein and galloped up the slope above Laughing Valley City after her father; and when they judged it safe, they bore her in among them to the fire which Cutter had cried out awaited them. The ears of one or two of them had been nipped; but none of their limbs had been frozen, and, with the fire in sight, the men began to dance about, flinging their arms wildly, and beating their hands upon their legs in search of their lost circulation and suppleness of joint.

She laughed at their crazy motions, where she sat cuddled in all the wraps they could muster for her in front of Cutter's roaring fire, and they smiled back at her amusement.

"Whew!" shouted her tall cavalier, taking off his heavy gloves and blowing on his fingers. "We forgot to shut the front door after us. Don't you people feel a draft?"

She gave him a mirthful nod. "That's the etiquette of cave-mouths," she said; "you must always leave them on the latch. It's in case we should have visitors. Oh, think," she cried, in sudden terror, "if there should be any one else out in this storm!"

"Heaven help them," said Philip, "or show them the way to something like this."

"Yes," said Cutter, drawing a musing sigh, as he settled himself by the fire. "I don't know how it was with you, Deed; but there were n't many minutes of stand up and take it left in me when we found this."

"Yes; it's very nice we're here," the girl

said thoughtfully to Philip, who had come over to her corner, and was standing above her, asking if there was anything that could be done to make her more comfortable. "It was awful!" She paused for a long moment in thought of it. "How did you happen to know this place? Only think if you hadn't come up with us!"

Philip perceived that she did not know that he knew—that they knew. He pulled himself up, with an inward start. He saw that what he had been about to say would have presumed on their common acquaintance with the scene on the hillside above Laughing Valley. It was evident that she had not seen them as she swept by their post of observation on her flight to join her father.

"Oh, your friend would have remembered it. It was he who piloted us here—Mr.—"

"Messiter. Mr. Richard Messiter to the minister who baptized him; to everybody else, just Dick."

"I should never have found it without Mr. Messiter."

"And we should never have found it without Mr. —" She hesitated, in her turn, as she looked up into his face.

"Deed," supplied Philip.

"Deed?" she repeated. "Oh," she added thoughtfully, "I wonder if you know a Mr. Deed who—" Philip waited for her to finish. "Why, he once took me quite informally out of a burning building. Our school was on fire. It was in a village,—a Pennsylvania village,—and there were no engines. The boys from the other boarding-school across the way formed lines and passed buckets. It was at night. He happened to see me first at a window from his place in the line, and ran in and carried me down-stairs. The fire, just for that one frightful moment at the window, was worse even than the storm we've escaped, I think. Wasn't it fine of—of that other Mr. Deed, Mr. Deed?"

"It was fine," said Philip, looking down into her glowing face. "I'm hoping I can prove kinship with him. What was his Christian name?"

"A rather odd name—Jasper."

Philip started. "Did all that happen in a village called Aylesford?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Oh!" laughed Philip, uncertainly. He bit his lip.

"Is it some one you know, then? How very nice!"

"Yes," said Philip, "it is some one I know—my brother."

Dorothy exclaimed her surprise. "Then you must have heard my story long ago. I thought I was telling you something new."

"It was new," returned Philip, without animation.

"Of course. I ought to know that he would n't say how he had done an heroic thing. It would n't be like him."

"No," assented Philip, "it would n't be like him." It was true that Jasper was not a man to exploit himself. He recognized the trait in him, on reflection, without cordiality. It was part of his propriety. He would long ago have said to himself that to boast was crude.

"But how very odd that you should be his brother!" cried Dorothy, returning to her original surprise. She drew the saddle-blanket with which Philip had covered her feet closer about her.

Philip burlesqued his thanks, and, with a little "Oh!" of appreciation, her face melted into a smile. "I did n't mean—" she began imploringly. She joined in his laugh. "Do you call that fair?" she asked.

"What?" inquired he.

"Entrapping me like that."

"Have I said anything?" retorted Philip, unblushingly.

"No; but you've made me. Or perhaps I said it myself, but the meaning is yours."

"Must I mean what you say?"

She pretended to muse. "You must n't say what I mean," she answered, looking up at him with a smile that enchanted him. The name Maurice suddenly detached itself, as he met her glance, from the haze of memory in which it had been floating since he had heard it. Since she had mentioned Jasper he had been casting back for the origin of this memory. He recognized it now with a start. It was from Jasper himself that he had heard it. A myriad memories went buzzing in his head. Was it possible? He recalled a school-boy passion of Jasper's, of which he had known a very little,—as little as younger brothers, just learning to smoke, are thought fitted to hear of an elder brother's love affairs,—and had guessed a great deal; as much as such brothers commonly guess from slender premises. He had never seen the girl; it had all happened while Jasper was away at school. But he remembered the name now. It was Maurice.

A pang without meaning or reason passed through him as he glanced at her again. She and Jasper had once been lovers, then. She had permitted him to know her in the intimacy—the sacred intimacy, the intimate strangeness, of betrothal. The thought gave him something like a physical shock. With his knowledge of his brother's falsity fresh in his mind, the idea filled him with an empty, retrospective anger for her. He felt as if she had been profaned, and he believed his pang to be wholly for her.

In the silence that had fallen between them while he pursued these thoughts, he discov-

ered himself to be studying the face which she turned, now, half toward him and half toward the firelight. There was certainly a nameless expression in it which made the thought of any homage to it lower than the finest peculiarly intolerable. Philip fancied that he liked the sweet seriousness of her face even better than its prettiness; but he was not sure, a moment later, that he did not like its unconsciousness better than either. She had less than the usual American pallor, and in her cheeks two bright spots of color, which had fled before the exposure through which she had passed, began to show themselves unassertively.

Her gaze had a certain charming freedom, and in all her motions she was singularly unafraid; but this consisted with a remote touch of reserve which never left her, and which was constantly causing one to rejoice the more in a confidence that was in every expression of itself a new gift to the observer, because, in its openest moments, it seemed always to withhold a part of itself. In the same way the sober look which slept upon the verge of her lightest glances enriched and gave a special value to the dancing light which would come into her eyes at any challenge of her attention. The eyes themselves had been meant to be gray, apparently; but one of them had rather agreeably failed on the way to grayness, and in some lights had a fleeting tinge of brown. A little more pronounced, and it might have been a blemish; as it was, it formed a part of her indescribable charm. Something in the modeling of her cheeks left the full view of her face a trifle disappointing, perhaps; but this was because her clear and almost perfect profile promised so much.

As she sat in the half darkness, her face thrown into relief by the fire, she was certainly extraordinarily pretty. Her shapely chin was well in the air, her little mouth—she was in all ways made upon a little pattern—was pursed in meditation, and her straight, sensitive nose was cut with particular clearness against the light. It was not her nose which disappointed in her full face; it was incontrovertibly very good. Her hair, which had taken several tumbles under the late stress, showed that shade of brown which you felt like thanking her for combining with her eyes and complexion, and had, as well, that pretty crinkliness, and excellent habit of waving or curling at unexpected moments, which one knows.

The pained thought which had drawn Philip's musing glance to her was being replaced by an untroubled pleasure in her beauty as he was roused from his preoccupation by Cutter's voice inquiring of her from across the fire: "Cozy?" Their common plight seemed to beget a species of respectful intimacy among

them; and they all spoke as if they had always known one another.

"Very," assented she. Dorothy Maurice had been born in the South, of a Southern mother, and her voice had the melody and vibrant sweetness of the voice of Southern women, without the accent and pronunciation which it would be difficult to prove altogether desirable, but which is pretty, too, if you like. "We might almost be happy here for a week if we could keep warm so long, and if we could find something to eat. Don't you think, Mr.—"

"Cutter," he said; and her eyes met Philip's with another smile.

"Don't you think we might find a larder somewhere about, if we looked? It is n't possible that the miners who left this wood for our fire would stop at that."

Cutter glanced at Philip interrogatively, and at her hint they explored. Houses wander dismally from street to street in Colorado towns, in wheeled pursuit of the real-estate market, but provisions which have once found their way on the backs of burros to a prospector's home in the mountains are less vagrant. After a summer's work a prospector would be in a poor way who had not something more valuable to load on his pack-animals than the jerked beef, coffee, and canned fruits and vegetables upon which the young men presently came.

"Uncommonly white of them to leave so much canned hospitality on the shelf for us, was n't it?" said Cutter, exhibiting their discoveries.

"Dear me! All that!" she said. "I should think so! They must be very nice fellows. Did you say you knew them, Mr. Deed?"

"Yes; as one knows men who take you in for the night, and do the handsome thing for the wayworn traveler. I spent a night here when I first came over the Pass. They were working a claim a little way on down the trail as I passed them on horseback. It was rather late in the afternoon, and when I asked my way of them they told me I'd better let them bunk me for the night. I'm afraid they did n't leave these good things here with us in view, quite; but if they had known we were coming along it would have been like them. They will be back in the spring, I suppose, to begin work again. I hope they won't miss what we shall have to borrow from them."

"Oh, I dare say they won't mind," said the clergyman, who had been silent for some time, while he thawed himself out by the fire. "Politeness is rather wasted on the rough people one meets in this region, I find."

"I don't know that, sir," said Messiter; and Philip, who was about to protest, conceived in time that the clergyman was not without reason for his feeling, and forbore.

"Ah, well, *I do*, you know," returned Maurice, courteously. "An odd business that, Dick, was n't it?" he said with an uneasy humor. "Were you by chance in the place they call Laughing Valley City this morning?" he asked suddenly of Philip. The intention to ascertain, if possible, how much these two strangers knew of the affair on the hillside was obvious; but Philip responded as if he had not perceived it.

"We came through Laughing Valley City in the morning from Piñon," he said.

"Ah," said Maurice. "Then we passed you very likely on the road without observing you."

"I think very likely," answered Philip, disingenuously. "We stopped for a while once, a little out of the road." He saw the girl's rising flush, and wished to spare her, even if the clergyman did not care to be spared.

Philip saw Miss Maurice draw a sigh of relief as he made this reply; and she rose at once, and set about making coffee—or such coffee as was possible without milk. The sugar they had.

"Any tobacco?" asked Cutter, as Philip came over his way.

Philip offered him a bag from which the best of the contents had been spilled in fighting the storm, and knelt beside him to strike a match. He seated himself near him, next the fire. "Mighty poor business, this," he said as the tobacco began to glow in their pipe-bowls, and the smoke made a homelike fragrance in the air. "I shall never get to Maverick in time for my father's little affair."

Cutter smiled. "Why, you monstrous ingrate!"

"Oh, of course I'm thankful it's no worse; but when a thing's no worse, who would be so stingy with his wishes as not to want it better? Plain luck is n't enough for a man. He's got to have luck *glacé*."

Cutter roared until the echoes answered him, and they all looked his way. "Man, man!" he shouted, "you don't want luck any more *glacé* than to-day's, I hope."

"What amuses Mr. Cutter?" asked Dorothy, coming toward them unfolding a ragged red table-cloth which she had found, and which she was about to spread for them on a square of rock.

"One on me," said Philip. "He wants to know if it's cold enough for me. May n't I help you, Miss Maurice?"

She let him endeavor as much as he would in the helpless helping which young men are accustomed to offer young women in such things, and which is doubtless so much better for being so little effective.

As they spread the cloth between them on the rock, Dorothy used the opportunity of her position opposite him to observe him atten-

tively for the first time. She thought him less handsome than Jasper, after a moment's inventory. She immediately added that he was better-looking than she had fancied in her casual glances. His broad-shouldered vigor had its own value, and she did it justice in recalling Jasper's effect of shapeliness. Philip's robust build wanted symmetry, and his strong face, tanned by exposure to the weather, and undeniably a little freckled, had the look of force rather than beauty. It was not upon a pattern, and failed at important points; but it was in no danger of confusion with other faces of equally simple and rugged cast. His gray-blue eyes, derived from his father, had the quiet look of power; they fronted her squarely, when he caught her look, in an amused and kindly twinkle. Less gentle things looked out of their depths unaggressively. With his wide, full forehead, the large mold of his face, the sensitive nostrils, and firm under jaw, he had the look, Dorothy thought to herself, of a man who can do and make do.

She reflected that he seemed much less than Jasper to have himself on his conscience. One could hardly use his long stride to whom it had ever occurred to wonder how he might look in walking; and he would certainly have made sure, after their fight with the storm, of his hair and the sailor knot straying out of sight under the collar of his flannel shirt, if he had felt the responsibility about his appearance which she remembered in the Mr. Deed she had known. The gods playing at bowls would be a sight valued out of proportion to the consideration in which the game is held, and Dorothy found a peculiar entertainment for her thoughts in the spectacle of all this lustiness and vigor spreading a table-cloth with her.

She smiled when the idea occurred to her, and as they failed for the third time to lay the cloth true between them, she caught the ragged thing out of his hands, with a righteous hesitation about her enjoyment, and began asking him questions about Jasper, as she went on to lay the cloth and to set the table herself. Philip answered mechanically. The thought that this sweet girl had once been Jasper's affianced wife became more tormenting, more shameful, as he perceived her charm. He caught himself staring almost rudely at her in the frequent pauses of their talk, abandoning himself to speculation about the affair. How could she ever have cared for him? He had saved her life; had she not just said it? That would be a permanent fact for such a girl, a reason for a lifelong gratitude. But, besides, everybody liked Jasper until they knew him very well. Some of them liked him afterward. It was one of his talents—making himself liked. She seemed still to like him herself; all that she said implied it.

Was it a lovers' quarrel that had parted them, perhaps? Did she still love him? He smiled to himself at his concern. All human contingencies were absurdly remote. He knew very well that they might never leave the cave alive.

They hung shawls and some tattered blankets, found in the bunks, at the crevice and angles of the rocks, for her, when they were seated at last around the flat bulk of rock which she had divined to have served as the miners' table; and they spent themselves in entreaty of her to discover or invent another draft which they might shield her from, until Philip suddenly bethought him of the horses, which they had been obliged to abandon at the cave-mouth. In the mortal exhaustion which had overcome them all when they found shelter, they had known nothing better to do for them. It occurred to Philip that perhaps they could be got into the cave.

They thought it a joke when he proposed it. But when they saw him to be serious, Cutter and Messiter volunteered to venture out with him; and after what seemed a long time, they returned, covered with snow, having found all but one of the ponies, and got them into the outer cave. Their whimsies came to them from there piteously; and Dorothy was for trying if they would eat jerked beef or dried peaches. She went out with Philip when their little picnic meal was done, and brushed the snow from their flanks with a clothes-brush she produced from the bag that was strapped on the saddle of her own pony.

"What would be the horse for coffee?" she asked; and at Philip's "Water, I'm afraid," she drew a sigh. "And we have n't any more than what we found in that little cup of a spring. You see, Mr. Deed, we must get away from here as soon as we can, for the horses' sake, if not for our own. I'm afraid they would n't care for the week I was proposing, even if we should. Poor fellows!" she murmured, as they set up their long-drawn moan again.

They all rose when she returned to the inner cavern, and made a soft seat for her with blankets on the flat rock next the fire. Dick Messiter and Cutter were clearing away the traces of the meal they had just eaten on it. They took turns in fanning from her face the smoke which would sometimes be driven back down the chimney into her face by the wind still whirling at its worst without, and they piled the wood lavishly on the fire for her comfort, until, with a practical instinct, she went over to the corner in which the wood was, and pronounced against the reckless use of their scanty store.

When she was seated again on the dais of rock, which raised her a little above her court, who, ready to do her bidding, sat or lay about

her, coiled into such ease as they could manage on the rocky floor, she looked a smallish sort of monarch; and humoring their attribution of despotic power to her, she queened it with a gentle gaiety among them, issuing her commands in the royal plural, and admonishing our good Earl of Deed, and our right worthy servant Sir Lenox Cutter, with benignant severity. When Dick was beckoned imperiously to her side, he knelt in humbleness, and, with a tap of her riding-crop on his shoulders, she said, with an air she knew, "Sir, I dub thee Knight," and cried, "Rise, Sir Knight Dick!"

Her unconsciousness of Messiter's devotion was a pretty thing to see. Her unconsciousness, as I have said, was one of her charms: it was pleasant to observe her modest diffidence of all that touched the thought of self-valuation, and to perceive the impossibility of her ever coming to feel the world's thought of her. But it was especially nice to see how she would not know the love that followed all her motions with pursuing eyes, and yet how she could give herself so unthinkingly to him in every word.

Philip, because he would occasionally catch the familiar glances that often passed between them, judged them lovers, with a man's haste; but a more instructed eye would perhaps have seen how the divine unconstraint of her attitude toward him might very well be a secret pain to Messiter; for sometimes a light would come into his eyes by which one might almost guess how he might be hating her for liking him so well.

v.

MARGARET had not seen Deed since the morning he had flung himself from the house. She knew nothing of him save what she had lately learned, that he had been called to Leadville the same afternoon to argue a case, and that he had gone. The information of the town regarding the sudden abandonment of the wedding was equally scanty.

All that day, until far into the afternoon, Margaret sat in Beatrice's little parlor, waiting his return with patient certainty. Tears were easy while he was in trouble; but she could not weep for herself. She sat watching the long stretch of road leading from the house down past the church in which the wedding was set to take place at half-past four. A desolate, hunted look crept gradually into her stony gaze, as the cuckoo-clock in the hall told off the half hours, and he did not come. She rose quickly, biting her lip to repress the tears that began to flow readily enough, as Beatrice came in at four o'clock. Beatrice's face trembled with her own emotion; her eyes were wet and red, as if she had been crying ever since Margaret had

last seen her, when she had looked in, at the slamming of the door behind Deed, to ask what had happened. Margaret caught Beatrice's caressing arm away.

"Let me go," she said hoarsely. "You can't help me," she added, in a hard, uneven tone. "No one can help me." She choked back a sob. "Oh, can't you see that—" A surge of heart-sickness rose in her throat. She turned from Beatrice's pitying face, and ran up the stairs.

There were very few wedding garments to put away; but one may drop as many or as scalding tears as one may wish on a very small spray of orange blossoms.

It all seemed so strange, so impossible, so trivially outside reason and experience. The orange rind on which one slips and breaks a limb, the elevator that happened to be here and not there, the train that was on the other track—how motiveless, how needless, what a littleness of fortuity! She could not explain how it had happened. It was like a great grief which simply comes upon one, which befalls without our agency. She had spoken—she lied to him, if any one liked the word better—in the irresistible utterance of a feeling stronger than herself. That he should do what he proposed was unthinkable, intolerable: she could not let him blight his life like that. For good or ill she had to speak; and now, though the event itself was much the most anguishing thing she had known, the only part of it she would have done otherwise, if it had been to do again, would have been to avoid the lie, somehow.

She would not allow Beatrice to blame him when she let her into her bed-chamber next morning. The shock had affected her physically, and she had yielded to Beatrice's earlier insistence from outside the door at half-past seven, and remained in bed. It might have been possible to listen to accusations of him if her own heart had gone out yearningly to him in forgiveness. But she was frightened by the hardness against him which she felt to be growing in her. Something almost like rancor began to prosper side by side with her love: it seemed to have warrant in the tenderness which no event could really diminish—perhaps it grew out of it.

If he would, no one could venture to say what the desecration of a woman's inmost life must be through the intimacies, the familiarities, the endearments of a betrothal which comes to naught. The exchanged amenities, so infinitely right and sweet because marriage follows, become each a separate indignity and horror when it does not. To Margaret, who took all matters over-seriously; whose training had erected barriers against these things, each of which had been broken down with a

pleasant pain of its own; who cherished, who almost loved, her reserves, there was a new and subtler misery behind every pain which could have tormented other women in like trouble. To cast a glance, the most doubtful and fleeting, back upon this one romance of a life curiously lacking, hitherto, in all emollient experience of this sort, tore her with nameless pains. She felt as if she should like never to see a man again.

She had given up, the day before, all thought of his return, she fancied. But when Beatrice entered with the morning mail she stretched forth her hand with the impulsive certainty that there must be a letter from him. When Beatrice reluctantly shook her head, she perceived that she had secretly believed that he must still come back. It was because the thing was still too incredible. Did men, then, belong to a different race? Was there one loyalty for them, and another for women? Was there another tenderness, another forbearance, another love? She had never had a brother; Deed was the only man she had ever imagined qualities for; she did not know about men—were they like this? Could it be that they knew how to justify such things to themselves—that there might be cruelties indigenous to the conscience of men, which women must not blame because men could not know them to be such? Perhaps to know all the wrong there may be in a wrong, one must have the gift to guess all the poignancy of its consequences; and she saw that no man could really understand her humiliation.

It was the lot of a woman to be chosen, distinguished, called apart; made to believe that for one man she was different from all the rest. It was only the extremity of that distinction that could measure the shame of the credulity cast back in her face, the innocent faith become a thing to bite the lip and to flush with pain at thought of. She did not lessen her own offense. Coming hard upon Jasper's perfidy, she saw how it must have maddened him. She loved him, and, imagining his suffering, pitied him from her heart. But all her smarting pride, the selfhood wounded to death, cried out against the cruelty of this desertion on their wedding-day. Cowering under the indignity which seemed to have stripped her of self-respect, she could not be sure of the validity of any judgment of the miserable woman she had become. His act had beaten her down. She was sickly, unsure of herself, of life, of what she must think; but she knew the dumb resentment that grew slowly in her for the helpless bitterness against him that it was. She loved him, she supposed that she must always love him; but the injuriousness of the thing he had done stifled in these first hours every gentle

thought. When the memory of it was hottest in her, she would set her teeth in still wrath.

There was another thing. It would seem as if the most straightforward of women must have, somewhere in their depths, a kind of sense for indirection, which they can never quite forgive men for not understanding in them. Margaret had wished him to believe her; she felt that his whole future and hers had hung upon his crediting her lie. But this was, unexplainably, a very different thing from liking it in him that he should have believed her. Deed had not closed the door behind him before she had said to herself indignantly that he should have known her better.

There were moments when it all seemed different, when she compassionated his situation, condemned herself as the cause of it, and accused herself passionately for accusing him. He would be suffering as well; not in her way at all, but worse, perhaps, because it was impossible to know how bad suffering might be which was outside one's comprehension. He must be thinking what she had said the final faithlessness. At these times she would say to herself that she could not wish him to think it less. If it had been what it seemed, it was as bad as possible, and she would have liked to have him hate her.

But when echoes of the scandal stirred up in the town by his abandonment of her began to come to her ears, the springs of tenderness dried in her. The two daily papers published at Maverick—having the fear of Deed before them—had reported the barren facts with what they meant for a picturesque reserve, and speculated about the affair with what seemed to them a self-denying decency. Beatrice kept the papers from Margaret, of course; but her boy turned innocent busybody, and brought a copy of one of them to her in furtherance of an enterprise of make-believe which Margaret had joined him in. Her eye caught the audacious head-line, and before she knew it she had read a dozen lines.

She buried her face in her hands in shame; alone with the child she blushed as hotly as if all the world looked on. In fact, it did see her: that was her feeling.

She shed no tears then; but when Beatrice came in at twilight to light the lamp, she saw that she had been crying. It was not precisely for the comments of the newspaper. She had been thinking of the lines of a poem:

Be good to me! Though all the world united
Should bend its powers to gird my youth with
pain,
Still might I fly to thee—Dear!—and be
righted—
But if thou wrong'st me, where shall I com-
plain!

I am the dove a random shot surprises,
That from her flight she droppeth quivering,
And in the deadly arrow recognizes
A blood-wet feather — once in her own wing.

After Beatrice, Margaret found it easiest in these first days to see Dr. Ernfield, whom Mrs. Vertner had called in immediately. Margaret had liked Dr. Ernfield long before; and she liked him still better in observing gratefully the devices of kindness by which he referred her prostration solely to physical causes, and the delicacy with which he implied that she had no history previous to the moment of any of his calls. They had been on almost intimate terms before her wedding-day; and she was grateful for his attitude in proportion as she perceived the difficulty to which he must be put to maintain it.

He had been interesting to her, during the month she had passed in Maverick before her wedding-day, not merely as a man,—though he was an unusually interesting man,—but because of his situation. He had left a prosperous practice in Boston to come West in search of health. He was still under thirty-five, and had won his success while very young by making a specialty of diseases of the nervous system; but he had paid for it, so to say, with himself, and he was in consumption. Beatrice, who had known him in Boston, was very fond of him, and in the first month of Margaret's stay he had been often at the house. It was the only house where he felt at home; he was practising his profession in Maverick to avoid the stagnation of idleness, but he really knew no other family, and he had found that to have known people even slightly in the East is a tie when one comes to meet them unexpectedly under the shadow of the Continental Divide. Beatrice, on her part, was accustomed to say that he was very nice. She perhaps meant by this that he had the gift of helpfulness, of sympathy, which, perhaps, is not especially common among men. Margaret had thought she saw how this faculty, comfortable as it may be to a physician's patients,—not to go into the question of his friends,—might be ruinous to a sensitively made physician; she had perceived that the excess of his sympathy with the work he had done before he came to Maverick had been merely by way of devouring him.

It was pitiful to remark how his disease had him in its clutch. The sinewy lines of his big body, designed plainly for the use of a strong man, had begun to waste before the attacks of his malady. It was observable, however, that he was still strong of limb; and the look of his face—kept alive by his ardent and commanding glance, and hidden, for the most part, by a thick brown beard—was scarcely the look of a sick man.

It had been a pleasure to Margaret to see this sturdy fellow—who had the effect, in spite of his weakness, of confident strength—ramp up and down Beatrice's little parlor, with his hands in his pockets, expounding his theories of health and disease—theories which fascinated Margaret by sinking instinctively for the moral spring underlying all large theories of health; or anathematizing the whole system of living which gives us the damsels known to discussion as the “American Girl,” a creature whose tenseness might not be half bad, Ernfield owned, for the spectator, but was death to the girl. And then it had been still pleasanter to hear him counter this with the story of nervously wrecked young lives, which Margaret saw, around the corners of his modesty, he had won back to the normal way of life. He never spoke of having cured anybody; he would sometimes own that he had taught a person here and there how to live. It had seemed to Margaret that he had accomplished this by transfusing a portion of his own life into each of these persons: for it was obvious that such patients as these must always have drawn their new life, in great degree, from his life; that—a cure being in such cases so much an affair of sympathetic understanding, of a brisk, urgent, imperious individuality—they had lived at his expense.

The thought of this strong, fine fellow, who had given his young manhood to the business of reinstating others in life, doomed to a death against the halting wretchedness of which no hindrance could be opposed, unless it existed in the air of Lone Creek County, had been too painful to Margaret for endurance.

Margaret's frank liking for him, and the gentleness of her manner toward him, springing from the compassion for his situation to which she could not give other expression, were perhaps part of her charm for him; but that which had really drawn him to her was the constant charm residing in her sincerity, her simplicity, and directness, in her goodness, in her irresistible need to meet all questions in their highest phase,—above all, in her gentle womanliness. In the three weeks that had passed after her arrival, before Deed and she were ready to lay themselves open to the town's comment by announcing their approaching wedding, Ernfeld had had time—in ignorance of her betrothal, and wholly without Margaret's suspicion of what was happening—to fall deeply, miserably in love with her.

It was not precisely his fault; but his position, when he ascertained it, gave him the sense of moral turpitude he would have felt if he had allowed himself to fall in love with a married woman.

It was just as well, he said to himself; he

had deserved it. A man who, in his condition, indulged the thought of connecting his future with another's for longer than one of those radiant moments of monstrous and baseless hope that must visit even the hopeless, was properly condemned to such an awakening. This refection should have made it easy to think of Margaret's wedding with equanimity; and certainly should have silenced the thrill with which he heard of Deed's desertion of her on their wedding-day. Its effect, however, was to fill him, before the day, with a gloomy reluctance in her presence and a fear of meeting her honest eyes; and after it, to shame and daunt him with a clear vision of the meanness of the hope that began to live tremblingly in him.

He writhed under her approval of what he saw she took for his tact and delicacy, when he was forced, after the event, to visit her in his professional capacity. He felt like a scoundrel when he heard from Beatrice that for the present she could bring herself to see no one but him and her, that she could not bear that any eyes less friendly and familiar should look upon her grief in these first days. Her trust humiliated and abased him. He wanted to tell her what a scamp he was. He could have blushed at sight of the humble light of thankfulness she turned on him from her weary eyes, as he constructed a theory about her indisposition which referred it to purely physical causes. To see how her pride smarted under this blow in every fiber, to see how she was ashamed of being ashamed, and yet not abashed to let him perceive it, became intolerable. On the second day, in the mere necessity of putting an end to it, he ordered fresh air for her: he told her that she must go about.

Beatrice went about the house on her daily duties with a grieving face. Margaret's position pained her to the heart. She could understand how she might have partly brought it on herself, with the noblest motives; but nothing could even shadowily justify what Deed had done. She called his act by the hardest names to herself, when Margaret would not hear her denunciations. It was small comfort to talk to her husband.

“What are you worrying about?” he would say. “You ought to be throwing up your cap on any reasonable theory of friendship. It's an escape for both of them. You don't think they would have been happy, do you?”

“I don't know,” returned his wife, frankly. “Don't you?”

“I think,” said Vertner, ambiguously, “if they had not been,—especially Deed,—it would not have been for lack of hard trying—especially Miss Derwenter's.”

“You think she might have tried too hard,” suggested Beatrice, quickly. “Yes,” she owned,

after a moment's meditation; "Margaret has that way. Perhaps she rather—insists."

"She *does n't* know quite when to let up," said Vertner, in the tone of admission. His wife had to smile. "It's a virtue—knowing when to spare."

"And you think Margaret has *n't* it?" asked Beatrice, as anxiously as if she did not feel that she entirely understood Margaret's sweetly intentioned severity, and as if she had not reasoned with herself, and with Margaret, about it.

"Well," owned Vertner, "I think she might consider it not quite moral."

"No," said Beatrice, vaguely, as she helped him on with his coat (she had followed him out into the hallway to see him off for the day); "perhaps not."

"And Deed would *n't* really enjoy that after a bit," said Vertner, as he adjusted the fur collar of his coat. "He can take things hard himself, and he does, but not in her way, and he does *n't* take *everything* hard. There's a sort of sense of perspective about Deed: that's his humor. He has his varioloid moments."

"Yes," rejoined Beatrice in sad musing; "and Margaret has *n't*. I know that. All her moments are acute. She goes conscientiously through the whole disease, whether it's a question of a pin or an elephant."

"Well, perhaps you can see, then, if you've got to that point, how Miss Derwenter would be the very best wife in the world for a man who takes things in bulk—in Deed's whole-souled, passionate, hearty way. There's nothing equal to a gingerly, conscious, penny-wise way of looking at things for a wife for such a man."

"Ned, you sha'n't say such things of Margaret!"

"Oh, Margaret's all right," said Vertner, in a tone of conviction, as he put his hand on the knob. He really liked her when she would let him. "It is *n't* her fault that Deed is *n't* built to appreciate her. She could make plenty of men ecstatically happy."

"What kind of men?"

"Well, my kind," returned her husband, audaciously. "I should always be ecstatically happy, any way, you know; and all that she could do for me would be so much clear gain."

After these talks with her husband, nothing but a long conversation with Margaret could put Beatrice right again. She enjoyed the play of her husband's mind, of course; but there were occasions for seriousness, and this was one of them. She found Margaret serious enough; yet even she would smile dismally sometimes at the thought of certain contrasts. The concern which she had given herself during the month preceding her wedding-day (the month in which she had made acquaintance with Maverick) as to

whether she should be able to like the West, struck her, for example, in her present forlorn case, as food for sad amusement. She had not been afraid she should not get along, as the phrase is: she was accustomed to managing so much as that for herself in all sorts of queer places. But it had occurred to her that, even with Deed, the West, as a permanent place of residence, would leave a great many needs in her unsatisfied. She had not dared use adjectives about Maverick; she might have to live in it, and she had the forethought to avoid attaching labels to the place by which even her own thought of it might finally discover itself to be bound. But it was at least undeniable that Maverick lacked a public library. She had thought that she would induce Deed to return to the East when he had won back the fortune he had lost the year before he had offered himself to her. Her ideal was a suburb just out of Boston.

Nothing had taught her so incontrovertibly the force of her love for him as the willingness she had found in herself to face for him the contrary prospect: for her heart had sometimes sunk grievously during her first fortnight at Maverick; and once, when she thought she perceived from something he said that he was really fond of the West, that it suited something in him,—his sense of humor, perhaps; she did not know,—her heart had gone coweringly down into her boots. It was at the thought of this terror that she now indulged a smile. One troubled one's self about such things when one was happy; it had become pitifully indifferent to her whether Deed lived in Colorado or Patagonia.

One of the pangs which reached Margaret from the outside during the first days of her misery was that which she felt when she learned that Philip had at last arrived in Maverick. She had heard, in a kind of dream, that there were fears for his safety; and finally, that he was given up for lost; and it had seemed at the time only one of the thousand sides there appear to be to even physical pains. Now that she had come out of the stupor of suffering which had followed Deed's going, and began to be sensible to exterior measures of her trouble, she was surprised to find a fleeting wretchedness in the knowledge that Philip lived, and that his father, who must have been down into the bitterest depths of grief for his imagined loss, rejoiced without her. For a moment she thought of Deed with untroubled tenderness. The other feeling followed, but the loving impulse taught her freshly the unbearable reach of her loss. It went too far. It cut too deep.

Vertner met the snow-bound party at the station. He usually went to the trains when

he was in town. Men he knew were often passing through on their way to Denver or to the mountain towns. They gave him the last word about the outlook at the newest mining-camp; they kept him wise about the ups and downs of older places. When they would stay overnight at Maverick, he would often spend the evening at the hotel, losing a little to them at poker, and getting on the inside, as he said, of good things in mines and real estate. He brought Margaret word of the arrival of Philip.

"Mighty close shave those fellows had," he said. "It could n't be done once in a dozen times. I would n't back Charlie Cozzens to do it, and he knows every foot of the pass as if it were his Addition." The retired stage-driver's investment in Maverick real estate was known as "Cozzens's Addition." "But they are badly done up after it. The young lady went to bed."

"Young lady, Ned!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Certainly. Young lady. Young lady and father, in fact. Maiden slender, fair, good-looking—very. Father a clergyman, large, clever, manners until you can't rest—not here purely as a sanitary measure. The young lady really bore it pretty well. You can see that she was prettier three days ago, but she will pick up her prettiness again at the Centropolis House."

"A clergyman, Ned!"

"Well, not too much of a clergyman—not the kind that would worry the clerical Inspector of Weights and Measures with overweight. A good, practical, every-day, earthly Christian, with a soul away above the unrighteous nickel—shaped to nobler ends, like thousand-dollar bills; could make arrangements with soul to overlook some things. Good fellow; I took a kind of shine to him."

It was one of Ned Vertner's own sayings that he was a composite. He would not have been anything but the "rustler" he was—dependent on the friendliness of fortune to this month's scheme for his next month's house rent—on any account; but he liked to remember how easily and naturally he might once have been the conventional gentleman whom he hated.

The Vertners had memories of the revolutionary hero with an honest grandfather, and the three succeeding generations of Unitarian ministers which make a good family in Berkshire. There were no better than they in their village; and though Ned Vertner, before he was sixteen, disliked the people his family knew in Boston, as he disliked the propriety of the white picket-fence in front of their white frame-house with green blinds, it was a gratification to him at times to recall that the good social form of his family had existed for him to refuse. He would not go to Harvard; when he was twenty-three he went to Chile, and re-

mained there five years, helping a little to build the railway which his party went out to build, and learning to live hard, to drink hard, and to gamble more than he could afford.

It was in his fifth year—when he was coming down with a fever which went near to finishing him—that Philip Deed joined the party. Philip would have said to any one who had challenged his liking for Ned Vertner, that he liked him because he had contributed what effect there might be in three months' nursing to saving his life. At all events, when Vertner was well enough to sail for home, they parted in the relation of good comradeship often existing in new countries between men who are of no spiritual kindred.

It was Deed who, at Philip's suggestion, put Vertner in the way of coming West when he had found Berkshire more impossible than he had left it; and it was Deed whose professional relations to various adventurous enterprises opened the way to Vertner's first "scheme," and showed him his natural calling.

The impartial spectator would scarcely have supposed it a calling justifying marriage; but in Colorado rustling has the recognition of one of the liberal professions, and when Vertner had been engaged in it a year he worked a pass as far as Chicago through a friend, and returned from Boston, ten days later, married. It was an incredible marriage; it was the one thing, Philip told him, when he met Beatrice, that he should never forgive him for. Vertner admitted that he was ashamed of himself; no one was more conscious than he that he was an undeservedly lucky dog.

"But what could I do?" he would say. "I told her it was a shame and a fraud; I gave her a full résumé of my worthlessness; I told her that if I had ever been good for anything I'd got over it; I told her that my doings out here would turn a Public Gardens swan red with pure shock, and would keep her conscience working on horse-car drivers' hours every day. She said she liked it. Then I went for the country, and gave this section down the banks. I told her that she would have to breakfast on climate and dine on scenery; that in this altitude it takes ten minutes to boil an egg soft, and that they put on beets the day before; that chickens can't live, and cow's milk is twelve cents a quart; that pneumonia rides around on a mowing-machine; that she would n't find a library in Maverick; that the church was closed, and the lecture bureau in the dry dock; and that you could take up all the civilization in the place on a fork. She said that none of these things mattered, and that something else did. I gave her up."

"Hush, Ned!" she was saying now, in response to his profession of liking for Maurice; "perhaps we can get him to stay with us here

for next Sunday. It is months since we had a service. An Episcopal clergyman, did you say?"

Vertner nodded, as he cut a little more steak for himself (they were at their one-o'clock dinner). "I did n't say; but that 's his rating. Don't count me in, though, Trix, on any scheme for supplying the pulpit of St. John's in the Wilderness. You remember I took a hand in the last gospel boom in Maverick. Invite him here, if you like, and get him to preach for you next Sunday. I 've no objection, and he won't kick if you make it worth his while. But leave me out. I would n't undertake the contract of furnishing a clergyman to that congregation again for a commission of fifty per cent. on his salary."

Vertner laughed with enjoyment. Margaret, who had found no way of taking Vertner in the month she had spent in the house with him, was silent. She was thinking of Philip, and wondering how to frame a question which would inform her about him without seeming to seek the information.

Beatrice saved her the need. "We might go and call on Miss Maurice at the hotel," she said, doubtfully, looking toward Margaret. "That would commit us to nothing. We could see Mr. Maurice and judge for ourselves. Do you think she would see us, Ned?"

"Why, she was going to bed when I saw her, to stay until she was rested. But she would see St. John's in the Wilderness on her father's account, I should think, if you made it plain who you were. Write under your name on your card: 'Mrs. Vertner, representing St. John's in the Wilderness.' You 'll get the consideration of a commercial man traveling for a big house."

Beatrice did not smile, but looked at Margaret questioningly. "I think she might be willing to see us," Margaret answered to Beatrice's inquiring look. "After such an experience, she might be glad of the sight of friendly faces, even if they were strange."

They found this to be true when they went next day. They both made friends at once with Dorothy, who was sitting up, and who told the story of what had befallen them in the mountains, gaining for the first time, in seeing its effect upon her hearers, a sense of the danger through which she had passed. She did not need a reminder to make her shudder at the journey through the storm; but the time in the cave had not seemed unhappy. She had not felt that they were in danger—perhaps she had not been allowed to feel it. It occurred to her now to wonder what might have happened if the storm had not ceased the morning after they had taken refuge there, if the wind had not fallen, if the snow had not begun to melt, and if a party of miners, on their way from Bayles's Park, had not found them on the second day, weak and exhausted of course, but able to ride to Bayles's Park, where they took the train.

It was the hope of seeing Philip that had helped Margaret to come out for the first time since the day that was to have been her wedding-day. The event had left her spiritually sore; she could not bear to see any one, much less listen to the questions which must be asked if she went out. Yet there was nothing she liked so little as what she called, in her plain speech, "dodging": it seemed cowardly not to take the world as it came; and she was glad of a strong reason for going out. She wanted to see Philip, whom she did not know: it would be the next thing to seeing his father. But it seemed that Philip had left Maverick within a few hours of his arrival. Philip, in fact, had taken the evening train the night before for Leadville, leaving Cutler to go on to Denver, where he had friends who might find something for him to do in connection with the smelting-works there. Margaret knew that he must have gone to see his father at Leadville, and she flushed as she thought of one of the probable subjects of conversation between them.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

FROM DAWN TO SUNRISE.

BREATHE, sweet southwest, thy softest airs;
Melt, golden vapor, in the blue;
Shine, silver star, that morning wears;
Light-bearer, lead the day anew.

Mild day of autumn, gravely glad,
Teach the wild heart thy calm to know:
Too keenly swift, from gay to sad,
These pulses beat, these life-tides flow.

Cool dew of dawn, that gently falls,
O'er life's long fever waft thy spells.
Deeper than tone of trumpet-calls,
The holy hush with morn that dwells.

Cease, wayward heart, in gloom to stray;
Greet the pure smile of living light;
Before the awful eye of day
Arise, O soul, in kindred might!

Esther Bernton Carpenter.

THE VOICE OF TENNYSON.



HIS article is written to record a memory, and to express a thought. It is not my intention to enter into trivial gossip about Tennyson, disliking that kind of valet-literature as sincerely as he did. Nor do I mean to speak even of the simple and beautiful life of his home. It is a debt that we owe to courtesy, as well as to reverence, to wait until all that needs to be said of that serene and steadfast life shall be uttered by the true son who was also his father's most intimate friend.

But the memory of which I speak is one which belongs to literature more than to biography. Tennyson's reading of his own poems was part of his poetry. It was illuminative and suggestive, the best of all commentaries. It revealed the significance of his work, the conception which he had formed of the poet's mission and the poet's art, and the methods by which he accomplished certain results. Most of all it revealed the man himself behind the poems. A voice is a real thing. It has spirit and life in it. This was especially true of Tennyson's voice, which was, as Milton says of the angels,

Vital in every part.

To hear him was to know the man; to feel how genuine, how sympathetic, how strong he was. To hear him was to think of him, not as a classic on the shelves of a library, but as a living force in the living world. Thus the voice that fell upon the outward ear became the symbol of the spiritual voice with which he has moved the heart, and expressed the ideals, of the English race in this nineteenth century.

I.

IT was near the end of August in the year 1892. The full tide of summer had ebbed away; the days were shortened. Already the pale, silvery light of a rainy afternoon was waning over the terrace at Aldworth, and the falling roses of the garden, and the yellow fields from which the harvest had been gathered. Far away, through the broad southern window of the poet's study, one could see the drifting gleams upon the South Downs, which told that the sun had not set. But within, it was twilight. The dusk gathered in the corners and smoky shadows veiled the shelves of books, the high screen, the few pictures on the wall. At the west-

ern end of the room two tall candles were burning on the writing-table, and between their scintillating disks of light the face of Tennyson was outlined just as he describes the Lotos-Eaters—

Dark faces pale against that rosy-flame.

It was a massive, noble, powerful head, such as Michelangelo might have given to one of his prophets; the forehead high, the countenance long, the chin square and slightly projecting. Age had wrought some changes in it since the days of manhood's prime, when the portrait was made which deserves to be established as the standard representation of the poet's face.¹ The physical charm was less: there were heavy lines about the mouth, and blue veins standing out on the sunken temples, and gray hairs in the thin beard. But youth had not wholly disappeared, even at eighty-three. The long, sparse locks that fell from beneath the velvet skull-cap, and

The knightly growth that fringed his lips.

were as dark as ever; the brown eyes, half-veiled by drooping lids, were full of dreamy light, and able still to flash with sudden fire.

But the voice was even more remarkable than the face for its suggestion of youth in age. Worn a little, as it must be after so many years, and breaking now and then when weary, it was yet deep-chested and resonant, thoroughly masculine, capable of expressing immense passion. Its most striking quality was its directness, its sincerity. There were no false accents or inflections in it, no affectations, no polite disguises. It kept a touch of its native Lincolnshire in the broadened vowels and rolling r's. It was a true and honest voice; a picture to the ear of the man from whom it came.

He held a volume of "Maud" in his hand, and was talking about it, as he loved to do:

"I want to read this to you because I want you to feel what the poem means. It is dramatic; it is the story of a man who has a morbid nature, with a touch of inherited insanity, and very selfish. The poem is to show what love does for him. The war is only an episode. You must remember that it is not I myself."

¹ This is the portrait which accompanies this article. It is engraved from a photograph by Mayall, of which the poet, Lady Tennyson, and their son all said (Aug., 1892) that they preferred it to any other that had been made.

self speaking. It is this man with the strain of madness in his blood, and the memory of a great trouble and wrong that has put him out with the world."

Then he lifted the book close to his eyes, and began to read:

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood."

It was the strangest reading in the world; ignoring all the formal rules of elocution, going straight to the heart of the matter, yet unconsciously creating its own form and art, obedient to the inevitable law of all true passion, which always makes the sound fit the sense. The voice was raised a little higher than the speaking tone; sustained at the same level through line after line; almost monotonous in its measured chanting. It was not melodious, or flexible. It was something better. It was musical, as the voice of the ocean, or as the sound of the wind in the pine-trees, is musical. In the impassioned lines it rose and swelled like the roar of the tempest through the woods; in the passages which expressed grief and loneliness it broke and fell suddenly, like the sobbing of low waves on the beach.

Each canto had its own movement, a distinct, rhythmical flow, a separate and significant cadence, which the poet had surely heard in his own mind before he put it into words. The poem had been written to music, and it was read to music, lyrically, emotionally, metrically: in a word, it was intoned, not artificially, but naturally, just as we often find ourselves intoning when we walk on the sea-shore, or in the forest, and our thoughts sing themselves over and over to the sound of the wind or the waves. Intense feeling, whether of joy or sorrow, love or anger, rapture or despair, is almost always metrical. It comes in throbs and beats; it ebbs and flows in an involuntary rhythm. Tennyson's voice expressed this perfectly. He was absorbed in the passion of his poem; possessed by it, carried away with it.

The reading of the first canto forced me at once to feel, as never before, a profound sympathy with the hero. Here was a man noble at heart, sensitive, impulsive, whose whole nature was disordered, like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," by the tragedy of his youth. The pain and trouble of his soul burst out in a great cry of protest over his father's death,—

O father! O God! was it well?—

and the morbid shadow that had fallen even upon his vision of the natural world expressed itself with long-drawn sadness in the pathetic line,

And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove
thro' the air.

He saw nothing clearly, nothing exactly as it was, nothing in the cold light of reason. His feeling colored everything with somber hues. But how intensely he felt! What an incredible force of passion throbbed in the condensed invective against the cruelties and falsehoods of the "age of peace!" Every epithet was like a blow.

Then came the reaction, when his passion had ebbed and left him cold and weak; and on this depression dawned the face of Maud. It troubled him. He struggled against it, and denied its beauty, but still it haunted him—

Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half
the night long
Growing and fading and growing, till I could
bear it no more.

While he yet fought against its power, and tried to settle himself in the solitude of a bitter philosophy, the voice of Maud came into his life—

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall.

How splendidly the poet gave the meaning of that voice, a song of life and love, a song of liberty and courage, a song of true manhood ready to die for the native land! And now the double spell of beautiful face and inspiring voice was complete. The man who had said, "I will bury myself in myself," belonged to himself no longer. He was under the power of love; and from this point onward the chief interest of the poem lay in the unconscious working of that power upon his character and life.

I marveled again and again, as the old poet's voice poured itself through the varying cantos, at the exquisite and unpremeditated art with which he brought out an expressive word, or emphasized a forcible line. I wondered at the exact truth of the descriptive phrases, like "the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk," and at the felicity of the prophetic emblems—the weeping angel beside the urn above Maud's seat in the village church, the lion "clasped by a passion-flower" on the gate-post of her garden. I rejoiced in the changeful music which seemed to range through all possible moods.

But most of all I was amazed at the intensity with which the poet had felt, and the tenacity with which he pursued, the moral meaning of the poem. It was love, but not love in itself alone, as an emotion, an inward experience, a selfish possession, that he was revealing. It was love as a vital force, love as a part of life, love as an influence—nay, *the* influence which rescues the soul from the prison, or the madhouse, of self, and leads it into the larger, saner existence. This was the theme of "Maud." And the poet's voice brought it out, and rang the changes on it, so

that it was unmistakable and unforgettable—the history of a man saved from selfish despair by a pure love.

The very passion which begins to glow within him like a spark is tinged at first with selfishness. He thinks of the smile of Maud as the charm which is to make the world sweet to him; he says:

Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

But unconsciously it purifies itself. He looks up at the stars, and says:

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl?

When his own fault has destroyed his happiness, and divided him from her, his love does not perish, but triumphs over the selfishness of grief:

Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by;
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by,
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.

And at last, when he knows that Maud is dead, the love that can never find an earthly close becomes the star of a heavenly hope, and leads him, not into selfish solitude, but into fellowship with his fellow-men in their conflicts and aspirations.

And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the
better mind;
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at
the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with
my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom
assign'd.

This is the significance of "Maud" as Tennyson's own voice interpreted it. Love is redemption from the insanity of selfishness. And it was in keeping with this lesson that, when I asked him a few days later to write me a couplet to go underneath his picture, the old poet turned back fifty years and wrote these two ringing lines from "Locksley Hall":

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

II.

As I listen backward to the memory of Tennyson's voice, not only in this reading of "Maud," but in many others, the thought that comes to me and craves expression is very clear and distinct.

Tennyson is essentially and characteristically a poet with a message. His poetry does not exist merely for the sake of its own perfection of form. It is something more than the sound of one who hath a lovely voice, and can play skilfully upon an instrument. It is poetry with a meaning and a purpose. It is a voice which has something to say to us about life.

In his very earliest poems, written before he came of age, we do not feel this so clearly; although even the slender volume published in 1830 contains some pieces, like that profound complaint against the sorrow of skepticism called "Supposed Confessions of a Secondary Sensitive Mind," and that sharp protest against hypocrisy called "A Character," which reveal the earnestness of a spirit that could never rest satisfied with the outward shows of things. But for the most part his youthful work is characterized by a subtle and supreme care for the effects of melody and color in words. As Mr. E. C. Stedman, whose criticism always illuminates, has well said: "He devoted himself, with the eager spirit of youth, to mastering this exquisite art, and wreaked his thoughts upon expression, for expression's sake." He was, in fact, like an ardent student who labors to learn all the secrets of his instrument before he begins to play for the larger audience.

But the same critic of insight has pointed out the fact that while the poets of the esthetic school stop at this mastery of art for art's sake, Tennyson did not stop there. He went forward to a higher stage of development. His second volume, published in 1832, bears witness to this growth, not only in its opening sonnet, which expresses the hope of an increasing influence over the minds of men, and in its closing verses, which were written to comfort his friend James Spedding on the death of his brother, but especially and most beautifully in its largest poem, "The Palace of Art," which is a confession of the impotence of selfish culture, and an avowal of the poet's faith that true art must be consecrated to the service of humanity. The fruits of this faith were brought forth in the volumes of 1842. The conclusion of "The May Queen," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "Dora," "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Break, break, break"—these were utterances that spoke directly to the heart, as "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of

Sin" spoke to the mind, of humanity. And from this time forward all his greater poems, and even all his most delicate and musical fragments, like "The Bugle Song" and "Crossing the Bar," have evidently come from a singer who has felt that he had a message of hope, of cheer, of courage, of comfort, for his fellow-men.

It is a poet's message, of course; not a moralist's lesson, not a preacher's sermon. It must be spoken in the language of poetry, which is suggestion, and clothed in its own proper garments of beauty and lucidity. A poem ought to be beautiful and clear, just as a flower ought to be sweet, and a spring crystalline. These are moral qualities, in the place where they belong, just as much as truth or goodness. Men do not love to dig for the meaning of a poem with mental pickaxes. They grow weary of following a song that is heavy, and lumbering, and full of discords. It is the duty of a poet to confer a pure and simple pleasure upon mankind by singing musically, so that they will listen, and clearly, so that they can understand. Tennyson did not neglect the gift that was in him. His poems are beautiful because

He gave the people of his best; —
His worst he kept, his best he gave;

and they are lucid, not because his thought is shallow, but because he took infinite pains to make his words transparent. Doubtless a great deal of their wide popularity is to be traced to these qualities.

But the real secret of Tennyson's influence is deeper than this. It comes from his true and intense human sympathy. Living as he did in seclusion, withdrawn from the inane vanities of that dull puppet-show which is ironically called "society," and guarded against the intrusions of that Philistine curiosity which robs a man of his power to serve the public by destroying his private life, the poet had, and kept, one of the largest, kindest, warmest human hearts that ever beat. The best proof of this is to be found in his poems. How wide is their range of thought and feeling, touching all characters from the peasant to the philosopher, and revealing the deepest sympathetic insight into the conditions of our infinitely varied, pathetic, glorious, mortal, and yet immortal life! I do not say that all of those ballads and pictures, stories and lyrics, are equally successful, equally valuable as poetry; but in all of them he has tried to express the changing hopes and fears of his fellow-men, and in all of them he has appealed to that vital element which is common to all humanity.

And, after all, what is that common ele-

ment? Is it not that moral sense which divides man from the brutes, and gives a divine significance to his strange career? Is it not that profound instinct which asserts the eternal shame of wrong and the eternal glory of right, and thus lifts the lowliest efforts and struggles of humanity out of the darkness of chance and the dust of death, into the very light of God? Yes; this is the instinct which waits to hear and hail the voice of the true poet. Those who neglect or deny it, those who sing to us as the serpent-charmers sing to their reptile brood, merely to soothe or to stir an animal sensc, will never touch the heart of the world. The secret of the poet's influence must lie in his spontaneous witness to the reality and supremacy of the moral life. His music must thrill us with the conviction that the humblest child of man has a duty, an ideal, a destiny. He must sing of justice and of love, as a sure reward, a steadfast law, the safe port and haven of the soul. He must testify

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Now, there is hardly one of Tennyson's poems in which this testimony is not clearly and distinctly uttered. When we read them, we feel our hearts uplifted, we feel that: after all, it is worth while to struggle toward the light; it is worth while to try to be upright, and generous, and true, and loyal, and pure, for virtue is victory, and goodness is the only fadeless and immortal crown.

There are three points on which the message of the poet is especially clear, and most important for the present age.

1. The first is the question of the relation of man to woman. This is the corner-stone on which the whole structure of society is built. Man's attitude toward woman has varied in different lands and ages; but one thing it has always been—his unconscious, and therefore his keenest, criticism upon himself. Tell me how a man really thinks of woman, and I will tell you what manner of man he is. It has been an unspeakable blessing to the English race in this nineteenth century, that its greatest poet has taught us to reverence true womanhood, and to bring our best and highest and noblest thoughts to her who, if we degrade her, drags us downward with a fatal enchantment, but who, if we uplift her, draws us after her by the sacred charm of "the eternal womanly." Our poet has scorned the lust that defiles. He has hated the social lies that debase marriage to a bond of avarice or fashion. He has praised pure love as the bright con-

summate flower of life, and taught that it is
the honor of all knightly men

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they win her; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, *and all that makes a man.*

2. But there is another question hardly less important—the relation of man to his country. For if true patriotism has been the main-spring of the progress of modern nations, blind patriotism which cries, "My country right or wrong," sham patriotism which is only a cloak for the spoilsman's greed, have been, and are to-day, the great obstacles to further advance. Tennyson has protested against "the falsehood of extremes," the ruinous influence of party rivalry, the mockery of freedom under the tyranny of the mob. He has cried

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought,

True love, turn'd round on fix'd poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English-natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

In such poems as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Relief of Lucknow," "The Revenge," he has woven a garland of deathless praise for this same unselfish love of country as it is crystallized in supreme acts of devotion to duty, which shine like jewels in a nation's crown. Patriotism of this type will never divide England and America in jealous enmity. It will unite them in the common service of that true liberty which is the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in the common memory of those heroic deeds which are its heritage of glory, and in common reverence for the patriotic poets like Lowell, Whittier, and Tennyson, who have contributed so much to the national life of England and America. Statesmen and soldiers render no greater service than theirs :

The song that moves a Nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.

3. The third question in which the voice of Tennyson has a clear message for us is the relation of man to humanity. This is the burning question of the age. What is the first duty which each man owes to his fellows? How are the cruelties, and strifes, and miseries of humanity to be mitigated at once, and cured at last?

Our poet does not deny them, nor pass them

by in silence. He does not teach the gospel of hate, which is nihilism, nor the gospel of envy, which is communism, nor the gospel of despair, which is pessimism. He teaches the old gospel of personal love and help, which is Christianity. The ideal which shines through all his poetry is simply the example of Him who wrought

With human hands, the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.

Nowhere has it been more beautifully expressed than in the closing lines of that much misunderstood poem, the sequel to "Locksley Hall." The hero praises the example of his old rival who

Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised
the school, and drain'd the fen.

Then he turns to his grandson, the young enthusiast for progress, and bids him not despair, but

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway,
yours or mine,
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature
is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can
half-control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the
vacant tomb.

This, surely, is the plain word of moral prophecy whereunto we shall do well to take heed. Amid all the confusion and uncertainties of our age, the dark fears, the vague hopes, the wild dreams, the one thing that we must remember is the unchanged and unchanging value of personal goodness. To feel that each one of us has a place in the divine order; to find it and keep it; to obey the highest law of our being; to live up to the duty that lies nearest to our own souls—that is the talisman to keep us in safety, that is the clue to guide us through the labyrinth.

And if we ask, as indeed we must ask again and again, What is that duty? the poet's voice answers, Love—a pure and reverent love of manhood for womanhood, a sane and unselfish love of country, a sincere and practical love of humanity; love is the fulfilling of the law; love is God.

But would this be possible; could the poet bring such a clear and steadfast message; could men and women have the heart or the hope to accept it and live by it, without faith? Tennyson says distinctly that for himself it would

be impossible. He confesses again and again that unless he had believed he could not have spoken. Through all doubts and questionings he holds fast to

The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

It is this faith alone that makes him sure that

'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

It is this faith that makes him bear witness to the need and power of prayer in every human life —

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

It is this faith that speaks in the little poem called "Wages"— a poem which he always valued with special affection— of the reward of virtue as immortality, and in the rolling lines of "Vastness" of the emptiness of life if death were the end of all. It is this faith which expresses itself in his last words :

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone !
Call me rather, silent Voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on !

III.

THE memory to which I have been listening has now become

The sound of a voice that is still.

But the thought of which it is the symbol is the thought of one who being dead yet speaketh.

For this generation, at least, the poetry of Tennyson, which has interpreted so faithfully our aspirations and hopes and ideals, which has responded so directly and so strongly to the unspoken questions of men and women born into an age of transition and doubt, must continue to be a vital influence. It has woven itself into the dreams of our youth. It has helped us in the conflicts of our days of storm and stress. Our closest bonds of friendship and love have been formed to the music of "Enoch Arden" and "The Princess,"

"Maud" and the "Idylls of the King." And when those bonds have been broken by death, we have turned to the pages of "In Memoriam" for that human consolation which is only less than the divine. I suppose that there is only one Book which, for these last forty years, has done more to comfort sorrow. Men do not forget such a debt as that. They cannot. It has become a part of life, and the evidence of it is written on all the things that are seen and heard. As we walk onward through the closing years of the century, many of us will have the same experience that the poet had in the valley of Cauteretz —

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

But what of the future ? How will it be in the next century, and with the generations that are to follow ? Will there be a new standard of poetic excellence to reverse all our judgments ? Will a new king arise that knows not Joseph ? Prediction is impossible. For my own part, I give but little credence to those gloomy vaccinations which foretell a speedy revolution in the realm of literature, the overthrow of the ideal, the supremacy of the sensual, and the reign of absolute materialism. I am one of those who think that the age of poetry with a spiritual message for the soul of man has not passed ; it has only just begun. But if this confidence is mistaken, and this hope is doomed to disappointment ; if the days of the Babylonish captivity are at hand ; if poetry herself must go into bondage, and the daughters of music must be brought low ; if the singers must forget the songs of faith and hope and immortal love, and please a degenerate race with the short-lived melodies of earthly delight and the wild chants of withering passion — if those evil days shall come, they shall also go. They shall not endure. After the revolution there shall be a counter-revolution, and after the exile a return. Then shall the great poet who dared to link his influence to faith in God, and the soul, and the future life, appear to men as the Hebrew prophet who redeemed his ancestral fields in Judæa at their full value in silver, in the very hour when the Babylonian armies encompassed the walls of Jerusalem. Then shall the interval of decadent and trivial song seem like a brief space lost out of the history of English poetry ; it will be forgotten as though it had never been ; and out of a new age of belief, a new race of men and women, a new race of true poets, will listen with delight to the voice of Tennyson, as he listened to the voices of Wordsworth, of Milton, of Shakspere.

Henry Van Dyke.



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

"THE MOURNING DOVE."

From "The Mourning Dove" by Edith M. Thomas.

It is the wild dove's vanishing note I hear:
She sits her nest, and darkness, and sun, and dew
Touch her soft throat, but never to utterance clear—
"Who, who, who?"

Only this, but I catch at the slender clew
And follow it back till I reach the heart of a wrong—
"Who, who, who delays thee so long?"

AN ART IMPETUS IN TURKEY.



MUSEUM of art and archæology, and a school of fine arts in the capital of the Ottoman empire, are not exactly in accordance with our ideas of Turkish ignorance and prejudice.

Not many years since, it is true, such institutions of the West could not have found a place in the Turkish budget, and it has been only by personal interest, and an incessant struggle against obstacles almost inconceivable to an Occidental, that they have been established on their present footing. The principal credit for this result is due to O. Hamdy Bey, director of the Imperial Museum in Stamboul. The inception of the idea of a museum, however, was earlier than his time. It was the result of the "Young Turkey" movement, and especially of the enlightened views of Munif Pasha, for many years Minister of Public Instruction. A little over twenty years ago, at his suggestion, a museum was created, and a part of the ancient church of St. Irene was set apart for its domicile.

The earlier directors of the museum, Gould and Déthier, were foreigners, the former appointed under English, the latter under German, influence. Under Déthier the collections were transferred from St. Irene to Chinili Kiosk, a pavilion in the gardens of the old palace on Seraglio Point, which has not been used as a residence of the sultans since the time of Abdul-Mejid, the predecessor of Abd-ul-Aziz. This kiosk is in itself interesting as one of the first buildings erected by the Turks in Constantinople, and also as an admirable specimen of the beautiful Genoese faience work of that period. Unfortunately, as is ordinarily the case in the East, the building once erected, no care was taken to preserve it; consequently much of the faience has fallen, and great heaps of fragments still lie in some of the lower rooms. Nevertheless, in spite of neglect and decay, the China Pavilion remains a charming little structure.

Déthier was a good deal of a scholar, but he had no idea of the way in which a museum should be managed. The collections were not made accessible, and in his day to attempt to copy an inscription or to sketch a face was regarded in the light of a crime. At the same time, a sufficiently strict guard was not maintained to prevent the disappearance of some interesting objects, presumably to turn up again in other museums. However, archæological material is plentiful in the Turkish empire, and

a goodly collection of valuable objects still remained. Some of these, like the Artemis of Lesbos, the Minerva of Tripoli in Barbary, the Venus of Cyrene, to mention no more, are real treasures of Greek art, worthy to be compared with the finest works in any museum in Europe. In those days the law gave one third of the objects found to the excavator, one third to the owner of the ground, and one third to the Government. But the law was not observed, and special firmans were granted to various explorers, so that often, as, for example, in the case of the famous German excavations at Pergamos, the Turkish museum obtained comparatively nothing. Nevertheless, where the harvest is so rich, the mere gleanings are precious, and even from Pergamos not a few important objects found their way to Stamboul.

Déthier died in 1881, and was succeeded by Hamdy Bey. Hamdy is by descent a Greek. His grandparents were slain in the massacre of Scio, in 1822, and his father, then a lad, was carried away to be a slave in Constantinople. But in the despotic, democratic Orient all things are possible. The Scio lad won the favor of a well-to-do Turk, Edhem Pasha, was adopted by him, received a European education, and rose in time to be grand vizier in the empire of his captors. Edhem Pasha is still alive, a member of the council of state, a man of much influence, highly respected, and reputed a pious Moslem. Hamdy was destined by him for the military service. At that time French influence was dominant in the Orient, and French military prestige was at its height. Accordingly, Hamdy was entered as a pupil at St. Cyr. But whatever might be his father's views on the subject, it soon became clear to himself that he was not intended for a soldier. At the end of a year, accordingly, he begged to be permitted to abandon a military for a civil career. His request was granted, and he was sent to Paris to study law in the Sorbonne. Here he became infatuated with art, and privately enrolled himself at the Ecole des Beaux Arts as a student of painting. As the law examinations approached, he devoted himself assiduously for a brief period to cramming for the occasion. The examinations successfully tided over, he returned to his beloved canvases. Three quarters of the year he devoted to art, and one quarter to law. So his four years passed away. He completed his course of legal study, and also "exhibited" in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Then, filled with



DOOR OF MURADIEH MOSQUE, BROUSSA.

PAINTED BY O. HANCOCK BEY.



ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O. HAMDY BEY.

O. HAMDY BEY IN WORKING DRESS.

an eager enthusiasm for art, and a distaste for political life, he was recalled to Constantinople to begin his career. Before long he published an article on the inconsistencies of judicial procedure in the Turkish empire. This article attracted the unfavorable notice of Ali Pasha, then grand vizier, and an enemy of his father, and Hamdy was forthwith appointed to a minor post at Bagdad, a sort of polite form of banishment.

But the governor-general of the province of Bagdad, at that time of far greater extent and importance than at present, was the famous and energetic Midhat Pasha. He was attempting to introduce all sorts of European reforms—running steamers on the Euphrates, digging canals, and waging wars to reduce the turbulent and savage Arab tribes to subjection. With him Hamdy at once found favor. In his suite, dressed and mounted as an Arab, in the corps of Arab irregulars created by Midhat Pasha, he took part in the war with Hajji Tarfa and the Affech Arabs in the Niffer marshes, which resulted from the attempt to levy taxes and to enforce military conscription in the dominion of that powerful chief. Under Midhat Pasha also he found opportunity for the more congenial

labor of art and archaeology, conducting excavations in the mound of Nebbi Yunus, on the site of Nineveh, and sketching and painting the romantic and artistic sights and peoples of the land of Haroun-er-Rashid. At the end of two years or thereabouts, Ali Pasha removed him from these too favorable environments by appointing him consul at Bombay. On the way thither, in the pestilential marshes of southern Irak, he fell ill with fever, and seized the opportunity to return to the capital. He was at once appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. He had been baked, and now he should be frozen. Tired of this species of honorable banishment, he begged leave to resign and withdraw into private life. This being granted, he began to devote himself wholly to his art, painting, among other things, a large battle-piece representing a scene in the picturesque war with the Affech Arabs, in which he had just taken part. One day, returning from a walk, he found his atelier in possession of emissaries from the palace, who had already impounded his great battle-scene and were waiting to carry him to the royal presence. No Turk receives such a summons without trepidation, for the ways of an Eastern potentate are still the ways of Ahasuerus. It may portend death or banishment, or it may mean glory and honor. He may never reappear, or he may return a friend of the king. Hamdy's summons proved to be for honor. Abd-ul-Aziz was enchanted with the painting, presented him with a diamond-set snuff-box, and made him introducer of ambassadors. Thus restored to official life, he was soon in danger of being lost to art forever; for offices and duties multiplied upon him, especially after the accession of Midhat Pasha to power. In consequence of the Bulgarian massacres and the appointment of the English commission of inquiry, he was sent out to prepare from the Turkish standpoint a counter-report of the Bulgarian revolt and the method of its suppression. At one time he was prefect of Pera, the "Frank" quarter of Constantinople. During the Russian war he saw active service in the armies of his country. But his political career was unfavorably affected by the fall and disgrace of Midhat. He himself came under suspicion, and was obliged to retire into private life once more, where he lived for a period under police surveillance, devoting himself entirely to his art. In 1881 he was again restored to favor, and

appointed director of the Imperial Museum at Stamboul, a position he has held ever since. He also became a member of the mixed commission of the public debt, which has done much to restore Turkish finances to approximate order and solvency. His is a career impossible in the modern West, but excellently illustrative of the romantic possibilities and vicissitudes of the Orient.

Hamdy is a painter of no mean achievements, and practically the first that Turkey has produced. It is a phenomenon worth recording that Islam has produced such an artist, and that he has been not only tolerated, but even honored and encouraged by a reactionary and

gives such an inimitable charm of color to the Yeshil Jami, or green mosque of Broussa, was manufactured in the Genoese factories. The mosque itself, with its marvelous and delicate stone tracery, is an imitation of Indian work. The mosques of Constantinople, when not themselves originally churches, are imitations of Byzantine churches, with minarets added. Even Chinili Kiosk, more original in appearance than most Turkish buildings, bears evident traces of Greek workmanship, and an examination of the stones within reveals Greek masons' marks. But if the Turks imitated Byzantine architecture, or rather paid Greeks to continue to adapt it to their needs, they rigidly



THE CHINILI KIOSK, CONSTANTINOPLE.

fanatical Government. The whole genius of Islam, and more particularly of the Islam of the Turks, has seemed to be opposed to art. Except among the Persians, the representation of the human form has been regarded as forbidden by religion, and such art as existed has been confined to architecture, and to arabesque and floral decorations. In these the Arabs are supposed to have excelled, and yet, if I am not mistaken, they were rather the paymasters than the architects and artificers, and from first to last their most beautiful work has been done by Indian, Persian, Jewish, and Christian workmen. This is more distinctly the case with the so-called Turkish work both at Broussa and Constantinople. The ancient faience, which

banished from their buildings painting and sculpture in their higher forms. In St. Sophia, Chora, and other churches, the fine frescos and paintings were stuccoed and plastered over, and whatever statuary had survived the Latin barbarians was destroyed outright by the Turkish. After the Turkish conquest both painting and sculpture became lost arts at Constantinople. Hence a peculiar interest attaches to the attempt of a Turk to reintroduce them with the consent and approval of his Government.

To achieve this, Constantinople must of course go to school to the West, and its art can be at the outset nothing more than the transplanting of the methods of some school

of western Europe. Hamdy himself is really a French painter. Indeed, his style, methods, and technic are Parisian, and only his subjects, and his peculiar appreciation of those subjects, are Turkish. He excels in Persian tiles, beautiful, delicately patterned Oriental rugs, and stone tracery. But he also loves to paint Turkish women with their gorgeous *ferrejees*, and rarely paints a picture without figures. His favorite subjects are the interiors of royal tombs, with their rich tiles and inlaid work, and beautiful, soft rugs and embroidery, and wonderful illuminated manuscripts; the whole perhaps enlivened by a couple of handsomely dressed Turkish women, reading the Koran or praying. Or else he paints the door of a mosque in the glare of a bright sun. A rug hangs from an upper balcony, the Koran verses stand out sharply, cut in the white stone of the outer wall, or painted on tiles. Within the porch is a deep band of colored tiles, and through the drawn curtains is given a glimpse of the cool, dark interior. Women in bright *ferrejees*, with gay-colored parasols, and mallas, dervishes, venders of sacred literature, beggars, and dogs, are about the entrance, while tame pigeons roost on the bar below the arch, or flutter about in search of food. One such picture, representing the door of the Muradieh Mosque at Broussa, which is shown on page 547, was exhibited in the International Exposition of Paintings at Berlin in 1891. It is a characteristic, realistic Oriental scene, most conscientiously painted, with abundant use of photography (in which Hamdy is an expert), models, and the like, even to the mathematically measured, blue-tinted shadows, which defy photography to reproduce them. Another of his pictures represents the fashionable Sweet Waters on a Friday afternoon, while another suggestively contrasts the Occident and Orient in the representation of an English tourist buying rugs. So far as I know, only one of his pictures has yet found its way to this country.

Being an artist rather than an archaeologist, Hamdy at first wished to decline the appointment of director of the museum. But as he was manifestly better equipped for the post than any man in the empire, the sultan laid his commands upon him, permitting him, however, to make the following conditions: that the law respecting excavations should be changed, and a small special budget assigned to the museum. These conditions granted, he promised at the end of ten years to give his Majesty a museum which, however small, should be deserving of the name. He further obtained permission to establish a school of fine arts. This was housed temporarily in a building belonging to the old palace, close to Chinili Kiosk; but the sultan has since promised the money to erect a more

adequate structure. The first public exhibition of the work of the pupils took place in 1888. The school is modeled after the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris, with its three departments of architecture, sculpture, and painting. Corresponding to the Grand Prix de Rome, it is proposed to establish a grand prix de l'Europe to enable the successful competitors to continue their studies at the great art centers of the world. This has not yet been done, but means have been found to send a few specially promising pupils to Paris. There is a staff of four professors, with Hamdy Bey as responsible director, the responsibilities of this post being financially similar to those of the presidents of some institutions of learning in this country. The sub-director and practical manager of the school is Osgan Efendi, an Armenian subject of the Porte. His chair is sculpture. The other professors are foreigners, as was to be expected at the outset of such a movement. The students number somewhat over a hundred. Of these the greater part are Greek and Armenian subjects of the Porte, but there are also Turks among them, even including white-turbaned softas from the mosques, so far has barbarian prejudice already yielded to civilization in the capital of the Ottoman empire. I have dwelt thus at length upon the history and organization of the school because of its peculiar and hopeful significance as a movement from within, and not merely a missionary enterprise from without. What the outcome will be it is of course too early to predict, but one may hope that it heralds the dawn of a new day of artistic life in Constantinople, which shall rival the brightness of that past age when the queen of the Bosphorus was the capital of Constantine, Theodosius, and Justinian.

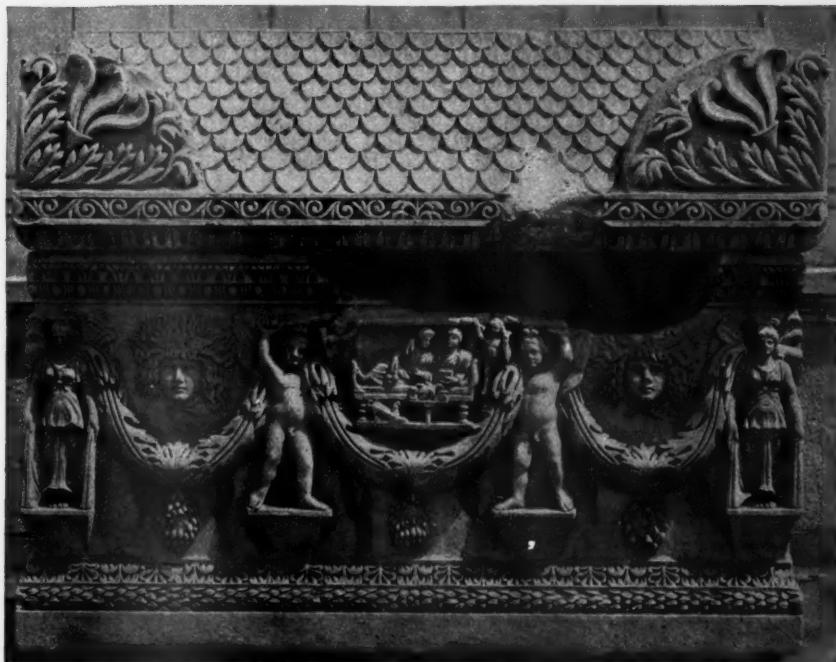
But Hamdy Bey is even better known to the world by his archaeological discoveries than by his artistic achievements, and some of these discoveries are of so remarkable a character that they are likely to exert a greater influence on artistic development than his more direct attempts in that direction. His first work as an excavator was, as already stated, at Nebbi Yunus, the site of Nineveh, while he was attached to Midhat Pasha's government in Bagdad. In 1883, after he had become director of the museum, in company with Osgan Efendi he explored the remarkable tumulus of Antiochus of Commagene on the snowy summit of the Nemroud Dagh, or Nimrod Mountain, one of the peaks of the Taurus. But it was his discovery of the wonderful sarcophagi at Sidon in the spring of 1887 that achieved him fame as an explorer. A stone-cutter had found an ancient tomb in an olive orchard on the outskirts of the town of Saïda (Sidon). He informed



VENUS, FROM CYME. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM, CONSTANTINOPLE.)

the American missionaries, who communicated the fact to Hamdy, with additional information as to the peculiar and promising nature of the tomb found. This led him to excavate at that spot. He found two tombs, an earlier Phenician royal tomb at a higher, and a later Greek tomb at a lower, level. When the shaft for the Greek tomb was sunk, toward the end of the fourth century B. C., the existence of the Phenician tomb had been forgotten. Having reached a depth of about sixteen feet, the

builders began to cut funereal cells in the rock at the sides of the shaft, and in doing so struck the Phenician tomb. Wishing to leave this undisturbed, instead of sinking a new shaft elsewhere, they carried down to a depth of forty feet the one already begun. This enabled them to cut the necessary chambers without interference with earlier tombs above. In the Phenician tomb were found the coffin and body of Tabnith, king of the Sidonians, and priest of Ashtaroth. It was an Egyptian stone coffin



A SYRO-GREEK SARCOPHAGUS. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

that had formerly belonged to an Egyptian general named Panephtah, and still bore a hieroglyphic inscription, invoking, among other things, curses on the head of him who should violate Panephtah's resting-place. Having purchased this from the robbers of Panephtah's tomb, Tabnith, without erasing the former inscription, proceeded to add a similar inscription of his own. After giving his name and titles, he assures the finder that no treasures are buried with him in the coffin, but that only he lies there, and clinches this assurance addressed to common sense by the following appeal to religious scruples:

Do not open my tomb nor violate it, for that is an abomination unto Ashtaroth; and if thou dost at all open my tomb and violate it, mayest thou have no seed among the living under the sun, nor resting-place among the shades!

But Tabnith and his family were not content with an appeal to reason and religious sentiment only to protect his remains; they made use of physical force as well. Burying the coffin in a hole in the floor of the chamber, which was securely filled up with small stones and cement, they then covered this grave with a great stone block ten feet long and five feet thick. It is perhaps owing to this precaution, rather

than to the curses, that Hamdy found the coffin inviolate, and the body of Tabnith within. He had been preserved in some sort of liquid, which had evaporated, or otherwise diminished in quantity, leaving a little of the upper portion of the face exposed. The part thus exposed is said to have been wrinkled and shriveled in appearance, while the portions still covered with the liquid were fresh and well preserved. Unfortunately, through ignorance on the part of the men, this liquid was poured out upon the ground unexamined, and we must wait for future discoveries to reveal the secret of an interesting and curious method of embalming.

But the discoveries in the Phenician tomb, important as they were, pale into insignificance before the Greek sarcophagi with polychrome sculpture found in the deeper and later tomb. Four of these are the finest sarcophagi yet discovered anywhere, and will rank as gems of Greek plastic art of the Alexandrian period. One of them represents a peristyle Greek temple, with a mourning female figure between every two columns. The conception is stiff and mathematical, but the execution is so varied and graceful as to overcome the stiffness. Moreover, the minor adornment is very rich and beautiful, especially the frieze of the temple, part of which represents in minia-

ture the funeral procession of the deceased. Unfortunately, the coloring is almost worn off. Another, the most classically correct and beautiful of all, was the sarcophagus of an old man. On one side he is represented about to mount his chariot, on another side he is banqueting, on a third he takes part in the hunt. The whole was once colored, but only traces of the coloring remain. The third sarcophagus is much larger than the preceding, with a high, pointed cover, gabled at each end. On the two long sides are represented chariot-races. The heads of the horses are, I think, the finest I have ever seen in marble, but the bodies are a little too round and barrel-shaped. The treatment of the

which prevented the small stones and debris that had choked the shaft from filling the chamber also. When a hole had been pierced in this wall, Hamdy had had himself lowered by a rope, and entered the chamber with his foreman. About the wall were three smaller sarcophagi, while one of great size stood in the center. As he turned his calcium light on this, the sight so overcame him with wonder and delight that he fell a-trembling, grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground had not the foreman caught him and dragged him back through the opening, thinking he had been overcome by the bad air. So he tied the rope about him, and they raised him to the sur-



A LATE-GREEK SARCOPHAGUS. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

whole, moreover, is inferior to the treatment of the details. So, for instance, the fore legs of the galloping horses in each chariot form a straight line, conveying, in spite of the reality and motion of the individual parts, a sense of artificiality and formalism. At the short ends are centaurs engaged in conflict, and in the gables are griffins. Only in the gables is the polychrome really preserved.

But none of these, to my mind, bears comparison for interest or beauty with the fourth, or great Sidon, sarcophagus, of which a view is given on page 555. This was found in a chamber at the bottom of the shaft. The door of the chamber was closed by a wall of rough masonry,

face, where he lay at the brink of the shaft, totally unmanned by astonishment and joy, trembling like an aspen, and weeping like a woman. He could not sleep a wink that night, but tramped up and down, watching for the dawn, planning and dreaming about the wonderful sarcophagus which he had seen as in a vision in some enchanted cavern. Such is the account of the discovery which I have from his own lips, but I fear that only the inventor or explorer can appreciate the nervous excitement and utter collapse produced by the joy of the discovery. And if any discovery was ever likely to produce such an effect upon the nervous system of the discoverer, certainly

it was this one. Even I, a disinterested spectator, when this sarcophagus was first unboxed in my presence, found myself wild with amazement and enthusiasm. With its beautiful colors and perfect lines and real perspective, it came to me as a dazzling revelation of the possibilities of vivid realism in marble.¹ Two of its sides—a longer and a shorter side—represent a battle between Greeks and Persians. At the extreme left of the long side, the beginning of the scene, is Alexander the Great on horseback. The central figure is a young, beardless, handsome Greek, also mounted, and wearing a gilded hat, the only one who enjoys this distinction. At the extreme right of the long side is another mounted Greek, the only one whose face reappears in the hunting-scene which occupies the other two sides. Whose was the sarcophagus? Apparently it belonged to one of the three above described. At one time Hamdy supposed its owner to have been the man on the right, regarding him as identical with an old man, a Greek, who is represented in one of the gables as being assassinated by Greeks. This he took to represent the murder of Perdiccas, Alexander's general, who would then have been the owner or occupant of this coffin. Now, I think, he is more inclined toward the idea, based on the occurrence of the figure of Alexander in the forefront of the battle, that it was the coffin of Alexander himself, the tradition of his interment in Alexandria to the contrary notwithstanding. But he has not yet committed himself to any theory.

But to return to the execution. The figures in the foreground are in very high relief, al-

most free-standing statues. From this they recede through every degree of relief to painting on a flat surface, and without the use of touch you cannot determine where the relief ends and the flat surface begins. The figures in the battle-scene on the long side are balanced with almost mathematical precision, two horsemen, a Greek and a Persian, on the left, two in the center, and two on the right, while the footmen and the corpses are similarly distributed in absolutely symmetrical fields. But this does not obtrude itself upon the eye, and the formal, mathematical plan is so gracefully and naturally handled that it is improbable that any one would observe it unless by accident he should count the figures, as I did. The motion and realism of the whole scene, as well as of each individual figure, are unsurpassed in sculpture. This realism is carried out in mechanical details also, so that not only was everything colored with its real color, the national costumes accurately represented, and the faces made actual portraits, but objects of wood or metal—spears, bits, shields, and other details—were, where the relief permitted, made of wood or metal. In one point, however, this realism signally fails—namely, in the lions and leopards represented in the hunting-scene. The men and dogs and horses are true to life, but the lions and leopards are monstrosities, and their size is out of all proportion. Evidently the artist knew them only from pictures.

When found, all these sarcophagi were considerably injured, but, fortunately, the pieces were for the most part there. They have all been admirably restored by Osgan Effendi, who

¹ The editor is indebted to M. Théodore Reinach, the distinguished archaeologist, for the following description of the sarcophagus of Sidon shown on page 555:

"The accompanying photograph is a general view of the most important of the Greek sarcophagi discovered in 1887, in the necropolis of Azan near Saida, and transported to the new museum at Constantinople. The monument is in Pentelic marble; its length is 3.30 meters (10.8 feet), and its height about 2.50 meters (8.2 feet). The photograph conveys some idea of the magnificence and exquisite taste of the architectural decoration of this princely tomb. The four sides and the two tympana of the pediments bear sculptures in very high relief, of great finish in execution, and with rich polychrome coloring, which remains in almost perfect preservation. The subjects are episodes of hunting and war in which Greeks and Persians take part, easily distinguishable by the difference of their dress. The figure of Alexander the Great appears at least three times; it is plainly characterized as well by the features, and the inclination of the head on the left shoulder, as by the details of the costume—the royal fillet, the lion-skin, the helmet with two large white plumes, etc. As this sarcophagus is assigned by its style (which is very closely akin to that of the sculptures of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus in the British Museum) to the last years of the fourth century B. C., it follows that we have here the oldest and most authentic portraits of the King of Macedon, executed, it may be, during his

lifetime, or within a very short time after his death. These portraits explain the title, 'Sarcophagus of Alexander,' commonly given to our sarcophagus: it has been supposed that it might have inclosed, if not the bones of Alexander the Great himself, whose tomb was at Alexandria, at least those of one of his lieutenants. But close study of the reliefs and even of the architectonic decoration, in which appear distinctively Oriental motives, does not permit the entertaining of that hypothesis. The sarcophagus is undoubtedly that of a great Persian lord, satrap, or general, who after fighting to the end for his country's cause had at last joined the fortunes of the Macedonian conqueror, and been admitted to his intimacy. In the composition which appears in our photograph, this satrap occupies the place of honor; he is fighting with a lion that has made a furious attack upon his horse. Several hunters hurry to his aid; the one immediately to the satrap's left is Alexander the Great, who wears the kingly fillet, the buskins, and the purple mantle.

"For further particulars, I refer the reader to 'Une Nécropole Royale de Sidon: Fouilles de Hamdy Bey,' Par Hamdy Bey et Théodore Reinach. Paris: Lervoux. This work consists of a volume of text, 410, of 250 pages, and an album of about 50 plates, folio, five of them in colors. It is published in parts, four in number; the first appeared in April, 1892, the second is to be issued in November. The price of the complete work is 200 francs."



THE ALEXANDER SARCOPHAGUS FROM SIDON. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

fitted together the original pieces—sometimes some hundred to one sarcophagus—so dexterously that the visitor to the museum now sees the original sarcophagi almost intact. The injuries were inflicted in antiquity, when they were broken into and rifled for their treasures. The vandals who rifled them appear to have been numerous, and armed with effective weapons. In their haste several attacked each sarcophagus in different places at once, and as soon as one had made a breach, the rest helped to enlarge it, until it was of sufficient size to enable them to enter and to abstract the contents. When found, the bones lay partly within, partly without, the coffins. The bodies had been originally placed on platforms of boards. In one sarcophagus the blows of the tools, jarring the molding remains and shaking them to dust, caused a set of gold buttons to roll beneath the platform, where they were found by Hamdy. These were the only objects of any value which escaped the rapacity of the treasure-hunters.

But the sarcophagi once found, it was no easy matter to remove them from the bottom of a forty-foot well in the rock in a country entirely innocent of the simplest engineering and mechanical contrivances. Each consisted of a single block of marble, nine or ten feet in length, and four or five in breadth and height, with a cover almost, if not quite, as large as itself. There were seventeen of them in all. Finally, taking advantage of a fall in the ground of about twenty feet from the rock plateau in which were the tombs to the garden level a little further seaward, a sloping tunnel was cut through the rock to the foot of the shaft, and the sarcophagi were drawn up one by one with ropes by man-power. Then a road was constructed through the gardens, and they were dragged to the sea-beach, three quarters of a mile away, whence they were rafted to a vessel in the roads.

Arrived at Constantinople, a new difficulty arose: there was no place to exhibit or even to deposit them. Chinili Kiosk was full to overflowing. The cellar itself was piled with objects, some of them, like the inscription from the wall of the inner court in Herod's temple in Jerusalem, of great interest and value, which could not be exhibited for lack of space. The very gardens about the kiosk were littered with objects which would be given an honored place in any museum in this country—Greco-Roman sarcophagi, Hittite bas-reliefs, numerous Greek inscriptions (especially from Iasos), a fine old Byzantine font, and other objects too numerous to mention. For over three years the sarcophagi remained in their boxes, and Hamdy was abused by the foreign press as incapable, while he was endeavoring to obtain the funds to build a new museum. At last the requisite

money was provided by the sultan, and a building erected, the lower floor of which was intended to contain the unique collection of sarcophagi, by all odds the finest and most valuable in the world. This collection was thrown open to the public in July, 1891, just ten years from the date of Hamdy's appointment as director, an event which he regarded as the fulfilment of his promise to the sultan. This has not, however, caused a cessation of his labors as explorer, and in the winter of 1891-92 he conducted excavations at Lagina, in Asia Minor. Here he discovered the frieze of a temple, forty-eight meters in length, and absolutely complete (so he writes), which he considers as more important than the Sidon sarcophagi. In that case, the Stamboul museum has been enriched indeed.

But it is not only through Hamdy Bey's discoveries that the museum is being enriched, or the cause of art and archaeology advanced in Turkey. At one end of the grounds a Hittite court is being erected, in which are placed objects found by the Germans at Zingirli. In the hall of the sarcophagi stands a curious clay coffin excavated by us at Niffer for the museum, while other objects from the same source can be found in Chinili Kiosk. In the doorway of the latter stand Assyrian slabs excavated by the English at Nineveh, while in a closed room to the right, together with the curious inscribed Hittite lion from Marash, and a valuable collection of Hittite and Himyaritic stone inscriptions, are Babylonian antiquities excavated by De Sarzec at Tello. In the central hall of the same building is the beautiful but effeminate head, together with the trunk and one leg, of a colossal statue of Apollo discovered by Humann at Aidin, the ancient Tralles. In addition to these objects, accruing, under the law, to the museum from excavations conducted by foreigners, are the numerous acquisitions resulting from confiscation. One singularly valuable object obtained in this way in 1891 is the famous Siloam inscription, the oldest and longest Hebrew inscription yet found.

I have said that one of the conditions of Hamdy Bey's appointment was the change of the old law governing excavations. The new law, drafted by him, is a translation of the Greek law with insignificant modifications. No firman is granted for excavation excepting at a definite site not exceeding ten square kilometers in extent, to be described in the application by a topographical plan. The firman is limited in time to two years, with permission to renew for a third year. A commissioner appointed by the Government accompanies all foreign parties excavating in the country. His salary and traveling expenses are paid by the explorers, and his duty is to take possession



APOLLO FROM TRALLES (AIDIN). (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

of all objects found and to turn them over to the Imperial Museum, the foreign explorers having no other rights beyond those of photographing, making casts, and taking copies. The explorers pay a fee of about \$90 for this permission, and deposit \$450 as a guarantee of honesty, to be forfeited if the Government thinks they have broken the law. The essential feature of the law may be said to be that no antiquities shall be exported, in which it is in substantial agreement not only with the law of Greece, as stated, but also with the laws of Italy, Spain, Russia, and France.

But although the Turkish law is a mere translation of the Greek law, Hamdy has been with some justice criticized for introducing it into Turkey. The conditions of the two coun-

tries are entirely dissimilar. Greece is small and homogeneous, so that there is a recognized fitness in collecting in Athens antiquities from any part of Greece. It enables the student to study them substantially on the spot. Moreover, both the Government and patriotic citizens are interested in the antiquities of their country. Means are provided to house them properly, to care for historic sites, and even to establish local museums, and there are plenty of enthusiastic antiquarians. The exact reverse of this is true in Turkey. There are no antiquarians or archæologists, except foreign subjects, and perhaps a few native Greeks in such centers as Constantinople and Smyrna. There is no logical or historical connection between Constantinople and the antiquities of Pales-



BUSKINED FEMALE (PERHAPS ARTEMIS), IN DORIAN DRESS,
FROM MITYLENE. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

tine, Syria, or Mesopotamia, and to study them in Constantinople is no more like studying them on the spot than to study them in Berlin, Paris, London, New York, or Philadelphia. Moreover, the Government is not interested in providing means to house them, and to make them accessible to students, and with his best endeavors the director of the Imperial Museum is unable to handle or care for the amount of material he now has on hand. It goes without saying that it is absolutely impossible for the Government, if it had the best will in the world, to protect, much less to explore, the hundredth part of its historic sites. Even in Constantinople valuable objects are lying unprotected in the streets, or built into walls, subject to every sort of injury and defacement. And if this is the case in the capital, how much more is it the case in the provinces! The Government grants wonderful ruins, like Gerasa and Amman, to Circassian colonists, to build houses for themselves and their cattle in those marvelously preserved temples and palaces of the ancients. Medeba of Moab has been colonized in the same way by Christian Arabs, and the magnificent temple of Baal at Palmyra has been turned into a modern Arab town. Only last year a dam was completed to control the waters of the Euphrates, built largely of the bricks of ancient Babylon, whose ruins were exploited for that purpose by order of the Government, through contracts with the sheiks of the neighboring villages. This is but a tithe of the destruction of antiquities constantly taking place in the Ottoman empire, owing to the indifference of the central Government, the ignorance of local officials, and the inaccessibility and barbarism of some of the provinces. Hamdy has certainly striven hard to remedy these conditions, but even with the best will one man cannot achieve all things. The museum and foreign explorers need to coöperate for the preservation and exploration of the priceless antiquities of the Ottoman empire. The Stamboul museum should, in its own interests and in the interest of archæology, invite such coöperation by fathering a law granting a share of the objects found to explorers, and permitting exportation under proper supervision. The archæological treasures of the country are prac-

tically inexhaustible. If foreigners were encouraged to explore and excavate by the grant of a liberal share of the objects found by them, the Stamboul museum would not be robbed, but, on the other hand, its collections would be increased far more rapidly than at present. It might be possible, also, so to devise the law as to obtain means to provide more satisfactorily than at present for the care and study of objects preserved at Stamboul. Such a policy, if properly administered, would accrue directly to the advantage of the museum, and would also materially advance the cause of archæological science by preserving and rendering available much which must otherwise be lost.

But if Hamdy has made a mistake in attempting to apply the Greek law to the conditions of the Turkish empire, it must be confessed that he was in part driven to it by the abuse of the former law, and by the conduct of foreign archæologists. Archæologists and museum directors have in general a very lax code of morals regarding the *meum* and *tuum* of antiquities. Of this the Turkish government and Hamdy Bey personally have had much experience—an experience aggravated in their case by the fact that Occidentals will believe no good of a Turk, and feel bound by no moral code in dealing with him. One well-known English archæologist a few years since equipped a small boat in the Greek islands, and made piratical descents on the Turkish coast in the ultimate interest of London collections. A French explorer, having first taken out a firman to dig in Samothrace, afterward procured a visit to the island by a French corvette, landed a body of marines, and proceeded to carry off the objects excavated *vi et armis*. Such incidents do not tend toward mutual trustfulness and coöperation.

Hamdy deserves the greatest credit for his almost single-handed efforts to foster archæology in Turkey, and needs friendly coöperation in his efforts. If he has made a mistake in obtaining the adoption of the present law, it must be said that the Turkish government, when fairly and openly dealt with by explorers, has shown an inclination, if not to modify the law to the extent suggested above, at least to relax some of its more obnoxious provisions.

John P. Peters.

GENESIS.

DID Chaos form,—and water, air, and fire,
Rocks, trees, the worm, work toward Humanity,—
That Man at last, beneath the churchyard spire,
Might be once more the worm, the rock, the tree?

John Hall Ingham.



PAINTED BY WILLIAM THORNE.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

PURITY.

GOLIATH.

IT was raining,—softly, fluently, persistently,—raining as it rains on the afternoon of the morning when you hesitate a minute or two at the hat-stand, and finally decide not to take your umbrella down-town with you. It was one of those fine rains—I am not praising it—which wet you to the skin in about four seconds. A sharp twenty-minutes' walk lay between my office in Court street and my rooms in Huntington Avenue. I was standing meditatively in the doorway of the former establishment on the lookout for a hack or a herdic. An unusual number of these vehicles were hurrying in all directions, but as each approached within the arc of my observation, the face of some fortunate occupant was visible through the blurred glass of the closed window.

Presently a coupé leisurely turned the corner, as if in search of a fare. I hailed the driver, and though he apparently took no notice of my gesture, the coupé slowed up and stopped, or nearly stopped, at the curbstone directly in front of me. I dashed across the narrow sidewalk, pulled open the door, and stepped into the vehicle. As I did so, some one else on the opposite side performed the same evolution, and the two of us stood for an instant with the crowns of our hats glued together. Then we seated ourselves simultaneously, each by this token claiming the priority of possession.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but this is my carriage."

"I beg your pardon, sir," was the equally frigid reply; "the carriage is mine."

"I hailed the man from that doorway," I said, with firmness.

"And I hailed him from the crossing."

"But I signaled him first."

My companion disdained to respond to that statement, but settled himself back on the cushions as if he had resolved to spend the rest of his life there.

"We will leave it to the driver," I said.

The subject of this colloquy now twisted his body round on the dripping box, and shouted:

"Where to, gentlemen?"

I lowered the plate glass, and addressed him:

"There's a mistake here. This gentleman and I both claim the coupé. Which of us first called you?" But the driver "could n't tell t' other from which," as he expressed it. Having *two* fares inside, he of course had no wild

desire to pronounce a decision that would necessarily cancel one of them.

The situation had reached this awkward phase when the intruder leaned forward and inquired, with a total change in his intonation:

"Are you not Mr. David Willis?"

"That is my name."

"I am Edwin Watson; we used to know each other slightly at college."

All along there had been something familiar to me in the man's face, but I had attributed it to the fact that I hated him enough at first sight to have known him intimately for ten years. Of course, after this, there was no further dispute about the carriage. Mr. Watson wanted to go to the Providence station, which was directly on the way to Huntington Avenue. The affair arranged itself. We fell into pleasant chat concerning the old Harvard days, and were surprised when the coupé drew up in front of the red-brick clock-tower of the station.

The acquaintance, thus renewed by chance, continued. Though we had resided six years in the same city, and had not met before, we were now continually meeting—at the club, at the down-town restaurant where we lunched, at various houses where we visited in common. Mr. Watson was in the banking business; he had been married one or two years, and was living out of town, in what he called "a little box," on the slope of Blue Hill. He had once or twice invited me to run out to dine and spend the night with him, but some engagement or other disability had interfered. One evening, however, as we were playing billiards at the St. Botolph, I accepted his invitation for a certain Tuesday. Watson, who was having a vacation at the time, was not to accompany me from town, but was to meet me with his pony-cart at Green Lodge, a small flag-station on the Providence railway, two or three miles from "The Briers," the name of his place.

"I shall be proud to show you my wife," he said, "and the baby—and Goliath."

"Goliath?"

"That's the dog," answered Watson, with a laugh. "You and Goliath ought to meet—David and Goliath!"

If Watson had mentioned the dog earlier in the conversation, I might have shied at his hospitality. I may as well at once confess that I do not like dogs, and am afraid of

them. Of some things I am not afraid; there have been occasions when my courage was not to be doubted—for example, the night I secured the burglar in my dining-room, and held him until the police came; and notably the day I had an interview with a young bull in the middle of a pasture, where there was not so much as a burdock leaf to fly to; with my red-silk pocket-handkerchief I deployed him as coolly as if I had been a professional *matador*. I state these unadorned facts in no vainglorious mood. If that burglar had been a collie, or that bull a bull-terrier, I should have collapsed on the spot.

No man can be expected to be a hero in all directions. Doubtless Achilles himself had his secret little cowardice, if truth were known. That acknowledged vulnerable heel of his was perhaps not his only weak point. While I am thus covertly drawing a comparison between myself and Achilles, I will say that that same extreme sensitiveness of heel is also unhappily mine; for nothing so sends a chill into it, and thence along my vertebræ, as to have a strange dog come up sniffing behind me. Some inscrutable instinct has advised all strange dogs of my antipathy and pusillanimity.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at
me.

They sally forth from picturesque verandas and unsuspected hidings, to show their teeth as I go by. In a spot where there is no dog, one will germinate if he happens to find out that I am to pass that way. Sometimes they follow me for miles. Strange dogs that wag their tails at other persons growl at me from over fences, and across vacant lots, and at street corners.

"So you keep a dog?" I remarked carelessly, as I dropped the spot-ball into a pocket.

"Yes," returned Watson. "What is a country-place without a dog?"

I said to myself, "I know what a country-place is *with* a dog; it's a place I should prefer to avoid."

But as I had accepted the invitation, and as Watson was to pick me up at Green Lodge station, and, presumably, see me safely into the home, I said no more.

Living as he did on a lonely road, and likely at any hour of the night to have a burglar or two drop in on him, it was proper that Watson should have a dog on the grounds. In any event he would have done so, for he had always had a maniacal passion for the canine race. I remember his keeping at Cambridge a bull-pup that was the terror of the neighborhood. He had his rooms outside the college-

yard in order that he might reside with this fiend. A good mastiff or a good collie—if there are any good collies and good mastiffs—is perhaps a necessity to exposed country-houses; but what is the use of allowing him to lie around loose on the landscape, as is generally done? He ought to be chained up until midnight. He should be taught to distinguish between a burglar, and an inoffensive person passing along the highway with no intention of taking anything but the air. Men with a taste for dogs owe it to society not to cultivate dogs that have an indiscriminate taste for men.

The Tuesday on which I was to pass the night with Watson was a day simply packed with evil omens. The feathered cream at breakfast struck the key-note of the day's irritations. Everything went at cross-purposes in the office, and at the last moment a telegram imperatively demanding an answer nearly caused me to miss that six o'clock train—the only train that stopped at Green Lodge. There were two or three thousand other trains which did not stop there. I was in no frame of mind for rural pleasures when I finally seated myself in the "six o'clock accommodation" with my gripsack beside me.

The run from town to Green Lodge is about twenty-five minutes, and the last stoppage before reaching that station is at Readville. We were possibly half-way between these two points when the train slackened and came to a dead halt amid some ragged woodland. Heads were instantly thrust out of the windows right and left, and everybody's face was an interrogation. Presently a brakeman, with a small red flag in his hand, stationed himself some two hundred yards in the rear of the train, in order to prevent the evening express from telescoping us. Then our engine sullenly detached itself from the tender, and disappeared. What had happened? An overturned gravel-car lay across the track a quarter of a mile beyond. It was fully an hour before the obstruction was removed, and our engine had backed down again to its coupling. I smiled bitterly, thinking of Watson and his dinner.

The station at Green Lodge consists of a low platform upon which is a shed covered on three sides with unpainted deal boards hacked nearly to pieces by tramps. In autumn and winter the wind here, sweeping across the wide Neponset marshes, must be cruel. That is probably why the tramps have destroyed their only decent shelter between Readville and Canton. On this evening in early June, as I stepped upon the platform, the air was merely a ripple and a murmur among the maples and willows.

I looked around for Watson and the pony-cart. What had occurred was obvious. He had waited an hour for me, and then driven home with the conviction that the train must have

passed before he got there, and that I, for some reason, had failed to come on it. The capsized gravel-car was an episode of which he could have known nothing.

A walk of three miles was not an inspiring prospect, and would not have been even if I had had some slight idea of where "The Briers" was, or where I was myself. At one side of the shed, and crossing the track at right angles, ran a straight, narrow road that quickly lost itself in an arbor of swamp-willows. Beyond the tree-tops rose the serrated line of the Blue Hills, now touched with the twilight's tenderest amethyst. Over there, in that direction somewhere, lay Watson's domicile.

"What I ought to have done to-day," I reflected, "was to stay in bed. This is one of the days when I am unfitted to move among my fellow-men, and cope with the complexities of existence."

Just then my ear caught the sound of a cart-wheel grating on an unoiled axle. It was a withered farmer in a rickety open wagon slowly approaching the railway track, and going toward the hills — my own intended destination. I stopped the man and explained my dilemma. He was willing, after a suspicious inventory of my person, to give me a lift to the end of the Green Lodge road. There I could take the old turnpike. He believed that the Watson place was half a mile or so down the turnpike toward Milton way. I climbed up beside him with alacrity.

Beyond giving vent to a sneeze or two left over from the previous winter, the old man made no sign of life as we drove along. He seemed to be in a state of suspended animation. I was as little disposed to talk.

It was a balmy evening, the air was charged with sweet wood-scents, and here and there a star half opened an eyelid on the peaceful dusk. After the frets of the day, it was soothing thus to be drawn at a snail's pace through the fragrance and stillness of that fern-fringed road, with the night weaving and unweaving its mysteries of light and shade on either side. Now and then the twitter of an oriole in some pendent nest overhead added, as it were, to the silence. I was yielding myself up wholly to the glamor of the time and place, when suddenly I thought of Goliath. At that moment Goliath was probably prowling about Watson's front yard seeking whom he might devour; and I was that predestined nourishment.

I knew what sort of watch-dog Watson would be likely to keep. There was a tough streak in Watson himself, a kind of thoroughbred obstinacy — the way he had held on to that couple months before illustrated it. An animal with a tenacious grip, and on the verge of hydrophobia, was what would naturally commend itself to his

liking. He had specified Goliath, but maybe he had half a dozen other dragons to guard his hillside Hesperides. I had depended on Watson meeting me at the station, and now, when I was no longer expected, I was forced to invade his premises in the darkness of the night, and run the risk of being torn limb from limb before I could make myself known to the family. I recalled Watson's inane remark, "You and Goliath ought to meet — David and Goliath!" It now struck me as a most unseemly and heartless pleasantry.

These reflections were not calculated to heighten my enjoyment of the beauties of nature. The gathering darkness, with its few large, liquid stars, which a moment before had seemed so poetical, began to fill me with apprehension. In the daylight one has resources, but what on earth was I going to do in the dark with Goliath and, likely enough, a couple of bloodhounds at my throat? I wished myself safely back among the crowded streets and electric lights of the city. In a few minutes more I was to be left alone and defenseless on a dismal highway.

When we reached the junction of the Green Lodge road and the turnpike, I felt that I was parting from the only friend I had in the world. The man had not spoken two words during the drive, and now rather gruffly refused my proffered half-dollar; but I would have gone home with him if he had asked me. I hinted that it would be much to his pecuniary advantage if he were willing to go so far out of his course as the door-step of Mr. Watson's house; but either because wealth had no charms for him, or because he had failed to understand my proposition, he made no answer, and, giving his mare a slap with the ends of the reins, rattled off into space.

On turning into the main road I left behind me a cluster of twinkling lights emitted from some dozen or twenty little cottages, which, as I have since been told, constitute the village of Ponkapog. It was apparently alive with dogs. I heard them going off, one after another, like a string of Chinese crackers, as the ancient farmer with his creaking axle passed on through the village. I was not reluctant to leave so alert a neighborhood, whatever destiny awaited me beyond.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later I stood in front of what I knew at a glance to be "The Briers," for Watson had described it to me. The three sharp gables of his description had not quite melted into the blackness which was rapidly absorbing every object; and there, too, but indistinct, were the twin stone gate-posts with the cheerful Grecian vases on top, like the entrance to a cemetery.

I cautiously approached the palings, and

looked over into the inclosure. It was gloomy with shrubbery, dwarf spruces, and Norway pines, and needed nothing but a few obelisks and lacrymal urns to complete the illusion. In the center of the space rose a circular mound of several yards in diameter, piled with rocks, on which probably were mosses and nasturtiums. It was too dark to distinguish anything clearly; even the white gravel walk encircling the mound left one in doubt. The house stood well back on a slight elevation, with two or three steps leading down from the piazza to this walk. Here and there a strong light illumined a lattice-window. I particularly noticed one on the ground floor in an ell of the building, a wide window with diamond-shaped panes—the dining-room. The curtains were looped back, and I could see the pretty housemaid in her cap coming and going. She was removing the dinner things: she must have long ago taken away *my* unused plate.

The contrast between a brilliantly lighted, luxurious interior and the bleak night outside is a contrast that never appeals to me in vain. I seldom have any sympathy for the outcast in sentimental fiction until the inevitable moment when the author plants her against the area-railing under the windows of the paternal mansion. I like to have this happen on an inclement Christmas or Thanksgiving eve—and it always does.

But even on a pleasant evening in early June it is not agreeable to find one's self excluded from the family circle, especially when one has traveled fifteen miles to get there. I regarded the inviting façade of Watson's villa, and then I contemplated the somber and unexplored tract of land which I must needs traverse in order to reach the door-step. How still it was! The very stillness had a sort of menace in it. My imagination peopled those black interstices under the trees with "gorgons and hydras and chimaeras dire." There certainly was an air of latent dog about the place, though as yet no dog had developed. However, unless I desired to rouse the inmates from their beds, I saw that I ought to announce myself without much further delay. I softly opened the gate, which, having a heavy ball-and-chain attachment outside, immediately slipped from my hand and slammed to with a bang as I stepped within.

I was not surprised, but I was paralyzed, all the same, at instantly hearing the familiar sound of a watch-dog suddenly rushing from his kennel. The kennel in this instance was on a piazza: a convenient arrangement—for the dog—in case of visitors.

The next sound I heard was the scrabble of the animal's four paws as he landed on the

graveled pathway. There he hesitated, irresolute, as if he were making up his diabolical mind which side of the mound he would take. He neither growled nor barked in the interim, being evidently one of those wide-mouthed, reticent brutes that mean business and indulge in no vain flourish. I afterward changed my mind on the latter point.

I held my breath, and waited. Presently I heard him stealthily approaching me on the left. I at once hastened up the right-hand path, having tossed my gripsack in his direction, with the hope that while he was engaged in tearing it to pieces, I might possibly be able to reach the piazza and ring the door-bell.

My ruse failed, however, and the gripsack, which might have served as a weapon of defense, had been sacrificed. The dog continued his systematic approach, and I was obliged to hurry past the piazza-steps. A few seconds brought me back to the point of my departure. Superficially considered, the garden-gate, which now lay at my hand, offered a facile mode of escape; but I was ignorant of the fastenings; I had forgotten which way it swung; besides, as I had no stop-over ticket, it was necessary that I should continue on my circular journey.

So far as I could judge, the dog was now about three yards in my rear; I was unable to see him, but I could plainly detect his quick respiration, and his deliberate footfalls on the gravel. I wondered why he did not spring upon me at once; but he knew he had his prey, he knew I was afraid of him, and he was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. In certain animals there is a refinement of cruelty which sometimes makes them seem almost human. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should say that the spirit of Caligula had passed into dogs, and that of Cleopatra into cats.

It is easily conceivable that I made no such reflection at the moment, for by this time my brisk trot had turned into a run, and I was spinning around the circle at the rate of ten miles an hour, with the dog at my heels. Now I shot by the piazza, and now past the gate, until presently I ceased to know which was the gate and which the piazza. I believe that I shouted "Watson!" once or twice, no doubt at the wrong place, but I do not remember. At all events, I failed to make myself heard. My brain was in such confusion that at intervals I could not for the soul of me tell whether I was chasing the dog, or the dog was chasing me. Now I almost felt his nose at my heel, and now I seemed upon the point of trampling him underfoot.

My swift rotatory movement, combined with the dinner which I had not had, soon induced a sort of vertigo. It was a purely unreasoning instinct that prevented me from flying off at

a tangent, and plunging into the shrubbery. Strange lights began to come into my eyes, and in one of those phosphorescent gleams I saw a shapeless black object lying, or crouching, in my path. I automatically kicked it into the outer darkness. It was only my derby hat, which had fallen off on one of the previous trips.

I have spoken of the confused state of my mind. The right lobe of my brain had suspended all natural action, but with the other lobe I was enabled to speculate on the probable duration of my present career. In spite of my terror, an ironical smile crept to my lips as I reflected that I might perhaps keep this thing up until sunrise, unless a midnight meal was one of the dog's regular habits. A prolonged angry snarl now and then admonished me that his patience was about exhausted.

I had accomplished the circuit of the mound

for the tenth—possibly the twentieth—time (I cannot be positive), when the front door of the villa was opened with a jerk, and Watson, closely followed by the pretty housemaid, stepped out upon the piazza. He held in his hand a German student-lamp, which he came within an ace of dropping as the light fell upon my countenance.

"Good heavens! Willis; is this you? Where did you tumble from? How did you get *here*?"

"Six o'clock train—Green Lodge—white horse—old man—I—"

Suddenly the pretty housemaid descended the steps and picked up from the graveled path a little panting, tremulous wad of something,—not more than two handfuls at most,—which she folded tenderly to her bosom.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's Goliath," said Watson.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



LOVERS IN LONDON.

HERE in the Park, on the scanty grass
The black sheep straying here and there,
And the sullen pond, like a dim, gray glass,
I had rather be here than anywhere.

You were here, and your eyes of blue
Were as good to me as a summer sky;
You were here, and I never knew
That the leaves were dusty, the grass was dry.

I had rather be here — rather think I stand
Where your footsteps fell, though they left no sign,
By the gate, by the tree with the iron band,
By the wandering waves of the Serpentine,

Where we paused to see if the gardener
Had dressed his beds in crimson or blue,
And read by the labels what flowers they were,—
I'd rather be anywhere, Sweet, with you.

I know, if you take the train for an hour,
There are birds, and brooks, and the usual things,
The unlettered tree, the untrained flower.
I go not hence, Love has clipped my wings.

London still, where a love that is dead
Flits like a ghost, beside, before,
On the gravel walks—and over my head
The dull gray skies that she sees no more.

Violet Hunt.

THE COSMOPOLIS CITY CLUB.

II. THE CLUB GETS TO WORK.



HE first business meeting of the Cosmopolis City Club was well advertised. The newspapers had published in full the inaugural address of Judge Hamlin, and had discussed it thoroughly; several citizens had joined in the newspaper debate in letters addressed to the editors, and the program of the club had been the subject of general conversation. The newspapers of the party then in possession of the city offices were, of course, skeptical and querulous; evidently they meant to make the path of the club as thorny as possible; but inasmuch as Judge Hamlin belonged to their party, and was a man of great influence in its councils, they were constrained to veil their hostility. The opposition journals were, of course, equally ready to make capital for their party out of the investigation; and they gleefully pointed out to the club directions in which its studies could be pushed with profit.

Meanwhile the committee in charge of the first section had been diligently at work getting at the facts respecting the administration of the Police and the Fire Department, and the officials of these departments had been considerably stirred by the knowledge that their affairs were to have an airing. A number of them were present to hear the report of the committee. The room of the club was densely packed with interested auditors, and the reporters' tables were surrounded by a strong force of recording angels with sharpened pencils and expectant countenances.

The chairman of the first section was our old friend Harper, principal of the Central High School. His report was written with clearness and pith, and was read with the utmost deliberation and calmness of tone; but the suppressed intensity of some passages was extremely telling. There was an occasional symptom of applause, but the president promptly checked it, the unrestrained laughter of the audience at some of the keen statements being the only audible demonstration.

According to their report the committee had found that the Fire Department was in good condition, well manned, well officered, well administered; the discipline was excellent, the service effective. The chief had made them welcome, and had given them every facility for the prosecution of their inquiries. As a working

force the department was unexcelled, and the men were evidently proud of the record which they had made for themselves. Certain transactions in the purchase of engines, and in the erection of new engine-houses, awaited further investigation; for these, however, the chief and his subordinates were in no way responsible. The committee had only praise for the administration of this important branch of the municipal service.

With respect to the Police Department, it could be truthfully said that certain classes of crimes — all crimes against property, and the graver offenses against the rights of the person — were eagerly detected and sharply prosecuted. Pickpockets, sneak thieves, and burglars were summarily dealt with, and actual or intending murderers were made to feel the force of the law.

But certain classes of offenses against the law seemed to be wholly ignored by the officers of the law. There was a city ordinance, which the committee recited, by which all the drinking-places of the city were required to close at midnight. This was not a musty ordinance; it was enacted only two years before, but no attempt was made to enforce it. The committee had spent the best part of several nights in personally investigating the manner of its non-enforcement; they had themselves heard liquor called for, and had seen it sold, after midnight in ninety-five places, of which they had a list that would be published in the newspapers. The relations of the police to these violators of law appeared to be intimate and cordial. The committee had frequently seen policemen standing at the doors of these open saloons, and talking with persons passing in and out: in four cases they had seen policemen standing at the bar with glasses in their hands; they had the numbers of these policemen, and would publish them also.

There was also a city ordinance forbidding the sale of liquors on Sundays. This ordinance was of the same date as the midnight-closing ordinance. Behind it was a statute, first enacted by the legislature more than forty years ago, but reenacted, in one form or another, twice or thrice within the last ten years, by which the selling of intoxicating liquors on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, was made a misdemeanor, and all police officers were required to arrest and prosecute

such offenders. To this law and this ordinance no respect was paid. All the drinking-places in the city were wide open on Sunday, with no effort at concealment; the relation of the police to this form of lawlessness was precisely the same as to the other.

Houses of prostitution and assignation were numerous; they had adopted various devices for advertising themselves; some portions of the city had been rendered uninhabitable by their presence, and respectable families had been compelled to sacrifice their homes because of the encroachments of these evil habitations. Now and then one of these places was raided, but it was uniformly the least popular and successful among them which suffered; many of the best known and most frequented of these resorts of vice had enjoyed complete immunity for a long period. It was, of course, absurd to say that the policemen did not know of these places; and the committee had seen many indications that they were regarded by the police as under their protection. One or two patrolmen who had manifested an unfriendly disposition toward them had been transferred to other beats. The committee had evidence on these points which would be furnished, if their statement was questioned.

The State laws forbidding gambling were explicit and stringent. The committee made several quotations from these statutes. One section expressly commanded the superintendent of police in every city, on reasonable suspicion that any place was used for gambling purposes, to raid the premises, to arrest all persons found in them, and to confiscate and destroy all gambling apparatus. In the face of these laws, gambling was carried on with small pretense of concealment. The committee had ascertained the location of eighteen public gambling-rooms; various members of the committee had visited all these rooms, and had found no difficulty in gaining admittance; they had seen gambling games in progress in every one of them. The position of the police authorities with respect to criminals of this class might be inferred from an interview, published in one of the city newspapers, with one of the recently chosen police commissioners. Being asked what policy he should advocate with respect to gambling, this commissioner was reported as saying that he should be in favor of "a conservative policy." His further remarks indicated that he was in favor of "conserving" the gambling-places, or, at any rate, the most popular and successful among them. He said that he doubted whether gambling could be entirely extirpated, and thought it better to have a few respectable and well-known places, which could be watched by the police, than to have the business driven into holes and corners. A suit, which had been

brought in one of the courts since the committee was appointed, had shown that another of the police commissioners was part owner of a saloon, which was also a notorious gambling-place. Another incident, fully reported in the newspapers, threw further light upon the relation of the police to the gamblers. One of the most disreputable of the Sunday newspapers undertook to blackmail the proprietor of a gambling-place. The gambler bit at the bait, agreed to submit to the extortion, appointed a meeting in his own room with the editor, and paid over the hush-money demanded. Immediately on the editor's receipt of the money, several policemen came forth from their concealment in the gambler's rooms, arrested the editor, and threw him into prison, where he still was languishing. The gambler, of course, had his money restored to him, and his business did not suffer interruption for a single night. These facts, which were beyond questioning, seemed to make it unnecessary for the committee to make any inquiry of the police commissioners, or of the chief of police, respecting their purposes or their policy. It seemed to the committee, however, that it might be well for them to ascertain, so far as they could, to what extent public opinion sanctioned these methods of dealing with offenses against the laws. They took considerable pains to arrive at safe conclusions upon this matter, and then requested an interview with the police authorities. In order that no injustice might be done in the report of this interview, one of their number, who was an expert stenographer, took notes of the conversation, and the committee offered his affidavit that the report submitted was accurate and complete. As showing the state of mind of these custodians of the public peace, portions of this conversation were recited. Our narrative would not be complete without them.

There were present Messrs. Harper, Paterson, and Hastings of the committee; Commissioners Dugan, Murphy, Benson, and Schneider, and Superintendent O'Kane.

Dugan.—Well, gentlemen, what can we do for you?

Harper.—My friends and I are here to ask a few questions, for our own information, with respect to the administration of the Police Department.

Dugan.—What business have you with the Police Department, and what right have you to be prying into our affairs?

Harper.—We are citizens of Cosmopolis, and taxpayers; we are interested in the efficiency of the Police Department, because neither our lives nor our property can be secure unless the police are capable and trustworthy. We have heard many complaints respecting the administration of this branch of our municipal

government, and we have determined to find out for ourselves whether they are true or not. We suppose that we have a right to know, and that it is our business to know, whether the men to whom we have intrusted this important service are faithfully performing it.

Dugan.—You 've heard a lot of lies, of course; you 'd better not believe all you hear.

Harper.—We intend to believe nothing for which we have not good evidence. We have taken nothing upon hearsay; it is only that which we have seen with our own eyes which we wish to have you explain to us.

Dugan.—What 's that?

Harper.—You are aware, doubtless, of the existence of ordinances and laws requiring the closing of liquor-shops after midnight and on Sunday.

Dugan.—Well?

Harper.—You are also aware that these places are open all night and all day Sunday.

Dugan.—Don't admit nothing of the sort. Orders was issued two years ago to have 'em shut up, and they have n't been countermanded.

Harper.—Do you not know, gentlemen, that these orders are disregarded continually by hundreds of liquor-sellers?

Murphy.—No; we don't know any such thing.

Harper.—Possibly Superintendent O'Kane can enlighten you.

O'Kane.—Well, I suppose that there are a few restaurants that keep open nights and Sundays, but I don't think that there is much violation.

Harper.—The superintendent is, I suppose, a man of steady habits, and always goes to bed at an early hour. Let me give him a little information. I have here a list of ninety-five places which we, who are before you, have found open after midnight and on Sunday, and in which we have heard intoxicating liquors called for, and have seen them sold, at unlawful hours.

Benson.—Well, gentlemen, what of it? It is no use beating about the bush; you know perfectly well that these laws have n't been enforced for many a day, and that they are not going to be. Nobody wants them to be enforced but a small handful of Prohibition cranks.

Hastings.—Are you quite sure of that?

Benson.—Of course, I am; every man of common sense knows it.

Hastings.—I am not a Prohibitionist, nor a total-abstainer; I believe that liquor ought to be sold under proper regulations; but I do not think that the saloons should be open nights and Sundays.

Benson.—I don't care what you think. I know that the people of the city, with a very

few exceptions, are in favor of a liberal policy in dealing with this business.

Harper.—How do you know?

Benson.—Just as any man knows anything; by the use of my common sense.

Harper.—I must doubt whether any man can be absolutely sure, by the use of his own common sense, of what his neighbor's opinions would be on a subject of this nature. At any rate, we have not thought it safe to trust our own impressions without putting some foundations of fact under them. Accordingly, we selected two long streets in this city,—Poplar street and South street,—the one mainly occupied with the residences of the wealthier class, the other with the homes of workingmen. We sent circulars to all the residents upon these two streets, asking them these three questions: 1. "Are you in favor of closing the saloons at midnight?" 2. "Are you in favor of closing the saloons on Sunday?" 3. "Are you in favor of the suppression of the gambling-places?" Of the 204 residents of Poplar street 176 responded, and of these 158 answered our first question in the affirmative. Of the 316 residents of South street 243 responded, and 209 of these answered the same question in the same way. We believe that these are representative localities; and an overwhelming majority of the residents of these localities have expressed themselves as in favor of the enforcement of these laws. Our opinion is, that the whole city, if polled, would give substantially the same answer to this question. We can think of no reason why the people of these two streets should differ essentially from the people of other portions of the city. Can you?

[No answer.]

Harper.—We may also claim to know, not by "common sense," but by some careful observation, that the class of people who frequent the all-night saloon is a very small class, when compared with the population of this city. It is not the business men whom we find there; it is not the clerks and employees of our business houses, except an occasional black sheep among them; it is not, to any great extent, the workingmen: it is a small class of idle, dissolute, disorderly persons, who are close upon the borders of crime and pauperism. These are the principal patrons of the all-night saloon. Do the police commissioners think it worth while to keep these places open for the benefit of this class?

[No answer.]

Harper.—Have the commissioners undertaken to discover what the saloon-keepers themselves have to say about it?

Murphy.—I know that a few of them would be willing to close, if the rest would do so.

Harper.—We have addressed inquiries to

all whose names are found in the city directory; and of these one third—including nearly all of those which may be considered “respectable”—reply that they would be glad to have the law enforced.

Dugan.—Well, gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for taking so much pains to enlighten us; we'll think the matter over, and see what can be done.

Harper.—Thank you. And I wish that the commissioners, if they are not satisfied, would take pains to inform themselves as to the facts in the case. Permit me also, before we go, to give you the result of our inquiry upon the other questions. With respect to Sunday closing, the majorities are not so large. Of the 419 replies received 250 were in favor of closing, and 169 were opposed to it. With respect to the enforcement of the gambling laws, there was practical unanimity. Of the 419 answers 407 were affirmative. We are sure that there can be no doubt about the wishes of the great mass of the people respecting this class of offenses against the laws.

Benson.—Well, then, why don't you make complaints yourselves? You say that you have got the names of eighteen men who keep gambling-places. Why don't you go before a justice, and swear out a warrant, and have them arrested?

Harper.—Because, gentlemen, that is not our business. It is your business. The law expressly commands you to do it. We should be interfering in your business in a very improper manner if we did any such thing. It is perfectly proper for us to bring you information; it is neither good law nor good business policy for us to take your work out of your hands.

Murphy.—Before you go, gentlemen, let me say that I'm a good deal astonished at what you've been telling us. I may as well own up that I did not think things were in just such shape. I'm a pretty busy man, and I don't know so much as I ought to know about what is going on in the city. Brother Dugan here was a little sarcastic when he said that he was obliged to you; but I am obliged to you: that's honest; and I'll do what I can to bring about a better state of things.

Schneider.—Well, I'll say the same. I don't know just what to believe. Folks are always saying that these laws is just dead letters, and that we've no call to enforce 'em; but if it is not so, then, I suppose—well, I don't know—I'll think about it.

So ended the interview of the committee with the commissioners. The closing words of Mr. Harper's report may as well be reproduced:

“The mind of the average police commis-

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sioner is not easily explored. Doubtless several causes contribute to produce that state of moral inertia in the presence of crime in which we frequently find him. He is not apt to be a person of much intellectual breadth; he is generally subject to the influences that are nearest; and in his immediate surroundings there is not much to quicken his sense of obligation to the community at large. The sentiment of this circle in which he moves is, of course, strongly adverse to restraints of any sort upon vice or disorder. He easily comes to regard this as the sentiment of the whole community; he is unable to keep himself in touch with the sober and industrious classes. Sometimes, when there is no intention of malfeasance, he is the victim of his own near-sightedness.

“Sometimes, beyond question, his inaction is determined by more sinister influences. The lawless and disorderly classes have votes, and they are not apt to cast them without a definite consideration. The men whom they elect—and they generally hold the balance of power—are pledged to grant them immunity. The shrewdest of these men, however, are likely to levy tribute upon them. The committee has no proof to offer and no charges to make; the committee believe that many of the officers and men of our police force are unbribable; but the language of a careful investigator in another city is probably applicable here: ‘There is, and has long been, a suspicion, amounting almost to moral certainty, in the minds of some at least of the citizens engaged in efforts to enforce law by suppressing vice, that one or more police captains, and a considerable number of patrolmen, derive a revenue from shutting their eyes to what it is not to their interest to see.’

“Another phenomenon to which we are compelled to call attention is the singular insensibility, on the part of officers of this class, to the ordinary sentiments of honor, in connection with the taking of an oath. These men swear that they will respect and enforce the laws of the city and of the State. That is the particular business for which they are employed, and for which they are paid. They are not understood to be legislators, with the power to make or repeal law, or judges with the power of determining its constitutionality; they are simply executive officers, whose duty it is to take the laws as they are, and to enforce them without fear or favor. Instead of this, we find them, very generally, in this and in other cities, selecting the laws which they will enforce, and exercising a discretion as to how much of their duty they will do, this being a matter with which they are not intrusted, and which their oath of office expressly denies to them. Men who solemnly swear that they will enforce the laws, often turn about, with the words upon

their lips, and denounce their neighbors for demanding that the laws be enforced. A man may refuse to accept an office of this kind; but when he accepts it, and receives its emoluments, and swears to perform its duties, it is strange that he can so lightly regard his oath of office. A military officer regards himself as in honor bound to obey the rules of the service, and to execute the orders with which he is charged; a police officer, in the large majority of cases, consults his own convenience and his own interest in determining whether or not he will do the things that he has solemnly sworn to do. These remarks do not apply so much to patrolmen as to commissioners and superintendents. By what means the moral standards of these men have become so degraded, it is not needful to consider; but it is well to call the attention of the community to the fact that at the very point in our system of laws where honor is most needed honor is most wanting. This is a radical defect which must, at whatever cost, be remedied."

The reading of this report was followed by a silence which was much more impressive than any comment could have been. Such an unveiling of the methods and sentiments of the custodians of the peace of the city could not fail to awaken reflection. Mr. Tomlinson was first to speak:

"It strikes me," he said, "that the situation would be ludicrous if it were not intolerable. An insignificant minority of our population seems to own and control our police authorities, and the rest of us sit and grin. The standards of urban morality are set by the keepers of low dives and gambling-dens. Even the better class of saloon-keepers are not 'in it,' as it would seem. What are we going to do about it?"

"We are going," said Mr. Harper, "to submit our case to the people. We are going to ask the newspapers to print our report, and we trust that the people will read it. If any man thinks that we have misreported or misrepresented the facts we hope that he will say so, and we shall be more than willing to go over the case with him more fully. If what we have said is true, the people should know how to apply the remedy. We leave it to them."

The report of this meeting in the newspapers the next day was the talk of the town. There were some querulous and spiteful comments in the newspapers of the party in power, but they made little impression; against such clean, scientific work as that of the committee their diatribes were ridiculously ineffective. The police authorities appeared to be divided; Dugan and Benson were non-committal, Murphy was inclined to favor a more active

policy, and Schneider was in an uncomfortable state of mind. His honor the mayor, who was a member of the police commission, but was absent at the hearing, declined to express any opinion. Rumors of disputes in the board reached the public; but days and weeks passed by, and nothing was done.

VI.

MEANTIME the work of the club went steadily forward. The committee on Streets and Sewers made its report at the second regular meeting, and it was full of startling revelations. The paving contracts for the last three years had been carefully looked into, and the facts and figures presented were clear proof of corruption. It was shown, beyond question, that certain favored contractors secured all the work, and that other responsible firms had found it useless to compete. Expert testimony proved that the profit on most of these contracts amounted to fully forty per cent. It was shown that in a neighboring city a far better pavement of the same sort had been laid at two thirds of the cost of the Cosmopolis pavement. A break in one of the sewers had been repaired during the year, and the committee furnished an itemized statement of the cost of the job. As a sample of the neat manner in which this report was written, a few extracts are subjoined:

"Mr. B. R. Allen was first put in charge, and superintended the excavation, shoring up, and preparation of the bed for the bricklayers. For some unexplained reason Mr. Allen was relieved on September 14, after completing the preliminary work at a cost of \$2444.68. The job was then put into the hands of Mr. P. A. Charles. In his pay-roll, an item of \$19,690.62, we find Mr. Charles personally entered for 100 days, Sundays included, as superintendent at \$10.00 per day. Some of his men made from two and a half to three days' work on an individual day. Calculating from the pay-roll the various proportions of skilled and unskilled workmen, and averaging their wages at \$3.00 per day for 94 days, we find that 66 men must have been continuously engaged in or about the portion of the 800 feet which was open at any one time. When we add to these the nine carts, carters, and horses, the workmen of the Highway Department, and those of the Water Department, below mentioned, the aggregation must have seriously incommoded itself.

"Horses, carts, and carters form an additional item of \$2992.50 in Mr. Charles's charge. They performed 855 days' work in 94 days, and must, therefore, have mustered nine each day. As most of the material was stored beside the trench ready for dumping in, these carts

must have served chiefly by standing and waiting. . . . In addition to all the above, Assistant Commissioner of Highways S. D. Walter filed a pay-roll amounting to \$3410.57 for work done from September 1 to September 30, 1889. It is important to inquire why a city employé should have had men employed in conjunction with the force of a gentleman selected to manage the job alone. Mr. Walter's men seem to have caught the infection of activity from Mr. Charles's, as we find here likewise cases of two and three days' work done by an individual in a single day.

"Furthermore, the Water Department filed a pay-roll of \$2152.16, and in addition to all these items we must include Highway Commissioner George's items, aggregating \$12,375.35 for materials and labor. Wall-paper to the value of \$25 was among the materials listed as necessary for this sewer.

"Scheduling these several bills, we have:

Mr. Allen, Aug. 29 to Sept. 14 . . . \$ 2,444.68
Mr. Charles, Sept. 15 to Dec. 21 . . . 31,322.56
Mr. Walter, Sept. 1 to Sept. 30 . . . 3,410.57
Water Department. 2,152.16
Mr. George, Aug. 29 to Dec. 21 . . . 12,375.35

\$51,705.32

Dividing this grand total of \$51,705.32 by 800 we find the cost per foot to be \$64.63. It is instructive to compare with this the cost of \$17.50 per foot for original construction of the sewer on Twenty-fifth street, identical in all *save being sunk from 18 to 23 feet deeper*. We have on file the written opinion of a well-known engineer who went over the ground shortly after the break. He 'would have jumped at' a contract to do the work in three weeks for \$10,000, or \$12.50 per foot."

The scientific thoroughness of this report seemed to leave very little room for discussion. It was plain as daylight that the city was being plundered of hundreds of thousands of dollars every year by corrupt combinations of contractors and officials. Light was thrown, by these disclosures, upon the eagerness with which seats in the city council, to which no salary was attached, were sought by men who could not be suspected of municipal patriotism, and upon the querulous complaint of a member from the Fifteenth Ward, when some question was raised by his fellow-partizans as to his renomination: "It cost me two hundred dollars to get elected, and I am a poor man. I think that I am entitled to it for one more term." Many things in the history of municipal politics were explained by this report; and as it was read, dark looks were seen upon many faces, and ominous mutterings were heard from different parts of the hall.

When it was finished, the reporters glanced quickly about, and grasped their pencils to catch the response of the auditors. Nobody spoke. At length Mr. Strong, the chairman of the committee, slowly rose again.

"I ought to state," he said, "that each of the departments whose work has been reviewed to-night was notified two days ago that such a report would be read at this place and at this time, and the heads of these departments were requested to be present, that any mis-statement might be corrected, or any misconception explained. I should be glad to have them called upon at this time."

"Are any of those gentlemen present?" inquired the president.

There was no response.

"The report will be printed in the newspapers of the city," said Mr. Strong, "and I trust that it will be carefully read by every citizen. If any mistakes can be shown, the committee will make haste to rectify them. Our work, let me say, is not yet done. This is the first instalment of our report; we hope to be ready, seven weeks from to-night, with further facts and figures."

THE next week's meeting was devoted to the report of the committee upon the Public Schools, of which the chairman was our friend the parson. This committee had discovered that the schools were, on the whole, in a fair condition of discipline. A vast amount of money had been expended by the city in buildings and apparatus; there were symptoms of jobbery in much of this expenditure, but it had been so carefully covered that the committee were not able as yet to expose it, and therefore they made no reference to it. A more palpable mischief was the operation of one or two companies of school-book publishers, whose relations to certain officers were very suspicious; but this matter was also deferred for further investigation.

"Our schools," said the committee, "are by no means perfect. Certain evils exist which may well be remedied, and of which, after more careful study, we intend to speak. But, on the whole, we are inclined to think that no other interest of the city is more efficiently promoted than that of education. The credit of this is due, mainly, far less to good municipal management than to the character and *esprit de corps* of the class of teachers. There are frivolous and incapable teachers, but there are also not a few high-minded, earnest, unselfish men and women engaged in this calling: the improvements in methods are wholly due to them. the maintenance of moral standards and influences is their work alone."

"The contrast between the teachers, as a

class, and the men whom we, as citizens, have selected to supervise their work, is sometimes very painful. Here is a matter of which it is unpleasant to speak, but concerning which silence would be inexcusable. The *personnel* of boards of education in our cities should be carefully studied. Leaving out of sight the composition of the present board, the committee has taken pains to make a list of the names of the men who have held this important trust during the past ten years; it finds that 113 different individuals have been thus employed; that of these two were keepers of livery-stables, one was a huckster, two were cigar-makers, one was the keeper of a newspaper-stand on which the lowest publications are sold, sixteen were saloon-keepers, and twelve were small politicians without any visible means of support. The committee is of the opinion that about half of the members of the Board of Education are usually men of character and cultivation—men who are competent to have an opinion upon educational matters, and fit to associate with the ladies and gentlemen who teach in our schools; but that a considerable percentage of these officers will be found both in morals and manners to be far below the average of the teachers; and that, in intelligence, fully half of them are ridiculously incapable of discharging the duties which they have assumed. The committee has held interviews with all the members of the present Board of Education; it has conversed with them freely; it has sought to draw out their opinions upon educational subjects and methods; it has found among them some very intelligent men: but it does not hesitate to declare that half of these men are conspicuously out of place in such a body. It is amazing that the people will choose such men for such a service. The truth is, of course, that the people do not choose them; they are persons, as a rule, who have some political ambition, and who hope, by the use of such small patronage as they can manipulate in connection with the school-board, to get themselves advanced to the common council, and finally to the legislature. With such ends in view they secure the nomination through the use of the party machine. There appears to be no sufficient reason, in the present order of politics, why men of this type should not go to the legislature; but we object to their making the school-board the stepping-stone of their ambition. Conceive of putting a man upon a committee on school books who could not intelligently read a page in the majority of the books submitted to him for examination; or of making a man a member of the committee on teachers who could not, to save his life, teach a single subject in the primary grade. The committee has undertaken to obtain evi-

dence of the competency of the present school-board which they will place before the public as fully as they can. They have requested responses in writing to a few questions from each member of the present board; they will print copies of these responses, *verbatim et literatim*, in connection with this report. The names will be suppressed, and none but the members of the board themselves shall know who wrote the letters; but the public will be able to judge, from these responses, of the intellectual qualifications of the men to whom they have intrusted the work of public education. If the chirography could also be exhibited, the impression, in some cases, would be strengthened. The absurdity of putting educational interests into such hands ought to be obvious. The reply in behalf of some of these illiterate members is that they are capable mechanics, and qualified to give assistance in the work of building. If they could be confined to interests purely physical, this might be well enough; but the fact is that the most difficult and delicate questions respecting books, teachers, methods of instruction, educational policies, are frequently determined, in committee or in the full board, by the casting vote of these men. We have known several such cases. It must be evident that while some knowledge of mechanical construction and of business methods may increase the fitness of a man for this place, yet the first and the indispensable qualification should be some fair degree of education. The selection of men who are utterly illiterate, or who have only the merest smattering of knowledge, to supervise a work so technical and so difficult as that of public education, is such a monstrous blunder that these ignoramuses themselves, if they had the slightest sense of humor, would feel themselves to be unspeakably ridiculous. The committee has prepared, and will place before the meeting, two or three of these letters."

At this point sheets of paper on which portions of this correspondence had been copied in large characters were displayed upon the wall in the rear of the platform. Subjoined are samples:

Rev Morason dear Sir my opinyun is that wimmin shold not be emploid as principles of scholls exseadin ten rooms mail principles are mutch better for the larger scholls men are neaded to manege the older schollars, espeshly the boys.
Yores truly —

Rev A P Morsen Sir I am not faivorable to the skeem of replaicing feemales by males as principals of the gramer scholes for what we can pay we can higher first clas wommin and secon clas men Id ruther hev a first clas womman.
Yours respeckfly —

These letters were greeted with a burst of amusement, which was soon subdued to a murmur of disgust and cries of "Shame," while many a flushed and downcast face told of mortification and annoyance too deep for utterance.

"The committee," concluded the report, "has only one practical recommendation to make. It is that every candidate for the school-board be required, before he enters upon his office, to pass the examination set for pupils of the highest primary grade, and to furnish a certificate from the school examiners that he has successfully sustained this examination. The enactment of a regulation to the effect should be asked of the legislature. We trust that this standard will not be thought too high for the custodians of our public schools, and we are confident that it would exclude a considerable percentage of the men who have held this position in this city within the last two years."

Another burst of laughter greeted the suggestion of the committee, and the meeting dissolved in a buzz of excited and disgusted comment.

VII.

In this veracious and painstaking history room cannot be found for all the reports of the Cosmopolis City Club. We have sought to give the reader samples of the method by which its work was done, and of the results secured. The other committees made their reports in regular order, exhibiting careful and conscientious study of the various departments, finding some things to commend, but bringing to light a great deal of slipshod management, and unearthing a vast amount of dubious financing. The Saturday evening meetings of the club were crowded with interested listeners; it became necessary to seek a larger room for the meetings; and the reports became the talk of the town. Such carefully written and meaty reports were eagerly sought by the newspapers, and were read by thousands who could not attend the meetings; newspapers in other cities began to copy portions of them, and to make comments upon the work of the club.

The utmost pains were taken to make the reports accurate and complete; the president's counsel in his inaugural address was often repeated and emphasized by him; the determination to treat every question judicially and scientifically strengthened as the work proceeded. Several times alleged errors of fact or inference in the statements made by the committees had been pointed out by editors or by correspondents; in every such instance the case was reopened and the evidence was sifted. Most frequently it was found that the committee was right; but whenever it was wrong, the acknowledgment was promptly and generously made.

It need not be said that the community was profoundly influenced by these publications and discussions. The agitation was bringing forth its legitimate fruit. On the one hand, reputable and thoughtful men were profoundly disturbed and humiliated by the revelations of the club, and were beginning to manifest an uneasy determination to take matters into their own hands; on the other hand, the contractors and their allies in the municipal offices, the purveyors of vice and their assistants in the police department, were sullen and truculent; while the managers of the two political machines were in great doubt as to what this might lead. The municipal election was approaching, and the feeling that something must be done to improve the administration was pretty general. This was the topic before the executive committee of the club, assembled in Mr. Tomlinson's private office.

"The pressure is very strong," said Mr. Payne, "for the nomination of a citizens' ticket. Every day I hear men talking about it. They think that no trust can be put in either of the political machines, and that the only hope is in the organization of a new party. Naturally they turn to us to take the lead in this. They say that we have made ourselves masters of the situation; that the people would follow our lead; that now is the time to strike."

"That's my judgment exactly," responded Mr. Frambes. "I believe that we can redeem this city in the next election. My voice is for war, and I am ready to enlist now."

"Let us see," said Judge Hamlin; "what executive officers do we elect this year?"

"A city clerk," answered Mr. Payne, "an auditor, one member of the fire and police commission, one member of the board of public works, one member of the board of health, and a justice of the peace."

"The mayor is not chosen this year?"

"No; he has one year longer to serve. But he does n't count for much, anyway, under our system. He has no executive authority to speak of."

"How much of a redemption are you going to accomplish, Brother Frambes," inquired the judge, "if you succeed in electing all these officers upon a citizens' ticket? The real executive power of the city is vested in these boards; you can put one new man into each of them; how much will he be able to effect? It will take three years, at the shortest, to get a majority of your own men into these boards."

"Well, supposing we cannot accomplish everything this year," rejoined the clergyman, "let us start now, and do what we can. We may as well make a beginning. One man in each of these boards may be able to accomplish something."

"That is true," replied the judge, "and we must often be willing to take a small fraction of a loaf rather than go hungry. Yet I doubt whether it is good policy for us to encourage independent nominations this spring. The results would be meager, and I fear the effect upon the popular mind. Things would go on in the old way, in spite of our apparent political success, and the unthinking would be apt to conclude that we had accomplished nothing, and would lose faith in our leadership."

"But you agree, Judge Hamlin," persisted the clergyman, "that nothing substantial will ever be done for the reform of our city government, until city politics are divorced from national politics?"

"Yes; that is clear."

"And that can be done only by the formation of new parties?"

"Certainly; that is the only way."

"Why, then, should we not immediately organize a new party?"

"Because the time is not ripe."

"You mean, I suppose, that we could not elect our ticket. But is it not best to start the organization,—to plant the seed,—and let it germinate and grow? Isn't that the way to form a party?"

"Plant your seed—yes, when you've got a seed to plant. But there's the rub. Now, parson, let me ask a question or two. You agree with me, doubtless, in believing that the parties which we form ought to be permanent organizations. The government of cities, like the government of the State and the nation, must be by parties; and these parties must not be mere temporary aggregations of men, but permanent political associations."

"Well, yes; I dare say."

"A party cannot live a healthy life—in deed, has no right to live—unless it stands for something, or has some organic ideas."

"Agreed. Go on."

"Well, then, what will your citizen party, or whatever you call it, stand for in our municipal campaigning? What will be your organic idea?"

"It will be a Law and Order party, I trust. It will stand for the enforcement of the law, and the suppression of vice and crime."

"Do you think that that would be a good and sufficient basis for a municipal party?"

"Yes; the very best. Why not?"

"We are looking forward, remember, to a permanent division of the community. It is necessary to the healthful operation of party government that the parties be numerically pretty evenly balanced. Your party would be the Law and Order party. What would the party opposed to you be?"

"The Lawless and Disorderly party, I suppose," answered the parson, laughing.

"Do you think that it would be a good thing to have the community permanently and pretty evenly divided upon that issue—to have about half of the citizens registered as saints and the other half as sinners?"

"Well, I should be very glad," parried the clergyman, "to get half of them credibly registered as saints."

"Doubtless; but would you have two political parties formed upon this line of division?"

"N-no; perhaps not."

"I should say very decidedly not. I do not think that it would be a salutary condition. Political discussion between two such parties would not be edifying. The attempt to perpetuate such distinctions would be in every way pernicious. It would make Pharisees of the saints, and fiends of the sinners. But the proposition is not within the range of possibilities. You could not, let us hope, get a moiety of this community to organize in the support of lawlessness and disorder."

"Well, no; I suppose not. But, then, I see no reason why the law-abiding citizens should not combine, and take the administration of the affairs of the city into their hands. They need not call themselves a Law and Order party; but they would be a Law and Order party just the same."

"That is, you would have them combine for the sake of getting the offices. You would have a party destitute of principles, but animated by certain forms and patriotic sentiments. But such a party as that would very quickly degenerate. No; you cannot organize healthy politics on any such basis. I quite agree with the rest of you in believing that municipal politics must in some way be divorced from national politics, but it must not be divorced from political principles. We must have political organizations in all our cities—organizations based upon ideas, social or economic, which have direct and exclusive reference to the affairs of municipalities. These ideas and principles must be such that there can be honest differences among men concerning them, so that the community can safely sway itself upon opposite sides of them."

"But I don't see," persisted the parson, "how any such division as that can exist. There's a right and a wrong in everything, and I cannot understand how you can get away from that fact in politics. I take it that in every contest one party must be right, and the other party wrong."

"That," replied the judge, "if you will pardon me for saying it, is one of the most mischievous of political errors. The attempt to carry theological, or, perhaps I should say ethi-

cal distinctions into party divisions often creates confusion. I do not mean to deny that the individual must be governed by ethical principles in his political action; but the notion that parties must needs divide on ethical grounds is a great mistake. It is no more true that there's a right and a wrong in every social antagonism than that there is a right and a wrong in every physical antagonism. The centripetal and the centrifugal forces in the solar system are opposed to each other; which is right and which is wrong? Attraction and repulsion resist each other in the constitution of matter; which is right and which is wrong? The harmony of the universe results from the balancing of antagonistic forces. All healthy political action follows the same law. It is just as necessary that there should be two parties in every well-ruled popular government as that the centrifugal force should be balanced by the centripetal. Each party stands for a principle which is essential to the stability and growth of society. The welfare of the State results from the strenuous and effective advocacy of both these antagonistic principles. The average partizan always thinks that his party is all right in its aims and that the other party is all wrong, but this is because the average partizan is not a philosopher. No healthy party division has ever been long maintained, or ever will be, except upon such distinctions as I have indicated. The two great parties of England have, through all their history, been divided upon the question of the centralization or the diffusion of political power, and that has been substantially the question between the two parties in American politics. Here is a legitimate issue. For some purposes power must be centralized, and for other purposes it must be diffused. In some emergencies we need a strong government, but it may become too strong. The party which seeks to strengthen it is right, and the party which seeks to limit its power is also right. Now, if it be possible to find, in municipal politics, some such line of division as this, we may be able to organize municipal policies upon a safe and healthy basis. Can you point out any such logical and philosophical division?"

"Not at a moment's notice, judge. But perhaps you can. You have thought the matter over pretty carefully; can you not outline for us the issues on which we may divide in local politics?"

"No; that is equally absurd. Parties are born, not manufactured. They spring from the needs of the hour. They are the outcome and expression of social and economic tendencies which civilization produces. I think that I can see a faint seam in our social structure which is to develop, presently, into such a line of cleavage;

but I am not going to risk my reputation as a prophet by pointing it out to-night."

"What, then, would you have us do in the coming campaign? Ought we not to try to utilize for the improvement of our administration the force of public opinion which has been generated in these discussions?"

"By all means. But it seems to me that our best course in this crisis is to act through the existing parties. Doubtless there will be a strong disposition in both of them to put the best foot forward. Let us encourage that. Let us try to get decent candidates nominated by both parties; and when the nominations are made let us exercise our independence in voting for the best without distinction of party. Meantime let us go right on with our work of investigation and discussion, bringing hidden things to light, and subjecting all our municipal machinery and its workings to the most careful scrutiny."

"The thing that discourages me," said Mr. Harper, "is the fact that, do the best we may, we can achieve only a fractional success at the coming election. As Mr. Payne has told us, only one fourth or one fifth of an executive is to be chosen at this time. I fear that the new members of these boards will have but little influence upon their policy, and that things will go on in the old way. It will take at least three years to elect a majority of these governing boards; whether we can keep up the public interest through all this long campaigning I do not know. We have managed to hold the public attention for six months; but unless we are able pretty soon to show some practical gains, I fear that we shall lose our audience."

"That," answered Mr. Payne, "is the precise difficulty. Under the present charter we shall never be able to accomplish very much. The system of government which we are trying to work is one which seems to have been contrived for the dissipation rather than the utilization of the force of public opinion. The first step in the direction of reform is not the organization of new parties, but such a reconstruction of the governmental machinery as shall enable the motive power, which is public opinion, to act directly and effectively toward the ends of government. But that is too big a question to raise to-night. As the chairman of the section upon the workings of the charter, I hope to have something practical to suggest very soon."

The waiting policy suggested by the president was adopted by the club in the municipal campaign. Those who had been prominent in its discussions soon found themselves possessed of considerable political influence. The gentlemen in charge of the political machines of both parties seemed anxious to consult them respecting nominations, and the candidates presented

on each side were rather better than the average. In the words of a modern statesman, the machinists had found it expedient "to pander a little to the moral element in the community." The victory in the election was won by the outs, since the public assumed, not very logically, that the abuses exposed were the fault of the party in power. The result of this victory was not, however, perceptible in the administration. The police department did not change its policy; the favored contractors kept their places at the public crib; the reign of inefficiency and rascality was as firm as ever.

The sentiment of the "powers that were" found forcible expression, now and then, at secret conclaves in the city hall.

"I suppose," said Dugan, "that those blatherin' Mugwumps think they've done us up for good, because they've got a man of their own on our board in place of old Murphy. Much good that'll do them! If they had had ordinary common sense they would have let Murphy alone. He was a better man for them than the one they've got. Fact is, I'm mighty glad to git shet o' Murphy. He was gittin' too many notions in his head."

"Don't you worry about the new man," rejoined Benson. "He is n't going to make us any trouble. I know how to handle him. He'll kick, no doubt, for one or two meetings; that's what he's paid to do; but I've got a lasso to

use on him. Keep quiet, and see if I don't bring him round."

"Ye can rest aisly in yer minds, gentlemen," said O'Halloran. "This shtorum is mostly wind. It'll blow over soon. I've seen too mony of such flurries. These silk-stockinged chaps are up in arrums now and ag'in, but they soon find out that refforrumin' the city is a long and a dirty job, and they drap it as sudden as they tuk it up."

"The only thing that makes me anxious," said Lunley, the contractor, "is a symptom or two that I've noticed of a disposition to reconstruct our charter. If they get to work at that, there's no telling how much mischief they may do. These new-fangled one-man-power governments, like the one they've got over in Oleopolis, are very troublesome things for a business man to deal with—so my friends over there tell me. The only safety for us is in maintaining our present conservative form of government, that cannot be overturned by any sudden movement of popular prejudice. If we had had that kind of a charter, what would have become of us in the last election?"

"Thru for ye, my boy," answered O'Halloran. "That's the p'int we must be after guardin'. None o' yer blanketed municipal despots for Cosmopolis! That's the very thing that these Mugwumps'll be foistin' upon us. We must watch them. Eternal veegilance is the pr-r-rice o' leeberthy."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Washington Gladden.

ON A HEAD OF CHRIST BY QUINTIN MATSYS.

(FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

A GRIEVING face, adown whose hollow cheek
The bright tears fall from tender, mournful eyes;
Eyes, sad with never finding what they seek,
Lips, curved by many weary, wasting sighs.

The tear-drops glisten—frail they seem and slight,
As though a breath would sweep them into air;
And yet four hundred years of day and night
Have passed since first the painter formed them there.

How strange that they should last, those painted tears,
While kingdoms perish, nations fall and rise;
Strange that through all the stormy rush of years
They lie unchanged in those sad, grieving eyes.

Does he yet mourn? The world from him enticed
Wanders afar, and will not walk his way.
O patient one! O weary, watching Christ,
Are the tears wet upon thy face to-day?

Bessie Chandler.



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

CEYLON SURF-BOATS, AT SINGAPORE.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

LIFE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.



S a very young man, with no great knowledge of the world, I left London on May 24, 1882, for the Singapore Straits Settlement to engage in coffee-planting in the Malay Peninsula. With me was my partner, who was acting as agent to his highness the Maharajah of Johore.

Journeying by way of Alexandria, Egypt, I first encountered a tropical climate at Colombo, Ceylon. This island possesses some of the finest scenery in India. The town of Kandy, situated on the highest point of the island, is Arabi Pasha's place of exile, where he is allowed by the British Government every luxury except his freedom. Having to wait three days in port during the coaling of our steamer, I went, in company with our captain and some of the passengers, to a native village called Mount Lavina, where we saw the native women gathering the coffee-berry from the tree. The Singhalese are a prepossessing race, their ways and customs being exceedingly gentle. They deal much in precious stones, the sapphire being among the jewels largely found in Ceylon.

We left Ceylon for Singapore on a Tuesday evening, and arrived there the Wednesday of the

following week. I was much impressed by the beauty of the harbor. I was met by the European secretary to the Maharajah of Johore, who conducted me to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where I remained for a short time before proceeding to Johore. The town of Singapore is very peculiar; the houses are only one story high, and have no chimneys or fire-grates. The community is cosmopolitan, and includes Chinese, Javanese, Siamese, Malays, and Japanese. At that time the native population was about 300,000, with only 350 Europeans. The new town of Singapore was founded in 1822 by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, a statue of whom was unveiled during the jubilee of Queen Victoria. There was great rejoicing among the natives, especially the Chinese, who organized a procession of lanterns three miles long.

After a few days in Singapore we were joined by Prince Mat, nephew of the Maharajah of Johore, and commissioner of police. At this time the Maharajah contemplated the construction of a railroad in his domain, and I had been commissioned to confer with his Majesty upon the subject on behalf of a prominent London railroad contractor. Accordingly, without loss of time I requested an audience with the

monarch. The English secretary of the King introduced me to the native secretary, Datu Ama. After tiffin, or luncheon, Datu showed me through the palace grounds, and then conducted me to the King's audience-chamber, a spacious apartment.

The palace of Istana is built of wood upon a brick foundation, and is finished in the inside in Italian marble. The building is 160 feet long, one story high, and stands in an inclosure. The palace is reached by a long circular driveway like a coiled watch-spring. A magnificent garden surrounds the palace, in the rear of which is a fine menagerie.

and a cigar, which he took from a gold case that was presented to him by the Prince of Wales. At that time he was fifty years of age.

After I had remained standing a few minutes his Majesty invited me to be seated, himself taking a seat upon a chair, and beckoning his servants to give him a cigarette. In answer to his invitation to take refreshments, I took a popular English drink, while he, as the head of the established Mohammedan church, and therefore an abstainer, drank lemonade. He spoke English very well, but upon that occasion, which was supposed to be formal, he spoke Malay. He informed me that the state of his



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF JOHORE,
OPPOSITE SINGAPORE.

Datu and I waited a full hour in the audience-chamber before his Majesty deigned to appear. When he came he was followed by two servants, one of whom carried a silver case full of cigarettes, and the other a small match-case. His Majesty was dressed in a loose white-silk blouse and a pale blue-silk skirt. Tan-colored and jeweled sandals incased his feet, and his white curly hair was worn short. His large white mustache was curly, and his eyebrows were bushy. Upon the wrist of the right hand he wore a cable bangle, which I afterward learned weighed six ounces.

I arose and bowed, and King Aboubaker approached smilingly and extended his hand, which I shook. He spoke in Malay, and the court interpreter repeated his words of welcome. He immediately offered refreshments,

exchequer would not then permit him to build the proposed railway, but added that a warm welcome would always await me at the palace. During a five years' residence in Johore I often played billiards with him, his passion for the game being about as strong as his love of the chase, particularly of tiger-hunting.

After the audience I was shown the palace by Datu. This official residence overlooks the Straits of Malacca, and is directly opposite Singapore. It consists of suites of apartments, with quarters for bachelors on one side, and for married guests upon the other, for his Majesty entertains a great many people.

The Maharajah also bears the title of Sultan of Johore, through the courtesy of Queen Victoria, Empress of India, of which Johore is an independent state. The Maharajah occupies a suite of only three rooms, one of which leads into his harem.



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

MARBLE HALL OF THE PALACE.

The harem is a separate building of white marble, one story high, and decorated with flowers and palms. There is a large square room in the center of the building, and about it are some fifty sleeping-rooms. His forty wives were mostly Circassians, who had been purchased by him. The Sultana, or legal wife, resided at the palace of Maor, some two hundred miles from the palace of her lord, with whom she had not been on good terms for ten years. Her children, the official princes and princess, were two boys and a girl.

I once got into the harem by accident, but my stay was very short. I wished to see the Maharajah on business. There was always a great deal of fuss in trying to see him, and I thought to avoid this by going around to a side door and entering quietly. This I did, and suddenly found myself in the harem. There was an officer there in charge of the women, and when he saw me he called out, asking what I was doing there. It is needless to say that I turned, and made my way out as quickly as possible. The interior of the harem was very beautiful. Handsome lamps hung from the ceiling, pictures of female beauty covered the walls, and the floors were strewn with rich rugs. There were also fountains and burning incense. The women appeared to be sitting about smoking and tossing jewelry. However, I was so astounded at finding myself in such a place that I took very little notice of my surroundings. It is very difficult even for ladies to gain admission to the harem. My wife tried to do several

times, but without success. Every Monday the Sultan holds a levee for women, to receive their homage and to listen to their grievances. They assemble at 6 A. M., and when his Majesty arrives, the women fall upon their faces, and exclaim, "Our King!"

The Maharajah is now much more civilized than he was twenty years ago. Before the English went to Johore he lived in a mud hut, and ate without the aid of knife or fork, and did not know the value of his income. He now speaks English. His income is derived from the plantations, and from his share of the profits of the tin-mines. There are no duties on exports. He is really a landlord, and has a certain percentage of all the profits of the land. He lives more at Singapore than at Johore. At the former place he keeps his horses, of which he has many valuable ones. He goes heavily into racing. He goes to Johore only on fast- and feast-days, and to visit the people, who are much disappointed if he does not come as often as they think he ought.

He is very good and kind to the people, and will do almost anything they wish. There is not a single beggar in the whole place—that is, among the Malays. They are all pensioned. The police and magistrates get a salary, which is drawn once a month. The relation between Singapore and Johore is about the same as that between London and Ireland. The Maharajah owns land at Singapore, but has nothing to do with the government; yet as to rank he is recognized as next to the Governor. When he



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

PORTICO OF THE HAREM.

dies all his possessions will go to the English government.

Two gunboats and an army of five hundred men were the force at the command of the Government. The climate is damp, and the thermometer ranges from eighty to one hundred degrees all the year round, and there is a great deal of malaria. The soil is red

nine months to mature, and has a strawberry flavor; yet it has an odor so disagreeable that during my first three years in the country I was unable to taste it. The soursopp is an acidulated fruit resembling in size and shape the pineapple. It is green in color, and grows in the forks of the branches of the tree, which reaches the height of the beech. The chief

minerals are tin and gold. All the luxuries of the East, its delicious fruits, and other products, furnish little compensation for the torture of such a climate, and for the fearful fever produced through the excessive heat and dampness.

In stature the Malay is short and thick-set; he has a flat nose, and his skin is copper-colored. His hair is long and silky. Ordinarily the dress of men and women is the *sarong*, or skirt, with a blouse for an upper garment, but "up country" neither men nor women wear clothing. A black velvet turban commonly adorns the heads of the men, but the women have no head-dress. Their teeth are uniformly good, but both beaus and belles stain them black.

The Malays are devoted followers of Mahomet. They refrain from eating



and fertile, and many people live by cultivating sago and ratan. They do not plant the trees, but merely cultivate those that are already growing. The foliage is magnificent. Pineapples, mangos, and bananas grow wild. The most remarkable fruit indigenous to the country is the durian. This tree grows to a height of sixty feet, spreading like an oak, and taking seven years to mature. After the seventh year it bears once a year. The fruit is large and of a light green color. It takes

pork, or meat killed by other than Malays, and do not take alcoholic drinks. They are subject to a kind of madness called "running a-muck," which often occurs when a man is in the best of health; for I remember once that in one of the most thickly populated streets in Johore a man was seized with an attack of this malady, which resulted in his killing five people before he could be overpowered.

Malay huts are usually built upon bamboo piles over the water. They are constructed of ra-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

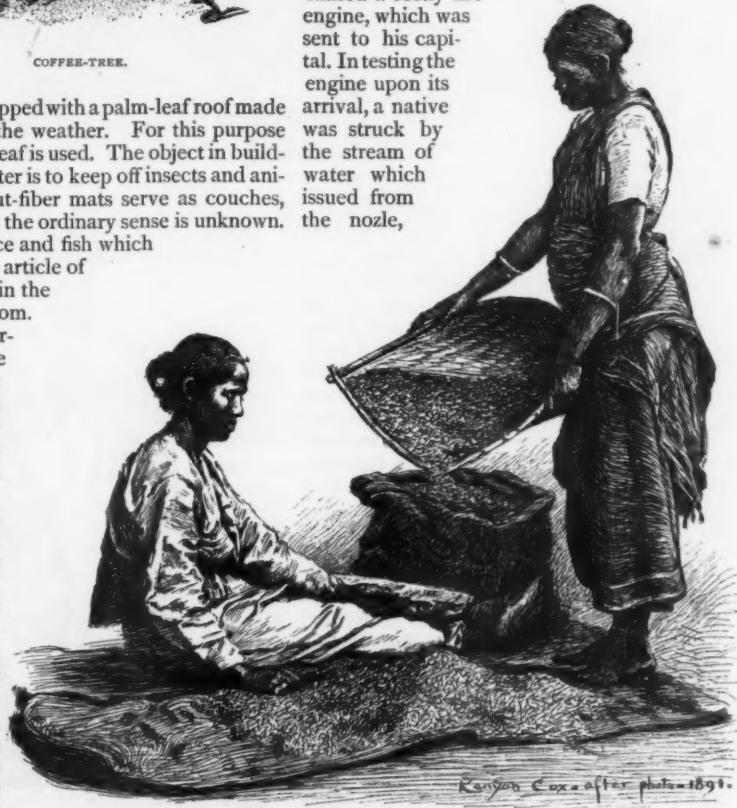
COFFEE-TREE.

tan laths, and topped with a palm-leaf roof made impervious to the weather. For this purpose the sago-palm leaf is used. The object in building over the water is to keep off insects and animals. Cocoanut-fiber mats serve as couches, and furniture in the ordinary sense is unknown. The curry of rice and fish which forms the staple article of food is cooked in the middle of the room.

Early marriages are the rule, and the groom makes handsome presents to his father-in-law, which invariably include a sum of money. This money is not to be used by the bride's father, however, but must be kept for some emergency, such as divorce, in which case the portion is handed to the wife for her maintenance.

Incompetency in household matters, negligence, and incompatibility are good grounds for divorce, which is granted by the priest. Unfaithfulness on the part of the wife is invariably punished with death, and the punishment is horribly brutal. In this part of India there is a bamboo cane that grows more rapidly than a mushroom, its length increasing two feet in twenty-four hours. The executioner selects a young bamboo just sprouting from the ground, and whittles the end to a sharp point. The condemned woman is lashed to stakes over the bamboo, and in two days is impaled. Infidelity in the man is not punishable. Murder is punished with death by an instrument called the *kris*, a small sword with jagged blade. The steel is coarse and rough. The *kris* is kept with the crown jewels, and is a weapon almost sacredly revered.

Malays are superstitious in the extreme, as one instance will serve to illustrate. When the Maharajah was in London attending the Queen's jubilee, he purchased a costly fire-engine, which was sent to his capital. In testing the engine upon its arrival, a native was struck by the stream of water which issued from the nozzle,



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

TEA-SORTERS.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

PART OF THE VILLAGE OF JOHORE—OPEN-AIR THEATER AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.

and was whirled many feet, and killed. From that day the natives regarded it as a fetish, and refused to go near it.

The state of Johore has about fifty thousand inhabitants, the village itself from ten to eighteen thousand. A great many Chinese have lately gone there. The village of Johore is very much scattered, being little more than a series of groups of houses extending over several miles, with a few shops and open bazars and theaters. I once saw a Chinese performance in one of the theaters which lasted from six o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening. The play was a tragedy; the costumes were very elaborate, and were constantly changed. On feast-days performances go on continuously, and gifts of fruit are made to the assembled people. This is among the Chinese, who have settled here in great numbers, as workmen on the plantations. The Malays are too lazy to work, and so long as they can get fish and rice will not lift a hand. They get plenty of fish in the waters about, and part of these they exchange at the bazars for rice and other articles. These bazars are built of bamboo, and are thatched with dried palm-leaves. The reika-nut, which they chew, grows on the trees along the streets. Their boats, which they call *praus*, or proas, are built without nails,



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

EAST INDIAN BANKER.

being put together with wooden pegs and ratan. Even the sails are made of palms sewed together with ratan. The cable is made of green ratan, and is very strong; the anchor is made of wood, weighted with two heavy stones at the flukes. The cable runs through a hole in the deck, below which it is coiled. When the anchor is taken up, four men pull at the cable, and one guides it into the hole.

Once a year, during the typhoons, all the houses along the water front are submerged.

of Singapore, and let it out at a greater interest than they pay to the banks. They lend both to the Malays and to the Chinese. The people mortgage their crops to the chitties, who sell them in Singapore. These chitties are very miserly, and keep their money in boxes, on which they sleep. They do not own the houses which they occupy, but rent them from the Malays. Perhaps fifty of them will live in one room. All business is done on credit. If you enter a bazar and call for refreshment, you do



DRAWN BY HARRY FENK.

MALAY HOUSES BUILT OVER THE WATER.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

Rest-houses are built by the Government, and serve as inns. No food is furnished, and the houses contain no furniture, but a cot is carried in, and on this the traveler spends the night. The key is kept at the police station. If a man is absent from home, and is overtaken by night before completing his business, it is not safe for him to go home, on account of the tigers which might be met on the road. The rest-houses are to be found at intervals of from eight to ten miles.

Among the people the Chinese are the principal merchants; the bankers, or *chitties*, as they are called, are men who have come from Bengal. These men borrow money from the banks

not pay for it in cash, but simply give what is called a *chit*, or note, which is redeemed on a certain date. If you take a cab for a drive through the place, the payment is made in the same way; you give the driver a chit, and tell him where and when to call for the cash. These chits are also used as currency, since they pass from one merchant to another at a discount. Of course chits are not accepted from people unless they are in a position to pay them. If one has no occupation he gets another to sign for him. When a debtor is brought before the court, if he can prove that he has no occupation or means of livelihood, the debt is canceled. With such a system the courts are kept



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

JUNGLE BETWEEN SINGAPORE AND JOHORE.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

pretty busy. The chitties all dress alike, in thin linen. White marks on the chest and arms of the chitties show that they have said their prayers; marks on the arms signify that they have prayed during the evening, those on the breast that they have prayed in the morning. The chitties, who are Buddhists, and cannot pray without going to a temple, are not so conscientious as the Malays, who are Mohammedans. The chitties shave their heads, the Malays do not. Little booths are erected by the roadside for the Mohammedans to pray in. They are built by the Government. The Mohammedans have better churches than these, but they are used only on special days; they have a month of fasting during the year, in which they take no nourishment of any kind from six in the morning till six in the evening. At such times special houses are erected for worship.

The bungalow life in India was invented by the Europeans. It is a compromise between the East Indian and European methods of living. The bungalow shown on page 585 is about three miles from the Maharajah's palace.

This style of house is necessary on account of the climate. During the day the shutters are closed, and the sunlight is shut out entirely. A European, if he is wise, never goes out between the hours of eleven and three. The kitchen is separated from the house, with which it is connected by a covered passage. The sleeping-rooms are in the second story, and the dining-room and living-room are down-stairs. Singapore being so near the equator (within one degree), it is daylight at six in the morning and dark at six at night, the year round. Refreshments are served at half-past six in the morning, breakfast at eleven, dinner at seven. Some people take tiffin at halfpast one, and tea at five in the afternoon. The Europeans who live in these bungalows are nearly all coffee-planters. They are now trying to raise tea, but the soil is better adapted to coffee-raising. The diet at a bungalow consists of curried chicken, rice, canned meats, and a large variety of fruit. It is seldom possible to procure fresh meat. During meal-time the punka—an immense fan fastened to the ceiling over the

table—is constantly kept in motion by a coolie. To a long bamboo pole is fastened a piece of cloth hanging like a curtain. The long pole passes through a hole in the side of the house and is kept in motion by the coolie outside. If it were not for this artificial circulation of air, a European could not eat with comfort.

There are many serpents in the jungle, which enter the houses in search of rats. Not more than one enters a house at a time—there is not living enough for two. They are not poisonous, but very strong, like a python, with diamond-shaped head and spotted breast. About ten miles from the bungalow mentioned is a very good sample of jungle, which is shown in the picture of a road on page 584. On this strip of road an English sailor who had come from Singapore was eaten by ants. He had been to Johore, where a Chinaman had served him with drink. He was probably overcome by the heat, and lay down. The ants had overpowered him in some way, and the next morning he was found dead.

Tigers have been caught in this jungle. Pits are dug for them not more than ten yards from the main road. Sometimes tigers come into the village, and they have been known to swim across to the island of Singapore. A Chinaman who worked a pepper plantation about midway between Singapore and Johore was one day lying down in his bungalow when, without any warning, he was suddenly in the jaws of a tiger, who left him headless a few yards from his home. The Government offers a bounty of \$500 for every tiger, dead or alive.

In trapping tigers for export the Malays dig a hole about ten feet deep, making the bottom twice as large in area as the top, to prevent the animal from jumping out after being once in. The hole completed, small brushwood is



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

NATIVE WOMAN OF JOHORE.

lightly laid over its surface, and close by in the direction of the mouth of the pit a bullock is chained to a tree. On seeing the bullock the tiger springs for his expected prey, and alights in the pit, which is then filled with earth, the tiger gradually coming to the surface. Once in the cage, the Malays lace and interlace bamboo and ratan under the tiger. Spring-guns are sometimes used, but not often, as they are dangerous to dogs and human beings.

I once went on a tiger-hunt, but it ended in a buffalo-hunt. We organized a party of five Europeans and ten natives. We started on foot, because it is impossible to ride through the jungle on horseback. On finding a tiger's footprints, we



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

EUROPEAN BUNGALOW ON THE ROAD TO JOHORE.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

ON THE ROAD TO JOHORE.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

followed them to a ravine, where the tiger had been drinking. Here we took our tiffin, and, while eating, heard groans which we thought were from the tiger. Following the sound, we saw an enormous man-eating tiger dashing away through the brush. Shots were fired without effect. On going farther, we discovered that he had found a buffalo, and had been making short work of him. These buffaloes are not like those found in America, but smaller, and more like an ox. Later this same tiger was caught in a trap. We knew it was the same, for not more than one is found near a village at a time. On an average four or five people were killed by tigers on this road in the course of a year. They generally seize their prey after dusk, and for this reason it is never safe to travel on these roads after six o'clock at night. It is said that a tiger often selects his man during the day, and perhaps follows him for miles, until overtaken by dusk, when he springs on him. Two gentlemen were once walking over a pineapple plantation, when they discovered that they were followed by a tiger. They were three miles from home, and, having nothing but shot-guns for weapons, could not fire at the animal. He kept at the same

distance behind them all the way, and they reached home before he attempted to attack. The natives are in constant terror of these animals, and it is almost impossible to send them out after dark. I have paid twenty dollars to a native for taking a message to the Maharajah after six o'clock at night.

There are many varieties of monkeys in Johore. The best specimen is the wow-wow, which stands upright like a man, and has no tail. It is buff in color, and has good features. I once found one that had broken a finger in jumping from one tree to another. I picked it up, and while in my arms it cried like a little child. They are never hunted, not being at all wild or fierce. The Malays sometimes catch them, and sell them in the towns as pets.

The waters about Johore are full of crocodiles. Small Malay children, while fishing from boats, often serve as food for them. Three gentlemen were once crossing the Straits to Singapore, when a breeze sprang up, and, the sail becoming unmanageable, their boat was overturned. One of the men was caught by a crocodile, and when his body was afterward found it was discovered that the leg had been bitten off at the hip. The Government pays a bounty of \$25 for every

crocodile that is killed. For snakes it pays \$1 a foot. The python is often thirty-eight or forty feet long. I saw one brought into a village for bounty that was about a foot in diameter.

The Malays are inclined to be conservative, and have little social intercourse. On their Sunday, which falls on our Friday, they quit work at twelve o'clock, and go to the mosque.

The principal industry among the Europeans is the planting of coffee. The first thing

ceed seven feet in height; but, if permitted, they attain the height of twenty feet without bearing fruit, while the root will destroy the other trees. When the berry is first developed it is very much like an olive, only round; when ready for picking it is red like a large cherry, having inside two stones, which are the coffee-beans. One tree like that on page 581 will produce about two bushels of unpulped coffee. The blossom remains twenty-four hours on the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF JOHORE.

ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAER.

to be done in opening up a coffee plantation is to secure from the Maharajah from 300 to 500 acres of jungle. The forest is fired, leaving nothing behind but skeleton trees, which are hewn down and allowed to rot, thus fertilizing the coffee. When the coffee-trees are six inches high they are set out in rows four feet apart. Three years elapse from the date of planting to that of bearing. The blossom is pure white, and in fragrance like stephanotis. The trees are kept pruned so as not to ex-

tree, then it falls, and a month thereafter the berries are mature. The coffee-tree flowers twice a year, and usually produces two crops. The berries, after picking, are taken to the pulping-house, where the husk or skin is taken off, and then placed in sheds to ferment; here they remain for ten or fifteen days, being afterward taken to the peeler and washer, and dried on ratan matting, and afterward conveyed to the storage shed, where they are packed in bags for shipping.

John Fairlie.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

ACTING WITH RISTORI—SERVICE UNDER GARIBALDI— ESTIMATE OF RACHEL.

PLAYING AT NAPLES.



T the age of sixteen I found myself in Naples, a member of the Royal Florentine Company. The older actors of the company were great favorites with the Neapolitans, whose sympathy and liking it is not difficult to gain. I brought with me the modern ideas inculcated by the teaching of my master, Modena, and the fresh influence of Adelaide Ristori. It can be imagined how I felt in the musty, heavy, unhealthful atmosphere to which I had come. I felt like a first officer who was taking the place of a cabin-boy. The only course open to me was to calm my rebellious spirit, to force myself to breathe that atmosphere, the reverse of vivifying though it was, and to keep faithfully the engagements which I had made. There were undoubtedly artists of ability in that company, but their method was antiquated, except in the case of Adamo Alberti, who was a most spirited and vivacious comedian; moreover, all spoke with the accentuation and inflections of the Neapolitan dialect, so that my speech, and that of the other new actors, contrasted unpleasantly with that of the old members. The parts that were allotted to me were of little substance, and I had them in such aversion that I could not bring myself to study them; I was discouraged and humiliated to such a degree that the expressions of displeasure of the public due to my not knowing my lines failed to arouse me from my apathy. To my professional friends who sought to encourage me, I said: "The public is perfectly right; but I cannot help it. It is not possible for me to interest myself in such colorless and inept parts."

Through the influence of one of the new actors who sympathized with me, I was cast for the part of *Annio* in the "Clemenza di Tito" of Metastasio, and on the night when I appeared in this part, which was highly sympathetic to me, I had an enthusiastic reception. The so-called *camorra* (ring) was, however, so well organized in that musty assemblage of artists that I had no chance of getting many such opportunities to distinguish myself. The fear of innovation terrified them, and they were care-

ful to guard against it. I had engaged with that company for three years, with annual augmentation of my salary; but at my earnest request the manager, Signor Prepiani, canceled my contract from the date of the ensuing carnival. That year, 1845, was a most unhappy one for me, abounding in moral and material sacrifices. Out of my salary of 2400 francs, I paid 700 to Lampugnani, and 500 on account of the debt of 1000 to Rossi of Brescia. I lived at a boarding-house, where I paid two francs and a half a day for my bed and dinner, having for breakfast a small piece of bread dipped in the juice of a melon. The remembrance of the important parts which I used to play with my master, and of the spontaneous and gratifying favor accorded by the public, was constantly before me, and the contrast made my new position seem all the more humiliating. I grew peevish and rebellious, and secretly cherished thoughts of revenge. I planned to return when all the old and moldy material of that company should have disappeared, and to put to shame the artists who hoped for my failure. This plan did not testify to excessive modesty on my part, but at sixteen a little vanity is excusable. In the midst of my justifiable acrimony, I could not but recognize incontestable merits in some of my opponents. But not one of these actors and actresses could go outside of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies without exposing himself or herself in the theaters of all other Italian provinces to criticism and censure on account of the gestures, the accent, and the mannerisms which they had breathed in with the Neapolitan air.

In the course of the year that I spent at Naples, I was enrolled as *primo amoro* in the Domeniconi and Coltellini company, to which were to belong, among other artists of merit, Carolina Santoni, Antonio Colomberti, Gaetano Coltellini, and Amilcare Bellotti. In this new and more sympathetic companionship I breathed more freely, and began to cultivate with study and application my natural artistic bent, which I had feared to lose at Naples, but which was merely dormant. Since I was under engagement to pay the last 1000 francs to the costumer Robotti, brother of the well-known actress, I lived with rigid economy throughout the year 1846 also, when at last my debt was canceled. After that I was able to sleep in peace at night, for I was delivered



DRAWN BY FREDERICK E. M. PAGE.

SALVINI AS "ICILIO" IN THE "VIRGINIE" OF ALFIERI.

from the fear of being unable to meet my obligations. The year ran its course for me without great praise or serious discredit; if I was blamed for any shortcoming, it was for nothing more than a certain lack of energy, which was the result of my experience in Naples, and which I could not shake off at once. On the other hand, I soon gained the friendship of the manager and of my associates in the company, who perceived in me, perhaps, some tendency to advance. Coltellini reengaged me for the following year, with

the rank of *primo attore giovane*, and an increased salary, and Domeniconi, who had been absent, resumed the active management. This most intelligent artist had not received from nature the gift of good looks, or of an artistic type of face, or of a natural method, except in comedy; but he had the merit of appreciating and giving expression to the most intimate thoughts of his authors, and that to a degree in which no other artist could rival him. From Gustavo Modena and Luigi Domeniconi I acquired the foundation of my art;

and while careful not to copy the first, and not to ape the manner of the second, I sought to profit by what I could gain from both.

IN ROME.

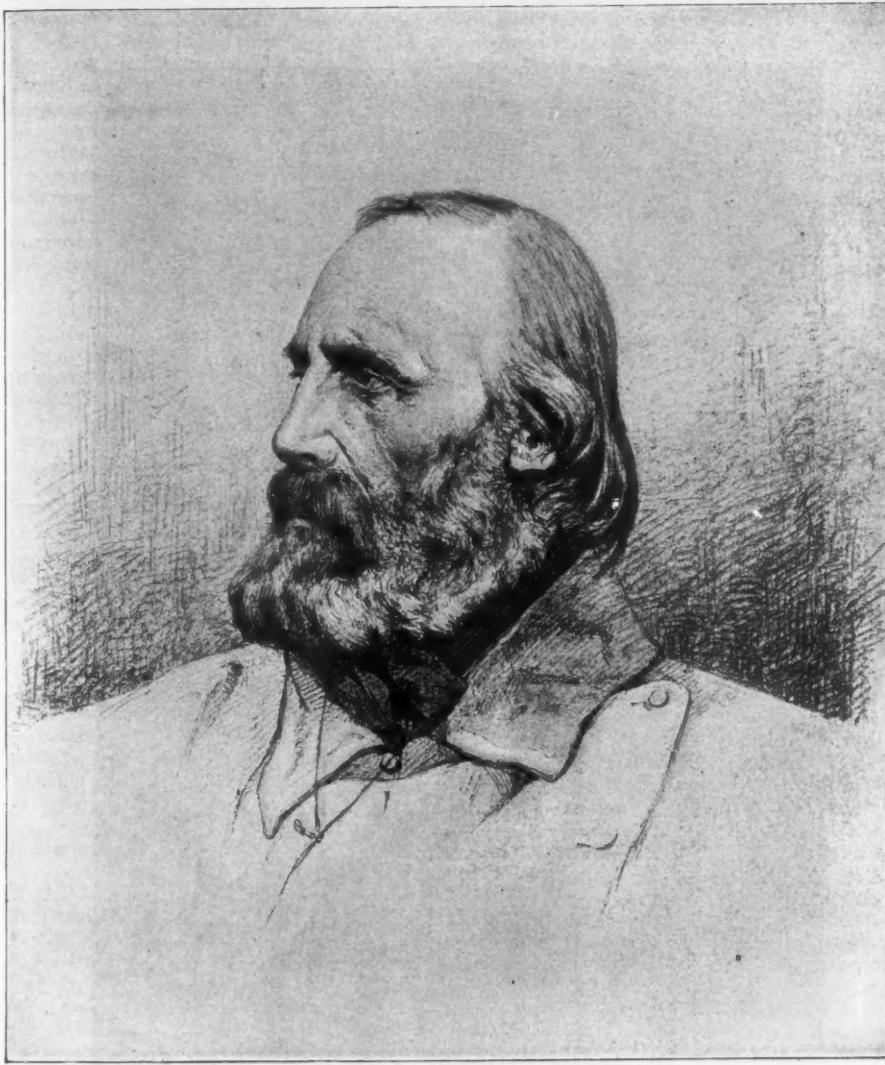
In the autumn of that year the company opened at the Teatro Valle in Rome. It was the first time that I had set foot in the ancient capital of the world; and during my hours of liberty I visited untiringly its monuments, its galleries, its splendid churches, and its admirable suburbs abounding in handsome villas. I believe I formed a just conception of the greatness of that ancient race which dominated the world. I found Rome overjoyed at the famous Encyclical, and at the liberal principles of the Supreme Pontiff, whom all proclaimed the savior of his people. The idolatry of Pius IX. was universal, and I, like everybody else, paid him the tribute of my enthusiasm, and used to repeat from memory sonnets which sang of his saintly virtues, and heaped maledictions on Austria as the enemy of every generous aspiration of Italy. Both the political and the ecclesiastical censure were abolished, and we were free to give many plays which before had been on the Index.

AN AUSTRIAN SPY GETS US IN TROUBLE.

ONE evening, going casually to the dressing-room of the first actor, Antonio Colomberti, I found there a gentleman of distinguished appearance and somewhat advanced age, whom I did not know, and who was presented to me by Colomberti. When we met in the street afterward, we saluted each other courteously, until one day a Roman friend with whom I was walking touched my arm, and asked, "Who is that you are bowing to?" I answered, "A gentleman who was presented to me the other night by Colomberti." "Don't you know," said he, "that that person pretends to belong to the Carbonari association, and is really a spy on the Targhini and Montanari, who cannot lift their heads without his reporting it? He is a spy paid by Austria!" After that I turned my head away every time I met him, and pretended not to see him. The spy saw through this, and swore vengeance. A few days afterward I was invited to a country resort,—a vineyard as they call them in Rome,—to be present at a lottery for which some thousands of people of all ranks had come together. In a moment of enthusiasm, aroused by the political speeches which had been made, and nourished by copious libations, I was lifted by main force upon the bottom of an overturned cask, and called upon to recite some patriotic rhymes. My success was pro-

claimed with loud applause. A son of the spy was present,—an educated and liberal young man, who was ignorant of the despicable and infamous trade of his father,—and when he went home he told all about the lottery, not forgetting my success as a reciter of inflammatory verses. The personage in question, whom out of regard for his son I will not name, caught the opportunity like a ball on the fly, and sent such a good recommendation of me to the Austrian government, that next year, when I was on my way to Trieste, whither the rest of the company had preceded me, upon reaching the frontier I was searched and subjected to an examination, and finally the sentence was inscribed upon my passport, "Forbidden to enter the dominions of Austria!" I was in a dilemma. There was nothing for me to do but to recross the Po; and when I reached Ferrara, I wrote to a friend at Bologna, explaining my position, and begging him to send me some money as a loan, for I had nothing. As soon as the money came, my first thought was to relieve my manager Domeniconi from embarrassment, for without me he could not begin his representations; and I resolved, if repulsed at one point, to try again at another. I went to Ancona, destroyed my compromising passport, and from the consul of Tuscany secured a permit to travel which authorized me to proceed from Ancona to Trieste by sea. When I landed in Trieste I was promptly arrested, and conducted under guard to the Imperial and Royal Bureau of Police. They asked me what I meant by my impudence and obstinacy in daring to set foot upon Austrian soil after I had been warned to keep off. I set forth my reasons, and protested that I was a victim of calumny; and at last, through the intercession of the Countess Von Wimpffen, a friend of Ristori, the concession was made that I might remain in Trieste until orders concerning me could arrive from Vienna. One might have thought that all this fuss was about one of the most dangerous of conspirators. Efforts were made to obtain authorization for me to stay in Venice also, for which place we were booked after leaving Trieste; and I secured permission, under bonds, to fulfil my engagements there with the company, upon condition that I should present myself every day at the police office, "to show myself," as they put it. This requirement became rather a joke, for every morning the consecrated formula would be this: I would say, "Good morning," and the Commissary would answer, "I hope you are well," and I would take myself off.

One evening, rather late, as I was leaving the Caffè Chioldi to return to my lodgings, I noticed on the further side of the Ponte della



DRAWN BY RICHARD GROSS.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Verona five persons who were barring the narrow way by which I must pass. The idea of an attack flashed through my brain. I was ashamed to turn back, and besides it was very cold, and I was anxious to get to bed. I made the motion of grasping a weapon under my cloak, and putting on a bold face I walked resolutely through the suspicious group. Just as I had passed, I heard one say to the others, "It is he." I turned on my heel and demanded, "Whom do you mean?" The chief stepped

forward and said, "Go on your way, Signor Salvini; as for us, we are under orders to watch you." "So much the better," said I; "if that is the case, I shall be all the safer on my way home." It would take a volume to tell all the annoyances, the troubles, the persecutions, which I had to undergo because of that unlucky introduction of Colomberti's at Rome. I learned a lesson from it—never to make introductions except between persons who are well known to me.



PAINTED BY GÉRÔME.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

RACHEL AS "PHEDRE."

ACTING WITH RISTORI.

WHAT I have been narrating, as will have been observed, began in the year 1846 and extended into the following year; but to omit nothing of importance, I must now take a step backward. In Lent of 1847, I was in Siena with my new manager, Domeniconi, with Ristori as leading lady, and other actors of ability. My new class of parts supplied me with a task which it was not easy to carry through: it was customary in Lent to close the house on Fridays, but on every other night of the week I had to appear in a new part, and in company with artists of established reputation. O Memory, goddess of my youth, how great is my debt to thee! At six in the morning I used to pass out one of the city gates with the part I was to play in my hand, often walking on a thin coating of snow. I would walk miles without noticing the distance, and it was my boast that when the hour of rehearsal came I would make the prompter's office a sinecure. All were astonished at me, and the more so because of the thirty-six new parts which were handed down to me to learn by the young actor to whose place I had succeeded, six were in verse. I will not seek to deny that I was spurred on not only by my love for art, but by a softer sentiment—by my resolution not to be unworthy of the affectionate encouragement bestowed upon me by Ristori, for whom I burned with enthusiasm. But when we came to Rome, in the spring, I perceived that her generous and confidential encouragement was intended not for the young man, but solely for the young artist! I did not prize it the less for that, and I continued to love her as a friend, and to admire her as an artist. I was seventeen, and my disillusion did not wound my heart, but enriched my store of experience. At that time Ristori was my ideal as *Francesca da Rimini*, as *Juliet*, as *Pia di Tolomei*, and in a host of other rôles in both drama and comedy, in which she put forth all the perfume and freshness of the true in art. All the gifts and virtues which adorned her as a woman and as an actress united to influence me to be worthy of her companionship. Surely, Adelaide Ristori was at that time the most charming actress in Italy.

FIRST GREAT SUCCESS IN TRAGEDY.

THAT year in Rome an incident occurred which conduced not a little to raise my artistic reputation in public esteem. Many years before, in that city, the celebrated Lombardi had played Alfieri's "Oreste." Ventura, Ferri, Capidoglio, all famed actors, and finally Gustavo Modena himself, had tried it, but had not suc-

ceeded in overcoming the strong impression left by Lombardi, who possessed in profusion the precise requisites for that character—good looks, youth, voice, fire, delivery, intelligence: so they were enumerated to me, who had never had the good fortune to see him. Some years had passed since the last of the unsuccessful attempts to revive "Oreste," when, upon the occasion of a benefit which was to be given me, I expressed to an old dilettante who was president of one of the best philanthropic societies of Rome my desire to appear in that part. The old gentleman, who took much interest in my progress, exclaimed: "Dear me! my son, do you want to tempt fortune, and to play all your future on one card? Think of what a risk you would run. Others, more experienced than you, have tried it, and have been sorry. Don't be so stubborn as to put yourself in a fair way to lose all you have gained in the favor of the public. My son, don't do it!"

I was in truth very young, and, like the lava which pours from a volcano, I knew no obstacles; therefore, for my benefit I imposed upon the company, as was my right, the tragedy of "Oreste." The night of the representation came. My ears were tingling with discouraging warnings; the state of mind I was in is beyond description; yet I found some comfort in my own secret reasoning. I said to myself: "As Romeo in 'Giulietta e Romeo,' as *Faolo* in 'Francesca da Rimini,' as *Carlo* in 'Filippo,' as *Egisto* in 'Merope,' I have found favor with the public; why should I lose it as *Oreste*, a character which moves me powerfully, and for which I have as suitable physical gifts as anybody?" I went to the Teatro Valle three hours before the rising of the curtain; I dressed myself at once, and went to pacing up and down behind the scenes like a wild animal, speaking to no one and answering no one. I overheard my comrades saying among themselves, "Salvinetto is a fool!" "Salvinetto has gone mad!" and indeed they had good reason to think so. The auditorium was soon crowded. The play had not been given for many years in Rome; the public was eager to see it again, and was attracted by the sympathy which my name enjoyed, and by curiosity to witness a success, so that not a place in the theater was left vacant. The first act ended with applause for Ristori (*Elettra*), for Job (*Cleitennestra*), for Domeniconi (*Egisto*). As I stood behind the scenes I envied them, and thought of the hisses which were perhaps about to greet me. The interlude of music which precedes the second act ended, and *Oreste* must go on immediately. My *Pilade* (Giacomo Glech) said to me, "Courage! Courage!" "I have it for sale," said I; "do

you want some?" and at once I went on. I made my entry without speaking, without bowing my thanks for the applause which attended my appearance; I identified myself absolutely with the personage whose part I was representing. After manifesting by gestures my joy upon recognizing the ancestral scenes from which *Oreste* had fled at the age of five, I delivered my first verse: "Pilade, yes! This is my realm! O joy!" The public, after the applause of welcome, had resumed silence, eager to see from the start how that impetuous character would develop itself, and now broke forth with a roar of approbation which reëchoed from pit to gallery for as much as two minutes. Then I said to myself, "Ah! I am *Oreste*." As the play went on, and at the end, the applause became enthusiasm. From that moment my title of tragic actor was won, and I was only nineteen!

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

IN 1848 we made a tour in Sicily. We embarked at Naples, where the political disturbances of that year had not yet manifested themselves. During our stay in Palermo, however, the revolution broke out in the island. Ferdinand II. stopped the steam-packets which communicated with the mainland, and we found ourselves cut off from returning to Rome, where we were bound to appear for a subscription season arranged for by the most distinguished families of the Roman patriciate. Poor Luigi Domeniconi was in despair. He decided to get the whole company together, and proposed that we should charter a brigantine and make the voyage by sail to Civita Vecchia. We accepted on the spot, all the more eager to escape from the trap we were in because we heard that the King of Naples was preparing a strong military expedition for the purpose of invading Sicily and subjugating the rebels. Our provisions were embarked, and we sailed without hindrance out of Palermo on the *Fortunato*, a vessel which had just made a voyage with a cargo of sulphur. We had the lower deck divided into two rooms with canvas, one for the ladies, the other for the men, and laid our mattresses down on the deck, so that the ship looked like a floating hospital. Ristori, who had already become Marchesa Capranica del Grillo, had a sort of stateroom of canvas and boards rigged up on deck, and she and her husband were somewhat less uncomfortable than the rest of us. Continuous calms held us back near the Sicilian coast, and the suffocating heat tempted me and some of my friends to plunge overboard into the sea, which was as bright and clear as crystal. We were swimming quietly in the slow wake of our ship, when of a sudden we were startled by a horrified yell. It was the

captain, who sprang up on the poop, and called at the top of his voice: "*Santo diavolo!* get on board quick, gentlemen; we are just in the spot where dogfish are most plentiful!" The sailors began to throw morsels of food as far beyond us as they could, to distract the attention of the bloodthirsty animals, and in a twinkling we were again on deck, swarming up the rope ladder. We got a famous dressing down from the captain, who was responsible for any misfortune which might have befallen us as his passengers, and the experience took away effectually our appetite for swimming.

After four days passed at sea, we had all come to have prodigious appetites; on the sixth day our provisions were exhausted, and we had to get on as best we could with ship's biscuit and fried potatoes. It occurred to the cook to make us some fritters of flour and sugar, which were duly distributed. But just as we were preparing to swallow with avidity this unlooked-for dainty, a mighty yell came from the cook, who had tried one of his fritters, and with swelled lips and burning tongue called to us that the fritters were poisoned! It appeared that the cabin-boy had been sent to the captain's cabin for the sugar, and had taken by mistake a package of flour poisoned with arsenic for the destruction of rats. Two days more went by, and from being hungry we became famished. With the consent of the captain, four of us took the brigantine's boat and rowed off to a fishing-smack to buy the fishermen's catch. But the fishermen declined to sell, saying that they were bound to deliver all they caught to their employer. I explained to them civilly that we had thirty persons on our ship who were actually starving, and that under these circumstances they were not justified in refusing to sell, and I told them that we were willing to pay them twice the value of their fish, but that it was necessary that we should buy them. The blockheads persisted nevertheless in their refusal, and we were obliged to throw courtesy to the winds and to take away a part of their catch by force, for which we threw them a handful of silver. We were pirates, no doubt, but generous pirates. The next morning we made land, and the city of Civita Vecchia gradually came into plain sight. Full of delight, and never doubting that we should sleep that night in good soft beds, we threw our straw ticks overboard; when all of a sudden a violent contrary wind arose, and drove the ship out to sea again. We spent that night on the bare planks of the deck. At last, on the following day, we landed at Civita Vecchia, and, weary from our wretched sleeping accommodations, sunburnt, and with throats parched by the heat, we made the best of our way to a *caffè* to get something refreshing. But

when we tendered our money to the cashier, he would not take it, because the silver was blackened by the fumes of sulphur, of which the ship was redolent. We all had to set to work to polish our money, and when, after much labor, we had brought the coins back to their original brightness, we succeeded with some trouble in getting them accepted, and were free to set out for Rome. Such a chapter of accidents it all was that some of the company seriously attributed our experience to the presence on the ship of some possessor of the evil eye.

SALVINI ENLISTS.

In that year the revolutionary movement assumed extensive proportions. In Rome were gathered all that Italy could boast of honest, liberal, and courageous citizens, lovers of liberty. Pius IX., who had given the first impulse to the progressist and humanitarian theories of the time, became frightened by the menaces of Austria, by the displeasure of the absolute rulers of the other provinces of Italy, and most of all by the insinuations and counsels of the clericals throughout Europe, who hated every aspiration toward liberalism, and he abjured the principles he had professed, and proceeded to Gaeta, to fly from the impetuous wave of the revolution, which would have swept him on into a holy war against the oppressors of Italy. Some time before this, in Rome, as well as in other provinces, the National Guard had been formed, and I had been enrolled in the 8th Roman Battalion.

THE DEFENSE OF ROME.

THE republic was proclaimed by the will of the people. Mazzini was one of the three consuls. Among the chiefs of the republican army were Avezzana, Roselli, Garibaldi, and Medici; and the various regiments numbered together about fifteen thousand young men, the flower of the best families of Italy. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was the President of the French republic, and to win over the clerical party, which afterward helped him mount his throne, he despatched an expedition which, in conjunction with the forces of the King of Naples, and with the coöperation of a rather shadowy contingent from Spain, had for its objective the reëstablishment of the Pontiff in Rome, and the subjugation of the Italian republicans. As soon as our Triumvirate learned of these projects, it published an edict to the National Guard, summoning all who were in earnest to mobilize for the defense of the walls and fortifications of the city. I and other young artists with me were not the last to report for duty; and soon two battalions of vol-

unteers were ready, under the command of Colonel Masi, who intrusted to us the defense of the walls at the Gardens of the Pope, between the Cavalleggeri and Angelica gates. On April 30 the French, led by General Oudinot, came in sight of Rome, advancing from Civita Vecchia, and were welcomed by a first cannon-shot, which was discharged within ten paces of where I was stationed. I must confess that at that first shot the nerves about my stomach contracted sharply. The French who were marching in compact order along the highway, deployed in skirmishing order in the fields, and opened a sharp, though irregular fire. On the ramparts we had only two small howitzers, and all about them fell the rifle-balls of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, while the French sharpshooters were out of range of the bullets of our muskets. After covering us with a heavy fire, they attempted to take our walls by assault; but the hail of balls which we poured in on them forced them to give up the notion, leaving the field strewn with their dead and wounded.

MADE A CORPORAL, AND SET TO BUILDING BARRICADES.

ON that same day I was promoted corporal by the commander of my battalion, and on the night of April 30 I was in charge of the changing of sentinels, and on the lookout for a not improbable night assault. The result of that day had been in our favor; we had weakened the enemy's ranks by over 1500, between killed, wounded, and prisoners. Yet these enemies, too, were republicans, and bore the cock with open wings on their caps, which we saw pierced with our balls when the next morning dawned. For seven days and nights we were not relieved from that post, and our couch was the bare earth. At last we had the good fortune to give over our station to another body of soldiers, but we were at once given the task of constructing barricades at the Porta del Popolo. I had charge of the building of two of them, and these were deemed worthy of praise in the certificate given me in 1861 by General Avezzana, formerly Minister of War. This I am proud to transcribe here, with its note by Garibaldi:

NAPLES, February 12, 1861.

I, the undersigned, attest that Citizen Tommaso Salvini served as a volunteer in the mobilized National Guard posted for the defense of the Vatican Gardens on April 30, 1849, when that position was attacked by the hostile French troops. Further, that the said Salvini, who was subsequently promoted Corporal, continued to serve throughout the siege of Rome, both in the ranks of the Guard and in the construction and defense of barricades, during the whole time of

that memorable siege, and that throughout this time he conducted himself as a warm patriot and a brave soldier. In testimony whereof I hand to him the present certificate.

GIUSEPPE AVEZZANA,
General, ex-Minister of War and of Marine.

I recommend to my friend Avezzana our comrade Salvini.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

GLIMPSES OF GARIBALDI.

AFTER the check of April 30, the French wanted their revenge, and since they had discovered that our bullets were not made of butter, and that Italians could fight, two things which they would never have believed, they resolved upon a new expedition, this time of 34,000 men, and with a full siege-train. During the truce we gave up 300 prisoners, whom the kind-hearted Italians sent over to the enemy's camp with their pockets full of cigars and their stomachs of wine, since they swore that they had come in ignorance of the state of affairs, and that they would never again bear arms against us. When they left us, they shouted, "*Vive la République Romaine!*" But when our republic had fallen, we recognized some of them in the hostile ranks which marched into Rome, with arms in their hands, and the exultation of conquerors on their faces. Our forces dwindled from day to day, and we could not fill the places of the killed and wounded, and of the sick. One day there would be a brush on the Pincio, the next before the Porta Portese, but more often there would be fighting at the Porta San Pancrazio, where I had opportunity to become familiar with the cannon's roar, with the whistling of conical balls, and with the sight of dead and dying, and of mutilation. Behind the stretch of wall which we defended there was a house with a balcony, in which house Garibaldi would often show himself at a garret window to study the movements of the enemy with his field-glass. The front of this house was riddled with French balls, but by a happy fortune none of them ever struck the general, though a young Lombard named Tedeschini, a friend of mine, was hit in the eye by a projectile, and fell from the balcony to the ground. When Garibaldi came out of the house, he saw the poor fellow lying there in his blood, and said, "I told him that this would happen." In point of fact, a short time before, he had warned him from his high window of the risk he was running by imprudently exposing his head in a place where he had no cover.

Another day, hearing angry voices at the Porta San Pancrazio, I descended from the gallery where I was posted to see what the trouble

was, and I arrived in time to hear a sharp discussion between Garibaldi and Masina. Garibaldi ordered Masina to take his "Knights of Death" and seize the Vascello Casino. Masina observed to the general that there were over 500 French soldiers in that building, and that it was an impossibility for cavalry to dislodge them. Garibaldi retorted:

"If you don't want to go there, I will go."

"No, general," said Masina; "I am going."

He gave the command to his men, but only thirteen mounted their horses to follow him. The San Pancrazio gate was thrown open, and a fruitless hail of balls preceded the sortie of the knights, who charged forth on a full run along the highway toward the Vascello, which was a musket-shot away. In their headlong charge one man fell, pierced by a bullet, but his horse ran on with the others, who rode up the ramp, and in on the lower floor of the Casino. In a moment we heard a repeated and prolonged discharge within, and we saw three of those heroes ride out, and these fortunately regained the gate of Rome unharmed. Masina was not one of them. That must surely have been a very sad day for Garibaldi.

Under the protection of a ditch and a thick hedge along the highway, we advanced from the small postern, under the fire of the French, to retake the bodies and carry them back to Rome. We succeeded, not without difficulty and danger, and were warmly praised by our fellows in arms. Masina's body was unrecognizable, for the French, seeking to prevent us from getting possession of it, had concentrated their fire on his head as he lay a corpse.

THE FALL OF ROME.

THE solution of the glorious drama was near. The trenches and rifle-pits planned by the French chief of engineers, Le Vaillant, were completed, the siege-ordnance was placed in position, and shells rained on Rome regularly every five minutes, day and night. Yet the republicans would not capitulate. It was a heroic protest rather than a defense. We all knew that we could not hold out against forces so overwhelming, but we knew too that there were in Italy generous hearts full of revolt against the yoke of despotism and tyranny. The French made seven breaches in the walls, with the view of securing possession of the heights, and these they occupied by night, with the aid of traitors, but not without an obstinate and heroic resistance. The republic fell, but not the republicans. As soon as the French had secured possession of a few important strategic points in the city, Garibaldi marched out of the gate of St. John with a

few hundred men; many others left Rome singly, and still more withdrew quietly to their own houses, filled with anxiety for the future. A military proclamation was issued, commanding all persons to retire to their lodgings at the firing of a gun every evening at nine o'clock. Numerous patrols passed through the streets after that hour. I, with Missori (who was afterward colonel with Garibaldi, whose life he saved at Calata Fimi), the professor of music Dall' Agata, and others who lived in the same house, used to mock the French patrols, as they passed under our windows, by imitating the cock's crow at them. After a few days it occurred to me that I might be exposed to some annoyance after the reestablishment of ecclesiastical rule, and I determined to leave Rome for a time, giving as a pretext my desire to see my relatives, as well as a certain pretty girl to whom I had been attentive for some time. Accordingly I set out from Rome, and embarked at Civita Vecchia on the steamer *Il Corriere Corso* with many emigrants of my acquaintance, among them Aurelio Saffi, Saliceti, Dall' Ongaro, and Sala of Milan. When the steamer put in at Leghorn, where we were to land, the restored government of the Grand Duke refused to receive us, and despatched us on to Genoa. There we found in the port the steamer *Lombardo*, which had taken a large number of the politically compromised, among them Prince Canino Bonaparte, who had been vice-president of the Roman assembly. Our ship was promptly surrounded, like the other, by gun-boats; and after lying there three days, we were taken to the Lazaretto della Foce. To those of us who could afford to pay was assigned a room with straw beds on the floor; but the greater number were forced to remain in the corridors of the establishment. I was in a room with my friends.

An aunt of mine, who was at Genoa, begged my liberty of General La Marmora, who was then commandant of the place, and I was thus able to leave prison sooner than the rest. I was impatient to get to Florence, and I presented myself with my passport to the Tuscan consul, to obtain the necessary *visa*, and then hurried on board of a packet which was just sailing for Leghorn. That night the gods had a famous battle among themselves. It thundered, it lightened, terrific bolts flashed down from the heavens, and the wind piled up the waves in mountains, up which we crawled only to fall into the abyss beyond. It seemed as if our nutshell of a steamer must go to pieces at any moment. A gruesome noise arose from the dashing about of furniture, the crashing of dishes, bottles, and glasses, the groaning of the timbers, the shrieks of some of the women, and

the crying of terrified children. The cabin doors were fastened, but I stayed on deck to enjoy this grand spectacle of nature; I was obliged for safety to have myself secured to a mast, or I should have been washed overboard by the waves, which broke on deck without intermission. In the midst of the disturbance I fell asleep, and at dawn I was not sorry to find myself in sight of Leghorn—but in what a state! I was drenched by the sea and the steady downpour; I was literally swimming in my boots, and I had to go to my stateroom and change my clothes from head to foot.

IN PRISON.

UPON landing at Leghorn, my first care was to go to the police bureau for my passport, which I had had to give to the purser of the steamer before sailing from Genoa. The chief of police put an infinity of questions to me, and I gave him straightforward answers, the result of which was that I was conducted between two gendarmes to the Lazaretto of St. Leopold, which was at that time set aside for the detention of political prisoners. I was put into a large cell with several young men of Leghorn whom I knew to be of advanced opinions, and with a supply of cigars and some bottles of good wine we spent three days without incident. On the fourth day I was notified that as my domicile was in Florence, I must proceed to that city. Two new guardian angels bore me company in a coach to the railway-station, and were civil enough to spare me the mortification of appearing to be under arrest by sitting at some distance from me in the compartment, though they were careful not to take their eyes off me. At Florence another coach was in waiting, and set me down at the office of the Commissary of the quarter of San Marco. It was dinner-time, and all the officials were out. While I was waiting I discovered a sergeant, an ex-dramatic artist, whom I knew, and I begged him to inform my uncle of my arrival in Florence as a prisoner. After a time the officer in charge came in, and, learning that I was domiciled in the Santo Spirito quarter, he sent me on to the Commissary of that subdivision of the city. This personage said, with a most impudent and offensive manner, "You look like a very suspicious character." "You don't mean to say so," said I; "that shows that appearances are deceptive, for, on the contrary, I am the most amiable young man in the world." This flighty jack-in-office proceeded to put me through such a tiresome maze of questions that I thought he would end by asking me the name of the priest who baptized me, or that of the barber who gave me my first shave. Just as at Leghorn, the result of all this prying

and inquisitorial insinuation was an order to take me to prison.

After five days my uncle came and announced to me that I was at liberty, but under the condition that I should leave Florence at once. My director, Domeniconi, had obtained permission to resume his representations, and wrote me to return to Rome at once, and that he would see to it that I should have nothing to fear from the pontifical police.

BACK IN ROME.

BUT what a Rome it was to which I came back! It was black, barren, lugubrious; characterized especially by the red of the French trousers, and the black of priests' vestments. The few citizens whom one met in the streets looked so sad that one's heart yearned for them. Those days were gone when all was life; when the cheerful colors of the nation adorned the streets, the palaces, the houses, and even the sunlight seemed brighter for their presence. Where were all those merry faces, full of hope, eager for glory and for liberty? Where was that sentiment of kinship and of equality which made one say when he met a youth, "He is my brother!" and inspired a filial feeling to every elderly man? The air had become heavy, the walls gloomy, the people melancholy; if we met a French soldier, we said, "There is an oppressor"; if a priest, "There is an enemy of our country." Unhappy Rome! Unhappy Italy! And with those two exclamations I turned back to art, the one resource which lay open to my bruised spirit, and to art I dedicated myself without reserve. I understood perfectly that the priestly government looked upon me with an evil eye, and I thought it prudent to hold myself in complete isolation—all the more so after I had met Monsignor Matteucci, governor of Rome, escorted by police agents in disguise, and he had said to me as he passed, "Prudence, my young fellow!" I well understood the covert threat, and I spent every hour that the theater did not require of me in reading and studying in my rooms.

Doubtless it would not be possible for me now to remember how much and what I read during the two years that I continued after this with the Roman company. I was by nature more inclined to poetry than to prose, and I gave most of my time to the perusal of the classics in poetry and the drama. Homer, Ossian, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch—the sovereign poets—were my favorites; Metastasio, Alfieri, Goldoni, Nota, Kotzebue, Areltoni, ranked next; and after these my preference was given to the foreign authors—Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Corneille, Racine, Molière. For the *bonne bouche* I reserved

Ugo Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni, Monti, and Niccolini.

By familiarizing myself with these great writers I formed a fund of information which was of the greatest assistance to me in the pursuit of my profession. I made comparisons between the heroes of ancient Greece and those of Celtic races; I paralleled the great men of Rome with those of the middle ages; and I studied their characters, their passions, their manners, their tendencies, to such purpose that when I had occasion to impersonate one of those types I was able to study it in its native atmosphere. I sought to live with my personage, and then to represent him as my imagination pictured him. The nice decision as to whether I was always right must rest with the public. It is very certain that to accomplish anything in art requires assiduous application, unwearyed study, continuous observation, and, in addition to all that, natural aptitude. Many artists who have ability, erudition, and perseverance will nevertheless sometimes fall short of their ideal. It may happen that they lack the physical qualities demanded by the part, or that the voice cannot bend itself to certain modulations, or that the personality is incompatible with the character represented.

ABSRDITIES OF THE CENSORSHIP.

OUR company reopened, then, at the Teatro Valle of Rome, and took the name of that city. The laws of political and ecclesiastical censure had come again into force, and we actors had to contend with very serious difficulties in observing the innumerable erasures and the ridiculous substitutions which the censors made in our lines. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna," "angel," "saint," "pontiff," "purple," "monsignor," "priest" were forbidden. "Religion," "republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot" were equally in the Index. The colors green, white, and red were prohibited; yellow and black and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of those colors prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress, another who wore red ribbons must not come near her. If we transgressed we were not punished with simple warnings, but with so many days of arrest, and with fines which varied in amount according to the gravity of the offense. I remember well that one night when I played the *Captain* in Goldoni's "Sposa Sagace" I was fined ten scudi for wearing a blue uniform with red facings and white ornaments, for the excellent reason that the blue looked green by artificial light.

Another time our leading actress was play-

ing *Marie Stuart*, and had to receive the dying *David Rizzio* in her arms, and to kiss him on the forehead just as he drew his last breath. I had to pay twenty scudi for the kiss I had received without being aware of it! The priests plainly knew their own minds, and they did not falter in chastising the erring. The reader can well imagine the effect upon art of all this interference, and annoyance, and torment. Art, indeed, was treated as a culprit. Nevertheless, the public continued to fill our house, to applaud, and to be entertained; and it had them a much truer feeling for artistic beauty than it has to-day. The artists, too, were then animated in the highest degree with the honor that should be paid to a profession which, whatever else may be said of it, is eminently instructive and improving.

HOW THE AUTHOR STUDIED HIS ART.

THE parts in which I won the most sympathy from the Italian public were those of *Oreste* in the tragedy of that name, *Egisto* in "Merope," *Romeo* in "Giulietta e Romeo," *Paolo* in "Francesca da Rimini," *Rinaldo* in "Pia di Tolomei," *Lord Bonfield* in "Pamela," *Domingo* in the "Suonatrice d'Arpa," and *Gian Galeazzo* in "Lodovico il Moro." In all these my success was more pronounced than in other parts, and I received flattering marks of approval. I did not reflect, at that time, of how great assistance to me it was to be constantly surrounded by first-rate artists; but I soon came to feel that an atmosphere untainted by poisonous microbes promotes unoppressed respiration, and that in such an atmosphere soul and body maintain themselves healthy and vigorous. I observed frequently in the "scratch" companies which played in the theaters of second rank young men and women who showed very notable artistic aptitude, but who, for lack of cultivation and guidance, ran to extravagance, over-emphasis, and exaggeration. Up to that time, while I had a clear appreciation of the reasons for recognizing defects in others, I did not know how to correct my own; on the other hand, I recognized that the applause accorded me was intended as an encouragement more than as a tribute which I had earned. From a youth of pleasing qualities (for the moment I quell my modesty), with good features, full of fire and enthusiasm, with a harmonious and powerful voice, and with good intellectual faculties, the public deemed that an artist should develop who would distinguish himself, and perhaps attain eminence in the records of Italian art; and for this reason it sought to encourage me, and to apply the spur to my pride by manifesting its feeling of sympathy. By good fortune, I had enough conscience and

good sense to receive this homage at its just value. I felt the need of studying, not books alone, but men and things, vice and virtue, love and hate, humility and haughtiness, gentleness and cruelty, folly and wisdom, poverty and opulence, avarice and lavishness, long-suffering and vengeance—in short, all the passions for good and evil which have root in human nature. I needed to study out the manner of rendering these passions in accordance with the race of the men in whom they were exhibited, in accordance with their special customs, principles, and education; I needed to form a conception of the movement, the manner, the expressions of face and voice characteristic of all these cases; I must learn by intuition to grasp the characters of fiction, and by study to reproduce those of history with semblance of truth, seeking to give to every one a personality distinct from every other. In fine, I must become capable of identifying myself with one or another personage to such an extent as to lead the audience into the illusion that the real personage, and not a copy, is before them. It would then remain to learn the mechanism of my art; that is, to choose the salient points and to bring them out, to calculate the effects and keep them in proportion with the unfolding of the plot, to avoid monotony in intonation and repetition in accentuation, to insure precision and distinctness in pronunciation, the proper distribution of respiration, and incisiveness of delivery. I must study; study again; study always. It was not an easy thing to put these precepts in practice. Very often I forgot them, carried away by excitement, or by the superabundance of my vocal powers; indeed, until I had reached an age of calmer reflection I was never able to get my artistic chronometer perfectly regulated; it would always gain a few minutes every twenty-four hours.

In the spring of 1851 Ristori entered the Royal Company of Turin, while I remained with Domeniconi that year and until the beginning of 1853. During those two years our leading lady was Amalia Fumagalli, a pains-taking actress, whose comic face and inelegant figure were drawbacks to her,—compensated, however, by a sweet voice, a most moving rendering of emotion, a dexterity that was beyond belief, and a most uncommon degree of artistic intuition. If Amalia Fumagalli had been beautiful, she would undoubtedly have rivaled the best actresses of the day, and particularly so in comedy. In many parts she certainly ranked first; and especially in Scribe's "Valérie," in "Birichino di Parigi," and in "Maria Giovanna" she was inimitable. Debarred as she was by Nature from that gift which for a woman has most charm, she had the power to win the esteem and affection of the Italian public.

RACHEL.

AT this time I had the fortune to be present at a few representations given by Rachel at the Teatro Metastasio in Rome. Her name had been preceded by her fame, a thing which is sometimes of assistance to an artist, while it increases greatly his responsibility, and as often is positively harmful. But this was not so with Rachel. What can I say of that incomparable French actress? She was the very quintessence of the art of Roscius; to render due praise to her qualities of mind, as well as to those of face and form, it would be necessary to coin new epithets in the Italian tongue. Expression, attitude, the mobile restraint of her features, grace, dignity, affection, passion, majesty—all in her was nature itself. Her eyes, like two black carbuncles, and her magnificent raven hair, added splendor to a face full of life and feeling. When she was silent she seemed almost more eloquent than when she spoke. Her voice, at once sympathetic, harmonious, and full of variety, expressed the various passions with correct intonation and exemplary measure. Her motions were always statuesque, and never seemed studied. If Rachel had been able to free herself in her delivery from the cadence traditional in the Conservatoire, where she had studied,—a cadence which, it is true, cropped out but rarely,—she would, in my be-

lief, have been perfect. She was the very incarnation of Tragedy. The monotony of the rhyming Alexandrine verses was not suitable to her gifts; she should not have been compelled to speak an impoverished, nasal, uneven, unmelodious language like the French, but the sonorous measures of ancient Greece and Rome.

Was it in her nature or in her art? Both were so completely harmonized in her by genius as to form a new Melpomene. France, who most laudably pays honor to her distinguished children, should not have shared in the unjust war made upon Rachel by certain authors and journalists under the contemptible promptings of spite and ill temper, by leaving that luminous star unheeded, to quench itself by inches in languor and melancholy. Her merit was so supreme that we can well pardon some slight defects in her character—defects which were, perhaps, due to the malady which was secretly preying upon her; and both as a woman, and as one who was a real honor to her country, she had the right to expect more indulgence and higher regard from the proverbial equity and courtesy of the French people. The thought that she was disliked by her compatriots exacerbated the disease which brought her to the grave. Poor Rachel! May the compassion of an Italian artist reach you in your eternal abiding-place!

Tommaso Salvini.

THE PROFESSOR'S ABERRATION.



E always was a good boy, said his mother.

She began saying it when he was so small that the parlor chair held his slim legs out stiff before him. In those days, to hear it made his eyelids fall and his cheeks glow; and then she would smile, and say in her heart, "He looks just like an angel!"

At school he was a wonder, said his teachers.

From the first he gave himself into their hands, with a facile memory which they took for dawning genius. The sight of his unruffled hair and clear eyes was as restful to them as his report-book. And when, at June exhibitions, he mounted the platform, the townspeople said, "He will make a great man, that boy of the Widow Wright."

All this set him apart from other boys. Better, he liked girls; in particular, pretty Matilda Robbins over the way, who fell in love with him when they were school-children. Later, while he was leading his college class with a

perfect record, and from Shakspere and Tennyson, Shelley and Keats, an ideal arose before him,—delicious melancholy, that last happiness of youth, darkened his eyes in thinking of Matilda.

After college he accepted the Latin professorship in the academy, and came home to his little mother. The puffs of hair around her face were white now, and her smile was deep in wrinkles. She still pattered about the house, with her skirts caught up, peeping in at doors to espouse the vagaries of floor-rugs and tidies. But mostly she sat knitting at the window, and kept pace, so, with the times, and saw the world; while the care and the desire of life simmered into one gentle hope.

"La! Gilbert, what *are* you waiting for?" she would appeal to her son. "When you might have the pick of the town to-day!"

"It is so difficult to make a selection," ran the burden of his answer.

She could not deny it. Instead, she would lift her eyes to the curtains of Matilda's maiden

chamber, and Matilda would be duly over to tea—in a tremor when the Professor gazed pensively upon her.

They were drinking tea together one late September evening. The table had a festal gleam in the yellow light. But on the hostess's cheek was the red of withered roses.

"I don't see as I shall ever get used to this new cook of mine," she sighed. "And there is her great, long, tagging name—E-liz-a-beth!"

"Shorten it, mother," suggested the Professor, leaning toward her his delicate, shaven face, with the small mouth held straitly like Perugino's Saint Michael. "Make it Betty—or Bess."

"No, Gilbert; she isn't that kind. No; she is one you can't take liberties with. But I am glad of her, anyhow—a nice, respectable farmer's daughter. Town trash shall never come into my kitchen; and so I said, the first thing, when Ann told me she was going West to her folks."

Then they withdrew to the back parlor, and Matilda carefully played some of the music she had learned, and sang old songs in a thin voice. At ten o'clock the Professor saw her home.

It was a sparkling night. The frosty air seemed to breathe upon the stars and to brighten them. Erect above the garden hemlock stood the young moon. Those other moons, the electric lights, glowed down the archway of the elms, and, stealing from shuttered houses and empty walks a trick of life, evoked a wonder-world of shadows. The Professor came back noting faithfully, pronouncing it very good.

He was closing a window, when suddenly, near at hand, arose a singing like joy brimmed over. Then, seated on the kitchen steps, with her arms about her knees and her head tilted back, he saw the new maid.

In his dreams the Professor met again that figure, as of an ample-bosomed, full-throated Greek goddess—so that his first morning thought was, "What a pity to see her by daylight!" But his mind changed when he came face to face with the tall, rosy young woman who smiled and said, "*Good morning, sir.*"

"Good morning, Elizabeth. Last night I heard you singing," he added graciously. "I am glad you feel contented here."

"And was n't it a party night, sir!" she exclaimed in her rich, caressing Irish voice.

What did Chaucer write about gray eyes? After his habit of taking life as a commentary upon the poets, the Professor that evening looked up the passage while his mother dozed and the clock was loud:

"Hire nose streight; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smal, and thereto softe and reed;
But sikurly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For hardily sche was not undeugrowe."

He smiled—the complaisant smile of a man met in his humor.

"La! Gilbert," quoth his mother, rousing brisk from her nap, "if you are not too busy—Gilbert, that girl *does* worry me! She is a nice girl. For a Catholic, she is wonderful! But she is so reckless. Here, this change in the weather is enough to give us all our death. But she sits right down on the grass. And she runs out without a thing on her head, or anything around her. And when it is wet, she does n't wait for rubbers or umbrella." Gilbert, could n't you speak to her?"

"Certainly, mother; now, if you say so."

As he opened the kitchen door there issued a whiff of fragrance like the breath of harvest fields. Then, in a dazzle of lamplight and fire-glow and shimmering tins, he beheld Elizabeth, hair and lashes quaintly powdered as she kneaded her dough. At the sight a new sense stirred in the Professor—a sense of glad-some household life.

"My mother worries about you," he gravely began. "She thinks you careless of your health."

"Sure, sir? Indeed, I'd no mind to worry the mistress. And that's a pity."

"She says you go out in the rain without an umbrella."

"Why, so I do, sir. It's because I love the rain. Don't you, sir? When it comes cool against your cheek? and sharp, just like a wee bit of a lash? But I'll remember."

"You do not wrap up sufficiently, either. There is much illness, the doctors say; and any imprudence may result in pleurisy, or pneumonia, or—"

"Me, sir? To have all those? Why, I've never been sick in me life!" she cried, and broke into mellow laughter. "Sure, you forget, sir." And now she fell to shaking down the white meal in a cloud, her vigorous young arms dimpling at the elbow. "I'm no fine lady. 'Tis the way I was brought up, you see. For father, when he came straight off the farm in the old country, and he and mother had to live in the terrible streets, why, his heart was broke at sight of his baby in the foulness. And when he could buy a bit of land, 'Now my girl shall live in God Almighty's world!' says he. Rain or wind or sun, he would have me out. So it was father's doing—at first."

"How was it afterward?"

In that sensuous content where memories come and are sweet, the Professor was seeing the small urchin that was himself perched upon a corner of the same table, watching his mother at the same work.

"Well, sir, I suppose some things it's easier making than unmaking," she said demurely; "for when I'd raced until I was a tall slip of a

thing, and the time was come for schooling, why, it brought the tears to see the blue hills a-peeping in and I fast at the desk. So that I could n't make much of me book. And the teacher—she was a thin little woman—called me a dunce. That angered father. 'Me girl's no dunce,' he told her. 'But before I'll have her soured into a mean little nubbin of a green apple, I'll put her out in the fields again to grow!' For father," she added with deprecation, when they had laughed together, "if he's angered, *has* a fling to his tongue, 't is true."

"And did your school-days end so?"

"Yes, sir. Not that I'd no more teaching. Father taught me nights, besides reading to mother and me many fine stories and verses. But I'm no scholar meself. I like outdoor things best, and real people."

The loaves were molded now, and she was only lavishing upon them the artist's touches of sheer pleasure. Still he lingered.

"Then you enjoyed the people there as well as the country?"

Some profound feeling weighed her eyelids down, and moved her lips to sweeter curves, before she answered:

"They'd be poor bits of pleasure, after all, would n't they, sir? and the days but lone-some—the best of them—without the friendly faces?"

His "Good night, Elizabeth," fell softly, and his step, as he went away. Howbeit, later, there issued from his room sounds new to his mother and to the old house—sounds of hilarious whistling.

It was October, in the thirtieth year of the Professor's life, when he first noticed in full the tragedy of the leaves.

Each morning his eyes, when they opened, turned to the small shadows that dipped down his window-shades. Thenceforward, through the hours, he was oddly conscious of leaves brightening, fading, falling. On still, burnished days, like a child he tracked them down aerial paths. In a breeze he harkened, idle, as they flew. When a gale swung the branches in half-circles, he watched the yellow and crimson thicken in the air and on the ground. And he went out of his way, shuffling in the brown and crumpled masses, to catch the rustle and the heavy odors.

Often he stooped for a brilliant leaf. If, afterward, he chanced to meet Elizabeth, or tracked her by her singing, he gave it to her. It made him laugh to hear her, "'Tis the prettiest yet, sure, sir!" but if she pinned it in her gown he noticed that she was right.

Presently the boys began to rake the gardens, and heap the gutters, and kindle rival bonfires that empurpled the town and scented it like Araby. It brought him drunken moods. For

when the last sunshine gleamed along the tops of the river-hills, when the first stars pricked the sky, when a hush fell, and people became hurrying shadows, and early windows rayed into the dusk, such common things moved him to exaltation, to tenderness.

Only now he did not go to the poets. He had forgotten to keep tally of life. He surprised his mother by abandonment to laughter, by jests in parlor and kitchen, and bits of wagery; so that at night upon her knees she would be thinking: "If he had cut up such capers once upon a time, he would have worried me all but to death. But it can't matter much what he does now, thank the Lord!"

Till a keen night of frost. And, after it, a glittering morning, when, through the air which yet no wind stirred, everywhere, countless, ceaseless, fell radiant leaves, so that by afternoon the small city was covered; each street an aisle, golden above and below, down which people appeared transfigured; and throwing back his head, he perceived the tree-tops bared, fine, and tender; and straightway had the boy's rapturous forecast—of snowflakes, shrilling, hollow bells, shouts of children on the hilly streets, forgetting his own boyhood's winters that had been buried deeper under Greek and Latin than under snow.

His mother met him at the door.

"Gilbert, only think! It was just as I said it would be! Ann does n't like it West; as how could she, after thirty years of the home she had here. And, Gilbert, she is coming back! I have told Elizabeth, and she is satisfied, for her father is well, and they want her. She is a good girl, I will say; but she is n't Ann."

In the garden the ancient pear-tree held up its gaunt arms naked—an ugly sight. But when the Professor came into the house it seemed one he had not seen before; with dull rooms, and silly, abortive attempts at beauty in them. And yet—this thought came vivid while at supper his mother watched him like a frightened rabbit—his home but reported, as homes will, the lives within it; the two joyless and yet trivial lives, passing with monotonous days, one out of youth, one into second childhood.

Then, by an instinct already mutinous, and which no discipline can wholly quell, the Professor arose and went—into the kitchen.

And there, as he saw the untarnished light in the face of Elizabeth; as he caught the cadence in her sincere voice, saying, "Was n't it a heavenly day, Mr. Gilbert!" it was as though he beheld incarnate the simple joy his life had missed, and that instant riotously demanded.

And, for once beside himself, he spoke reckless, passionate words.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

"YOU'D BE ASHAMED OF IT."

ENGRAVED BY H. SAWYOR.

"Stop, Mr. Gilbert!"

He was so shaken that he sat down and waited for her. But when he saw her go on with her dish-washing, and understood her woman's shift to mean that nothing had really happened, therefore nothing need be said:

"What do you mean?" he demanded.
"That you do not believe me?"

Reluctant, twisting the dish-cloth in her moist, red hands, she turned to him.

"To be sure, Mr. Gilbert, sir! Though you might truly think it in an idle hour, sir. But you'd be ashamed of it the next one. What! *you*, sir? A great man like yourself, sir? Oh, never in all the world! Why, your mother, bless her heart, has told me, frequent, about everybody astonished from the beginning; and the professors and all foretelling the things you'd be bound to do. And now you're teaching the Latin! Dear me! And *me*, sir! Of myself not having the sense to perceive it at all. Though I lived ages, never to know nor care one word about the Latin. And, kind and friendly as I'd find you, that would only be in mortal dullness, if you'll excuse the word, for—for—some one like myself, sir: just the big heart that rightly knows but the one thing—to love me."

With that the face of Elizabeth was as if swept by a flame from throat to brow; and she fled to her suds. So that the voice of the Professor had to mount above a little rattle of dishes:

"Good night, Elizabeth."

In his chamber he sat down before the fire, laid his head back, and closed his eyes.

Thought, unsummoned and unguided, still ran on, but, as when one lapses into sleep, in shifting pictures. He was looking upon his love as though it were an exquisite and frail wild flower. It drooped. The air seemed sweet with a dying fragrance. On his lashes there were tears.

How beautiful she was! How shrewd, and yet how childlike! "And now you're teaching the Latin!" He meant to smile at that; but, instead, he frowned, and looked up in an involuntary search for a fresh impression.

A picture caught his eye—his college class; and mechanically he began the old roll-call: B——(on the staff of a great daily now). M——(famous preacher of the city). S——(rising jurist). They had all been behind him once. "And now you're teaching the Latin!" As though the devil were in the words, they thrust at him. The hot blood seethed into his face.

To-night, plainly, he could not think. It were wiser to sleep.

But when every leisurely preparation had been made, when the light was out, when he lay, straight and stiff, upon his bed, when the

coverlets were smooth to his chin, when his spirit was resigned, when his eyes were shut—they opened, and stared up at the ceiling, wide with an anguish that annihilated his first unhappiness as a mortal stab annihilates a flesh-wound.

And when, a soul in extremity, he invoked that divine Name to which he paid lifelong dues of tithes and rites and virtues, it was as though a shadow, formless, voiceless, passed, and was forgotten. And still his thoughts ran on: "When other men began their triumphs, you ended yours. When they learned to work, you learned to dawdle. '*And now you're teaching the Latin!*'—and courting the kitchen girl!"

He lay dumb, and suffered, waiting for day-light.

Nor was his waiting vain. For first, when he could see the shades of pictures on the walls, and of furniture and bric-à-brac, there came a sense of comradeship and of the past that heartened him like a cordial. When, presently, he was able to distinguish odds and ends of keepsakes and, chief among them, a school-girl miniature of Matilda with her hair in curls, the tension of his pale face relaxed in a smile. And when, at last, the backs of his books—school and college texts, and the world's classics in elegant array—were clear to read, it was as though old friends held out their hands and condoned his error.

Now, at peace again, he began to ask himself how he had made this mistake? Of habit, he turned to literature and history for an answer. And, as the strange and puzzling loves of poets, painters, the world's master-minds, occurred to him, he found himself viewing them with new insight, in the light of his own experience. The episode, with its unhappiness and humiliation, began to take on an impersonal character. Already it was become a fascinating psychological study, full of suggestive subtleties, of possibilities. His scholar's enthusiasm rose. The subject grew upon him. He saw himself working it out, collating the parallel facts, and holding the clue to their analysis. Inspired, he divined that this would be a valuable work, original, perhaps even great.

So that, after all, it was late when he went, fresh and trim, into the sitting-room. There, with his mother, was Matilda—as pretty as in the miniature.

SUCH was the origin of that scholarly monograph which has recently attracted so much favorable notice—"The Aberrations of Great Men."

Florence Watters Snedeker.

THE LUSTIGS.

I.



Twas from Mrs. Alleyn that I first heard of the Lustigs. Their name seemed a queer misnomer, for in English it would have been the "Gays."

I was a reporter then, doing general work for the "Even-

ing Sparkle." Mrs. Alleyn was a sick-nurse; and her work was almost as varied as mine, for she spent her days going briskly about in tenement houses, helping, supplementing, or replacing a doctor who cared for the outpatients of a woman's hospital. I made her acquaintance when a lineman named Moody was killed by the current, and hung sizzling on the wire, just in front of our office, long enough to be photographed in three positions. He had not been dead much more than an hour when the paper was on the street with my account and the pictures in it. The boss was delighted, though he did not say so, and sent me up to talk with the widow. My pride in having beaten the town was chilled a little when I saw her, for she began to cry at me, and did not seem to think a horrible death was made illustrious by being illustrated. Mrs. Alleyn was with her, getting her supper, and boldly sustained her attack, saying she had trouble enough, indeed, without the newspapers making it worse — twins a week old, three other children under five, and no one to help her to support them now Moody was gone. And Moody himself had been a trouble to her. Not that he drank, for a lineman had to keep his head good and steady; but he'd been ill for weeks with grippe and pneumonia, had lost his place, and waited a long time for another, and all their things had been pawned, and they'd had to come to rooms like these when they'd been used to better — and now, just as they were getting along again, here was Moody dead on her hands. It would be better all round, Mrs. Alleyn concluded, if the newspapers could help folks once in a while instead of tormenting them.

I assured her that they did, and especially one-cent papers. I told her the "Evening Sparkle" was distinctly the poor man's friend, and sometimes got up a subscription when

there were features in a case to give picturesque point to the appeal. I hinted that the editor might think the Moodys' case possessed such features, and she replied that no editor with a heart in his body could ask for worse than newborn twins whose pa had been fried to death. This remark had its due effect when repeated at the office; so I returned the next day with a camera, and, thanks to Mrs. Alleyn's help, we got a good picture of the twins which we printed at the head of a beautiful half-column story. At the end of a fortnight we had gathered \$431.75. Then we called a halt, and Mrs. Alleyn asked me what Mrs. Moody had better do with her fortune. It was finally invested in a scrap of a candy-shop near a public school; and there all six Moodys are now modestly flourishing.

Thus Mrs. Alleyn and I felt bound together by that pleasing chain, a good deed accomplished. If by chance we met, I always asked her what interesting cases she had in hand, and she always told me at length; for if there was one thing she liked better than washing dirty babies, it was describing the vagaries of their parents. One day when she had not had time to go home for dinner, I found her in a shabby little restaurant, and, with a brown bag that she called her "widow's cruse" on a chair between us, listened to her tales of the curiously afflicted.

First I heard about a woman who was dying of a cancer. She had lain in bed for months, now having terrible spasms of pain, and now trying to think how pleasant it was to lie in bed and not have spasms, but "fretting" all the while. Her daughter was to be confirmed, and there was no money to buy a white dress. If it were not bought, the Sisters would lend it; but then it would have to be taken off before leaving the church, and thus the bitter extreme of poverty would be confessed. So she had fretted, and so Mrs. Alleyn had bestirred herself, and had begged a white dress from one of the ladies who came to the hospital; and the woman had just told her it was three whole weeks since she had had a spasm at all.

"And you need n't laugh," protested the nurse, "for anything earthly that stops a sick creature from fretting will stop spasms and lots of things besides. There's more than one sort of mind-cure, and the doctors says nobody would quarrel with Christian Science if it always

went to work like I did with that white dress. 'T ain't so easy, though, to mind-cure Mrs. Lustig. 'T ain't white dresses that 'll stop *her* fretting, and she's going to die, and will just have to go on fretting till she does die."

Mrs. Lustig, I then discovered, was an Irish-American, and a good respectable soul, who had worked hard till she could work no longer. Lustig was a German, and a brute. He earned fifteen dollars a week at brass-finishing, and gave his wife about three, spending the rest on beer, and dividing much lingual and manual abuse between her and a ten-year-old Jimmie. Of course there was a new baby, too.

"And there she is in her bed," said Mrs. Alleyn, always doubly energetic when the troubles she described were caused by a husband's beer; "there she is with no clothes for the baby, and not half enough food for herself and the boy, and never a decent word from that hateful man,—that's just what he is, *hateful*,—and dying of consumption, and if you could see that baby wrapped in an old blue table-cover, you'd have to laugh, but you'd wonder why women were made. And of course she thinks the baby real beautiful, though it's the poor skin-and-boniest little fright I ever saw in all the babies I *have* seen. Those Moody twins were red apples compared to it. And she's real nice to Lustig when he comes in, and takes the bit he gives her when he's eaten enough, and keeps most of it for Jimmie, who don't like to come home when his pa's around; and she would keep it, of course, even if she could swallow it herself."

"But who cooks for a man," said I, "when his wife can't move?"

"Oh, Lustig can cook real good, and he might do real well for her when he comes home, only he's that cross and greedy he buys what he likes himself,—it was brains to-day—*brains*—nice stuff for her,—and he won't fling her a bit till he's had all he wants, and then there ain't many bits left. He does up the rooms, though, now she can't stir. I'll say that for Lustig: he drinks, and he's a brute, but he's clean. He really *is* clean. If the devil was dirt he'd hate *him*. He's pretty drunk when he lets things mess round all day. But gracious! Drinking ain't the worst of him, nor scolding and cursing. She says she could stand all that if he did n't carry on so."

"I suppose you mean by that—"

"Running after a girl. He's a little chap, but he's real good-looking, and I guess he can be real pleasant when 't is n't his wife. He don't give *me* any of his sass, and he went out like a lamb to-day when I told him he'd go to hell just as sure for the way he treated that poor miserable creature. She says he's got a girl he runs after all the time, and that's what makes

him so bad to *her*. And she freis, and frets, and *frets*, and says she wishes she was dead, and then says she ain't going to die just because Lustig would like her to. But when he comes in, she's just as nice and palavery asshe can be. I never heard her give him a hard word yet, though she's heard *me*."

"She must be an angel," said I.

"Not a bit of an angel," said Mrs. Alleyn, "though she *is* good. She's in love with the man, and the worse he treats her, the worse in love she gets. And she's starving right along, and I can't even leave her any food. He'd eat it all up. I just make her a cup of Liebig and give her some crackers while I'm there. I can't waste things by leaving them around for him. There's too many others that need them. I did leave her a bottle of ale the other day; she gets awfully faint in the night, and I'm not so dead against beer that I can't see when it's what a poor thing needs. It's safe for her. She has n't got time enough ahead of her to take to drinking. She hid the bottle under the bed, and when Lustig was asleep Jimmie crawled out and gave her some; and it's mighty lucky Lustig did n't catch them at it."

II.

A FEW days later a big bundle came to the office, filled with baby-clothes and carefully labeled, "Please send to some *deserving* poor person." I remembered Mrs. Lustig's baby and the table-cloth, and told the city editor about them; and he bade me take the things up to the mother, see them put on the infant, and make something out of it if I could.

I knew where to go, for Mrs. Alleyn had said it was the same house on Fifth street where the Moody twins were born. It was not a bad specimen of its class. Of course the stairs were as dark as ink, and there were pails on them here and there. But, as the nurse remarked, you could keep your hand on the baluster—it was n't so dirty that you had to feel along by the posts instead. The rooms were not so big as the Moody rooms, but they were cleaner, thanks to Mr. Lustig's one commendable trait. They were back rooms, but high up, so they gave a fine prospect of clothes-line, and even of blue sky. This prospect Mrs. Lustig could enjoy through the outer room from the dark little inner one where she lay, and also the sight of two peacock-feathers in a bottle, standing on a rickety bureau. The baby looked to me just like all its kind, except for the table-cloth. But the woman had individuality. She was not as clean as the rooms, but her hair was neatly braided in two long tails, and tied with bits of red ribbon. Mrs. Moody's hair had been tousled, so,

in spite of her crying, I dare say she had not been much in love with the lineman.

It was easy to see that Mrs. Lustig had come down in the world from a station above the tenement, that she had once been handsome, and that the parent who had not been Irish must have been a New Englander. The rough speech of the East Side had not destroyed the fine, tense line of her mouth, born for proprieties of Puritan thought and utterance; her gray eyes were as cold as bits of granite till talk of her troubles brought an Irish spark into them; and her self-respect was not altogether gone after so many years of forced abasement and willing self-abasement. She was glad of the clothes, but of course not volubly glad—transports cannot be expected where the habit of pleasure has been long outlived. She said that she was "real glad" to have the things, and that I was "real good" to bring them; and then she held her peace.

But my living was gained by the art of seductive inquiry, and I soon had her conversing as freely as a man being interviewed with promise of commercial gain. She told me all about everything, except that she was in love with her husband still; and I think I might have divined this even without Mrs. Alleyn's leading. He had a girl, she said (Miss Freund was her name), and more shame to him; and more shame to her, too, for she had real respectable folks, and got good pay for trying on cloaks in a big Grand street store; she might look for better than Lustig even if he had n't been married. He neglected his work to walk home from the store with her, and he tramped round with her evenings, and took her to picnics and to places to see things. And he would n't give *her* a dollar to buy shoes for Jimmie, and with fifteen dollars a week she had n't ought to have to get charity-clothes for the baby. But the material griefs, clearly enough, were not the worst to Mrs. Lustig. It was the girl she minded most, the "young hussy"—only her term was somewhat stronger.

Though human nature is the same on Fifth street and Fifth Avenue, vocabularies differ, and so, I found, may expedients in cases of domestic trouble.

"I don't see how you can know all this," I said, "for I don't suppose your husband tells you. And I don't believe it. Some one has been trying to make trouble between you."

"Not much he does n't tell me," she replied; "but I know it all right. I get him watched."

"Whom can you get to watch him?" I asked.

"Jimmie," she answered.

Then she started on another tack, and told

me how hard she had worked, and a grim sort of humor—Yankee, not Irish—came out through her pitiful words. She had washed and ironed as long as she could stand, and had sewed as long as she could sit up and see, and there had been three babies born and buried between Jimmie's birth and this one's. She had done odd jobs for sick neighbors, helped in cluttered shops when business pressed on Saturday afternoons, served an evening newspaper route when she had to crawl out of bed to do it, and now and then "tended wardrobe" when there was a ball in some stifling dance-house. But Lustig had said the dance-house was not respectable; what *he* thought respectable was to go without eating when your man drank up all the money.

"But, Lord!" she said, sitting up in bed, with a laugh, "once, when he was sick, did n't he say he could n't eat anything unless it was grapes? And I had n't a cent, and he knew it, but he had to have the grapes. And did n't I walk up-town and ring at the ary-bell of a big house, and ask whether any of the girls wanted a letter written? I lived out myself before I married him, so I suppose that was how I came to think of it. One of them did want a letter, and I wrote it for her—a love-letter, and that made me laugh thinking about why I was writing it. Of course I never told *him* nothing about where I got the quarter for his grapes. He'd have thought I could go into the business for good. But it was n't a business, only a stroke of luck. I tried it again, and had n't any luck, and it was n't long that I could walk so far. Now I can't do a hand's-turn at anything, and Jimmie just runs wild, and I can't stop him. But Lustig's real good about cleaning up, and if he does jaw about the baby, he must like her, for he does n't throw things at me now. He would n't be a bad man at all if it was n't for drinking and going about with that girl. There's lots worse husbands than Lustig, and a man can't help it if he's born to drink. I'm not blaming him, and I'm not blaming myself. Bad luck's bad luck, and you've just got to stand it." But then, poor thing, she would forget her pride in a moment, and the Irish strain would come out in moaning complaints of her needs, and her cough, and her back, of Lustig, and of the girl—always the girl, the girl.

She was a big, handsome girl, I learned, else she would not be trying on cloaks; and it was all her fault, bedeviling Lustig, and telling him, most likely, that he ought not to stick at home with a sick wife instead of getting a bit of fun after working so hard; and Mrs. Lustig would like to hear she was dead, but *that* would not do any good, for there were plenty more girls in the world—they were as easy to find

as beer, and whatever a man like Lustig liked he was bound to get. But all the same this one must be worse than the most of them, else she would not have got hold of a handsome fellow who knew he had a good wife and as smart a boy as ever you could find in New York, and was a good worker when he was let alone and not bedeviled by a—hussy like that. He would get into trouble on her account, sure, for of course she had other fellows around; and he'd be put away on the Island, and where would his family be then?

I got pretty tired of listening after a while, but when I started to go she pulled me down in my chair and asked me if I would do something for her. Would I take the pawn-ticket she drew from under her pillow, and bring her back the treasure it represented? It was a stuffed white dove under a glass shade. It had stood on the bureau by the peacock-feathers, with a leaf in its beak, and she had liked to look at it "better than anything." Lustig had only got twenty cents for it, and she did think it had been more good to her than four beers could be to him when he had had more than enough already. She had never asked any one for money before—she was n't a beggar like some folks; but it was n't much, and would I? This I promised, of course, for I did not much mind the mental picture I drew of myself in the street with the dove. But when she asked me, furthermore, if I would go to see "the girl," and try to get her to stop bedeviling Lustig, then I distinctly said no, for I did object to the picture which this prayer suggested. I tried to make Mrs. Lustig see that such an interview could have no good result, but I am not sure that I succeeded.

III.

ON the door-step as I went out I perceived a ragged morsel of boyhood whom I divined to be Jimmie. To the name of Jimmie he replied, and then I was struck by the idea that he might as well carry home the dove. As he trotted along beside me he asked why I had been to see his mother, and when he learned my trade his tongue was unloosed in envy. Of course he never would have believed that I actually wrote anything. The editor-in-chief writes it all, from the jokes and advertisements down to the editorials, in the view of certain classes of our citizens. The glory of literature is his, and his alone. But the glory of seeing life is the reporter's in his search for food for the editorial pen. Is he not solid with "de cops"? Can he not go where he likes—with the lines at a fire, behind the big gratings in the Tombs, up the mayor's staircase, into the heart of the most beautiful fights, and into the saloon when the man who has had a fit in the street is pulled

beyond the door, and it is shut on the boys—can he not go anywhere where there is anything "ter see"? Would n't even the President have to tell him all he knows if he should claim an audience? All this Jimmie's artless conversation made plain, and he guessed he'd "like to be er newspaper feller well es most anythin'."

This led up to my asking him what he did in the mean time. "Not much," he confessed. "'T ain't no good tryin' ter do anythin' reg'-lar—sell papers er anythin'. Me father'd take all de boodle erway, an' lick me cos I did n't get more. He treats me mother real bad. Me mother's a real good lady, only she's sick; an' I would n't mind givin' me money ter her, an' I buys her apples and t'ings when I has any. But I can't wuk at nuthin' reg'-lar. I jest hang round and try ter pick up er cent er two—run errants fer de fellers, or help 'em sell papers, an' play it on me father dat I hain't got nothin'. Wunst er missis give me er dime fer runnin' after her wid er glove she dropped, an' der wuz er dude wunst give me er hafloller jest fer runnin' fer er keb when he'd squeeged his ankl er somethin' gettin' off er car. Dat wuz de most money I ever had to wunst in me life. But de best t'ing ter get it most times is de marbles."

"How can you make money at marbles?" I asked.

"Plays 'em fer keeps, an' der ain't nobody can play 'em like me; an' I wins de odder fellers' erway, an' den I sells 'em back ergen, or ter odder fellers. Las' week I made nineteen cents jest in two days," said Jimmie with honest pride.

When he got the dove in his arms his tongue started afresh.

"Holy Mike!" he exclaimed, "but me mother'll be glad! Don't care much fer ornements meself, but she does,—more'n fer most anythin',—an' she ain't got many. Up ter T'irty-fif' street, where we uster live, she had er nice chinny tea-set an' t'ings, an' er clock wid er gold dog on it w'at uster wiggle his tail ter make de wuks go; de tail was de penjulum, see? I uster go ter school den, an' I wuz a real good scholard; I wuz in de 3'rd reader, an' I knowed my multiplication tables, an' wuz a-goin' inter short dervision: but me father got ter drinkin' bad den, an' we come down here, an' I ain't got no clothes ter go ter school in now, an' I got ter look after me mother, cos der ain't nobody else ter, an' I got ter try ter make er cent er two, dough I can't wuk at nuthin' reg'-lar, an' de clock wid de dog—"

But having to earn my own cent or two, I parted from Jimmie and his dove in the midst of his breathless sentence. I got a little story out of the baby, the table-cloth, and the new

clothes; but I was so sorry for the mother that I could not put her in as effectively as she deserved.

IV.

SOME weeks after this visit I was early one Monday morning at the Essex Market police-court. There was promise of something amusing, I learned from the clerk, in a case that would be on—two Hebrew families having quarreled over a silk dress which had been borrowed for a ball and returned in a greatly damaged condition. But there was not much else in prospect except the usual results of Sunday's total abstinence; so, until the Jews should appear, I gave only a languid attention to the line of dazed inebriates monotonously getting ten days apiece, or being redeemed by the women who had come in for the purpose with greenbacks crumpled up in their pocket-handkerchiefs. These faithful souls were scattered along the back benches awaiting their turn. They were almost as much alike as the men at the bar, though some of them were crying, and some were giggling, as native temperament and relative wealth of experience prompted. One of them, however, was quite different from the rest. She looked too prosperous to belong to a Sunday drunk, and she could not be one of the quarrelsome Hebrews; yet, clearly, she was not one of those benevolent ladies who are sometimes seen in a court-room, saying a word in the judge's ear for the sake of a prisoner's wife. I could not make her out, and so I looked at her rather hard, and all the harder, I suppose, because she was young and very well worth contemplation. After a while she got up and edged toward me. She had been crying, I thought, and she was evidently confused by her surroundings. But she was of a sort to be all the jauntier for a little confusion, and I admired the way she put her hands into her coat-pockets as she spoke to me.

"See here, young man," she said, "can't you find out for me how long I've got to stay in this place? I came to look after a friend who got into trouble yesterday. It was n't his fault, and it's a big shame they brought him here. But the policeman said they would n't send him up if any one would pay his fine. So I've come, though I've never been in a place like this before, and no more has he."

"What's your friend's name?" I asked.

"Lustig," she said, "Fritz Lustig."

As I went to put her question to the clerk, I bethought me where I had heard that name before, and it did not take me long to remember. As I came back, I looked at her in the light of my new knowledge, and divined she was just the kind of girl to fancy a man who was "little, but real good-looking," and just the

kind to be fancied by him—a big pink-and-white girl with lots of red hair, a fine swing to her figure, a blue yachting-cap, and little American flags printed on the ends of her tie. Lustig's case, I told her, would not be called for an hour, perhaps. She flounced at this, and was going back to her seat; but I suddenly thought that, now the chance offered, I might as well say a word in Mrs. Lustig's behalf—and in her own behalf, too, for it did seem a shame that such a girl should be tangled up with a fellow like Lustig.

"Don't go back there," I said; "come in this side room a minute. I'd like to say a word to you."

"Well," she replied, hesitating but coming, "I don't know you, and I'm not so dead sure I want to. But I might as well talk if I've got to wait in this nasty place. What do you want? I guess I'm not a dime-museum freak; but you would n't be the first that's wanted me for the song-and-dance."

"Your name is Miss Freund, is n't it?" said I, thanking my parents that they had bequeathed me a good memory.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "though it beats me how you know it. Can't a person that has n't done anything come here without getting her name in the papers?"—for of course she knew my trade.

"I'm not going to put your name in the paper," I protested, "and it does n't matter how I know it. I only want to say a word to you for your own good. You ought to give up going about with a man like Lustig," said I, feeling pretty foolish, but speaking as bold as a lion. She was not too much astonished to fly into a very powerful rage, but, of course, she was astonished.

"How do you know I go about with Mr. Lustig or any other man?" she exclaimed. "How do you know why I came here? Why could n't his wife have sent me? She's sick, and could n't come herself."

"Yes, I know she's sick," I replied; "but I also know that she did not send you."

Then she demanded very volubly what business it was of mine, anyhow, to be meddling with her at all, and what right I had to be "taking away her character" to her very face. Was that the way, she asked, to speak to a lady?

"I don't want to be rude," I replied, "but it does n't seem to me you are behaving like a lady. Going about with a married man is n't exactly ladylike, is it? And any plucky girl, if she wanted to lose her character, would at least take up with a married man whose wife was her own size, not a poor sick creature like Mrs. Lustig. It must be fine fun for a handsome girl like you to be taking away *her* husband." I felt sure it was not a case for delicate treatment;

otherwise my style of entreaty might have been different.

"Well, it beats me where she got hold of you," said the handsome girl, a bit mollified by my subtle compliment; "but she told you, of course." And then, forgetting she was mollified: "I'll pay her out. I'll tell Lustig she asked you to meddle, and if he can't take it out of you, he'll—"

"No, you won't," said I. "You'll do nothing of the sort. I'm not doing you any harm, and I don't intend to. I'm a friend of Mrs. Lustig's, but what I say is just as much for your good as for hers. I'm not a parson, but all the same I hate to see a girl throwing herself away as you are doing, and you're mighty ungrateful to quarrel with me for saying a word to stop you. There must be lots of good fellows ready to make love to you, and marry you, if that's what you want, and it's what you ought to want. What do you expect to get out of Lustig? I should think you'd have more pride, with your looks, than to make a mess of your chances the way you are going about it now"—and so on, and so on. I do not remember just what I said, but I talked a good while and pretty fast to give her a chance to cool down, and I tried every dodge in argument I could think of except the dodge called "touching the heart." That, I knew, would be useless. My calling did not impress her: she had done nothing, she said, to get herself in the papers, and I knew it. Nor did she grasp at my offer to say a word to the judge for Lustig, so that she might save her money, and that he might go in the papers as simply "discharged." She had too much spirit to be bribed, so I tried a little more flattery, and gradually she did cool down, quite convinced that I cared more for her interests than for Mrs. Lustig's. And then, after the way of her sex, she told me pretty nearly all about it. When she first "took up" with Lustig, she said, she did not know he was married, and when she found it out she "pretty near took his head off." But the truth was that she really "liked him awfully."

"He's a little chap," she explained, "but he's awfully handsome, and he's as smart as the next. He might make double what he makes now just as easy if any one kept him down to it. I could; she can't. He'd have been lots better off with a girl like me. It's enough to make you boil to see a man like that going to the bad because his wife ain't got any sense, and can't manage him, and never could. If I was a poor sort like that, I would n't whine to folks when he got tired of me. He'd have been a hundred times worse if it hadn't been for me—drunk himself to death, I guess. You can tell her that if you think it would comfort her any. What's the good of talking? I'm

not mad any more, though I must say such wholesale cheek as yours I never did see, and I've seen lots in my little life. You're all right, I guess, but you won't live long if you go on meddling with folks that are not asking for you. I'll not tell Lustig, because it would be a pity for him to hurt you. You mean well, and there ain't many that do, so I won't give you away if you *are* cheeky. But you need n't try it on again, or I won't be so sweet. And you need n't go and tell Mrs. Lustig you got me to promise, for I won't. What do I care for her? I care for myself."

"You don't act so," I objected.

"Yes, I do. I know what I'm about. I ain't a fool; but I ain't a softy either. If I was I suppose I should cry because she was sick. But I know she's got to die, and when she does, Lustig'll marry me. I suppose that shocks a good young man like you. But that's the kind of a girl I am. I look after number one, and I like Lustig better than he deserves. I don't go round telling people what I'm waiting for, and I don't tell him. But I'd just as liv tell you, for I'd just as liv you did n't think I'm throwing away my character, because then I *would* be a fool. I'm respectable, and I'll look out for my character; and I'll look out for Lustig, too, some day—a great sight better than his wife ever has."

And this was the answer I was forced to take—pretty much what I had expected, though there might easily have been more abuse in it, and a less definite statement of the case and its prospects.

When the man came up I did say a word to the judge for him, so that the girl would not have to appear in the matter. It was only a case of a row on the dock after a Sunday excursion, some blows delivered with a certain skill, and a good deal of active remonstrance with a policeman. So, under the growling policeman's very eyes, Lustig was discharged, the girl joined him at the door, and they went off together. He really was a good-looking chap, and I will do him the justice to say that he was quiet and decent, and not a little ashamed after his first night in a police-cell. All the same it gave me small pleasure to see him let off. I am sure that the girl kept her promise, and did not tell him why I had interested myself in his case, but let him fancy what he chose; and she probably had a bad quarter of an hour in consequence.

v.

IT was a year at least before I heard of the Lustigs again. Then I met Mrs. Alleyn once more, this time in a street-car. "How are the Lustigs?" I asked.

"She's dead," said the nurse; "she died about

six months ago, and the baby died too, thank the Lord. And Lustig's married again. He married that girl he used to go gallivanting round with. He did n't wait more than a month after his wife died. There's a new baby now."

"Already?" said I, remembering the boast about respectability.

"Yes," said Mrs. Alleyn; "already, of course."

That seemed to finish off the story of the Lustigs. But there was to be a postscript. I got it a few months later from Jimmie, whom I met in a fine new suit of clothes, grabbing evening papers out of a wagon on Fourth Avenue. His business stood in the way of consecutive conversation, but bit by bit I gathered facts of interest. His father was working hard, and earning thirty dollars a week; he did n't drink any more; and he was awfully good to Jimmie himself now—he had given him the money to start with the papers, and let him keep what he made. There were dollars already in a savings-bank, and the new clothes had been paid for too. He went to school in the mornings, and was in "the four' reader, jography, an' long derivation." And as for Maggie, she let him alone.

"Who's Maggie?" I inquired.

"Dat's me father's odder wife. She ain't me mother, so I would n't call her dat, and she did n't want me to—says she's too young. She ain't like me mother, but she keeps me father straight, an' we've moved inter a good place, an' got carpets. And me father's real bully ter me, an' I go ter de country ev'ry Sunday when it ain't rainin'."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Over on Long Islun," said Jimmie; "me father goes ter me mother's grave. He did n't at first, but he does now—reg'lar. See dem big yeller flowers dat chap is sellin' over dere? Las' Sunday me father took some o' dem an' put 'em on de grave. He takes me fer comp'ny. Maggie says we're fools, but it's lots better 'n sittin' on de stoop, when der ain't no papers ter sell. Yer see de river, an' de Bridge, an' de hearsees, an' trotters, an' goats. De little w'ite hearsees is most as good as cirkis wagons. I'm real sorry fer me mother, but I guess dis one's de best fer us. She's de stuff. She jest keeps me father straight, yer can betcherlife—straighter 'n an arrer."

Lustig "reg'lar" at his first wife's grave,—and chrysanthemums,—and he used to throw things at her—and now he was married to the girl he liked! Even being kept straighter than an arrow hardly seemed to account for it. But Jimmie had a word to add.

"Guess Maggie's de best fer us," he repeated, with one foot in the gutter and one eye on an approaching horse-car, "dough she ain't a nice lady like me mother; cos, yer know, he uther beat me mother, but Maggie can lick him. See?" And he clambered on the car.

I wonder whether, if the first Mrs. Lustig sees, she is more distressed by the way "the girl" has triumphed, or more gratified by the penitential flowers.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

A VOICE FOR RUSSIA.

"Audiatur et altera pars!"



OME time ago an old gentleman called at our Legation in Washington and asked me to show him a detailed map of the Bering Sea. Explaining his request, the visitor said: "It is proposed to build a bridge across the sea, connecting Alaska with Siberia; and I should like to find out where it can be best located." Not being endowed with the spirit of American enterprise, I was about to reply that I considered such a plan impracticable, if not impossible; but there was something so extremely sympathetic in the bright eyes of the old gentleman, in the ener-

getic and determined expression of his face, that I at once stretched out my hand, and told him the bridge he had in his mind had already been built long ago, that it was existing at that moment, and will exist so long as a Russian shakes hands with an American in amity. I was in earnest then; and when I think of my venerable visitor, I feel happy in the reflection that I myself am enabled to constitute a small part of that great living link between the nations. Now, as winds are blowing foaming waves of the sea of public opinion over our bridge of sentiment, and damaging it, I take the liberty of attempting, if not to dissipate the causes, at least to mitigate the effect, of what has been done with a tendency, if not always

with hostile intent, to disturb the continuity of our friendly connection.

I have never been surprised when hearing erroneous statements made here about Russia; my country is so far away from the United States, many things with us are so strange to your standards, and, of the thousands of Americans annually crossing the Atlantic, so few reach even the Russian frontier, that the great majority of the people of this continent are easily led to believe all sorts of fantastical tales of us. But I have been astounded in observing that American literature about Russia often shows not only lack of knowledge of us, but inimical feelings toward my countrymen, and especially toward our Government. This seems to me the more remarkable, as, residing here myself, I have had opportunity to notice what strong and real friendship is often manifested between the two great peoples when occasion arises.

Though their systems of government are so different, Russia and the United States are natural and disinterested allies, who have never fallen out, and are drawn to each other by bonds of sympathy.

Which was the first of the nations to extend to you a brotherly hand, and to bring to you moral support from abroad, in the hour of trial during your civil war? I need not remind you that it was Russia; for though years have passed since then, the story of the arrival of our fleet at the port of New York in that period is yet fresh in the memory of the appreciative American people.

What nation was the first to tender sympathy and aid to Russia last year, when many thousands of our people were suffering from famine? All know that it was the United States. You are aware how enthusiastically and thankfully outpourings of the population met every ship that brought grain at that time from this country. At the reception tendered July 18 to Mr. Talmage by the city authorities of St. Petersburg, the mayor, in delivering the address in behalf of the city, said: "The Russian people know how to be grateful. If up to this day these two great countries, Russia and the United States, have not only never quarreled, but, on the contrary, wished each other prosperity and strength always, these feelings of sympathy shall grow only stronger in the future—both countries being conscious that, in the season of trial for either, it will find in the other cordial succor and support. And when can true friendship be tested if not in the hour of misfortune?"

"Why, gentlemen, do you thank us?" said Count Bobrinsky, in his speech made at the same reception. "You are here not to thank us, but to accept expression of our sincere gratitude. In behalf of thousands of our coun-

trymen whose sufferings are relieved by you, we exclaim, 'God bless you!'"

But almost as an accompaniment to these fervent manifestations of sentiment, I have heard in America the most incredible and absurd statements about Russia and concerning our internal administration. It is said that the Russian government is terrible and despotic; Russia is persecuting the Hebrews; there is no liberty in Russia; everything non-Russian is there Russianized by force; the Orthodox Church is intolerant; Russia, last and worst, has created and maintains that horrible Siberia—pictures of which, drawn by Mr. Kennan and certain other writers, have made recent readers shudder.

I reply to this shower of undeserved accusations:

Yes, the Russian people is terrible—because as a nation it is young and mighty; because, being extended over much of Europe and occupying a great part of Asia, counting, in all, more than one hundred millions of souls among its subjects, the Empire is always growing and progressing; because, being great and compact, Russia is governed by the mighty hand of an autocratic monarch. Autocracy is as natural and satisfactory to Russia as is the republican form of government to the United States; and that our Government is not felt by the masses of the people to be a despotism is evident from the facts that they submit cheerfully to be ruled by it and that they prosper under it. The strength of Russia lies precisely in the unity of power, in the firm faith of the people in their Church, their love for their country, and their reliance upon and devotion to the high personality called to occupy their throne. In his constant care for the well-being of his subjects, the Emperor does not hesitate at any measure he deems useful for Russia. Alexander III., whose honesty, uprightness, noble character, and exemplary life challenged and earned the respect of the whole world, proved, during his reign of more than ten years, to be a peaceful and beneficent sovereign. All of his reforms were directed toward the improvement of the internal affairs of his country. Not being imposed upon by, and not heeding, criticisms or vituperation on the part of enemies of Russia who were always misrepresenting his measures, he found strength in his conscience and consolation and reward in the ever-increasing affection of his people. By what he accomplished, and by continued pursuit of his methods, Russia is gradually getting rid of her harmful elements. The political agitation which years ago disturbed the peace and prosperity of the country has ceased; and I believe I make no mistake in asserting that at present there are fewer anarchists in Russia

than in any other area of equal population in the civilized world.

I need not explain why the criminals were put to death who assassinated our magnanimous sovereign, who had liberated millions of serfs. Did not America also, and only a few years ago, execute certain anarchists in Chicago? The death-penalty is, however, inflicted in Russia only in exceptional cases; it is reserved for those convicted of an attempt upon the life of the Czar, and for those found guilty of certain other crimes committed during what is called a state of siege; imprisonment or exile to Siberia is adopted for ordinary criminals, including the general run of murderers.

Mr. Kennan, to whom our Government hospitably opened the darkest corners where it must keep the evil and pernicious of its subjects, has been pleased to paint our penitentiaries in the blackest colors. There is no country in which prisons and the punitive system of hard labor have been made attractive; but I allow myself to say that other foreigners, to whom we have as readily opened our prisons for inspection, have come to conclusions quite contrary to Mr. Kennan's. I refer to the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress, who held their sessions in the spring of 1891 at St. Petersburg, and have repeatedly expressed their astonishment at the extremely humane treatment of convicts on the part of our authorities. I may also refer to a recent work of an Englishman, Julius M. Price,¹ who traveled all over Siberia. He had opportunities of talking freely with many prisoners whose like, as he said, he could never have the chance to get even a glimpse of in England—prisoners the enormity of whose crimes would, in another country, have brought them to the block or the scaffold.

I cherish the hope that in time, with the improvement of means of communication, and when a gigantic enterprise now undertaken by our Government—the Trans-Siberian Railway—shall have been completed, many foreigners, and among them many Americans, will venture to visit all parts, even the remotest confines, of our Empire; then, I am convinced, the disagreeable impression produced by Mr. Kennan's articles, and by other such publications, will altogether vanish before full knowledge of the actual facts.

Relying to the accusation against Russia in the matter of an alleged religious intolerance, I must first point out a great error I have repeatedly encountered here. The promulgation of the laws and regulations against the Jews is being generally ascribed in America to persecution on the part of the Orthodox

Church. But the Hebrew question in Russia is neither religious nor political; it is purely an economical and administrative question. The actual meaning of the anti-Semitic measures prescribed by our Government is not animosity to the religion of the Jews; neither are those measures a deliberate hunting down of the feeble by the powerful: they are an effort to relieve the Empire of the injurious struggle against those particular traits of Hebrew character that were obstructing the progress of our people along their own lines of natural development. It may be said in general, that the anti-Semitic movement in Russia is a demonstration by the non-Hebraic part of the population against tendencies of Hebrews which have characterized them the world over, and to which they adhere in Russia.

The Hebrew, as we know him in Russia, is "the eternal Jew"; without a country of his own, and, as a rule, without any desire to become identified with the country he for the time inhabits, he remains, as for hundreds of years he has been, morally unchangeable, and without a faculty for adapting himself to sympathy with the people of the other race which surrounds him. He is not homogeneous with us in Russia; he does not feel or desire solidarity with us. In Russia he remains a guest only—a guest from long ago, and not an integral part of the community. When these guests without affinity became too many in Russia, when in various localities their numbers were found injurious to the welfare and the prosperity of our own people as a whole, when they had grown into many wide-spreading ramifications of influence and power, and abused their opportunities as traders with or lenders of money to the poor,—when, in a word, they became dangerous and prejudicial to our people,—is there anything revolting or surprising in the fact that our Government found it necessary to restrict their activity? We did not expel the Jews from the Empire, as is often mistakenly charged, though we did restrict their rights as to localities of domicile and as to kinds of occupations—police regulations. Is it just that those who have never had to confront such a situation should blame us for those measures?

Our peasantry has only recently been organized in their existing social relations, and is not yet well educated, or well trained in the exercise of social rights or obligations under their present system—having been liberated from serfdom only within this generation. Many of them cannot yet realize their condition, and the very idea of the emancipation they have experienced is sometimes wrongly conceived. If we take into consideration the character of the Slavonian folk, it is easy to understand why our meek, ignorant, and easy-going peas-

¹ "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea." By Julius M. Price. London, 1892.

antry fell under the control of the Jews, who, as a class, are far better educated and more thrifty, and have the aptitude for commerce and for money-getting which distinguishes their race everywhere—and who readily perceived and soon abused their superiority in those particulars, after the emancipation of the serfs had deprived them individually of the safeguards the old system of things had afforded them. This Jewish influence was everywhere oppressive, and now and then became an unbearable yoke. The peasants in some localities, having lost all patience, were guilty of violent excesses, mobbed the Jews, and destroyed their property. They tried to annihilate particularly all property which, to their exasperated minds, was ill-gotten. Such popular uprisings, criminal in nature, of course, cannot be excused, but cannot properly be regarded as anything but a protest of the people against what they found to be a thralldom to the Jews worse than the serfdom which had been abolished. But bloodshed has rarely been committed by such mobs, and the Government has always promptly adopted energetic measures to quell the riots. Troops have always been sent to disperse the rabble, to arrest the criminals, to defend the Jews, and to protect them in their property. During all these anti-Jewish outbreaks there were fewer Jews who suffered personal injuries at the hands of the peasants than there were peasants who were killed by soldiers. And recently a special law has been enacted by virtue of which any one committing a violent assault upon a Hebrew is to be sentenced to hard labor in Siberia (law of December 9, 1891).

In order to prevent such collisions between the Jews and the peasantry, and to relieve the latter from what they could not be persuaded was not a Jewish tyranny, the measures I have referred to, restricting and regulating Jews, have been promulgated by the Government to secure good order and to maintain stability in the community—measures generally but erroneously styled abroad, the “barbarous expulsion of the Jews from Russia.”

Is it surprising that, under these circumstances, the Emperor remained deaf to protests of the Lord Mayor of London, for example, and will leave unheeded any and all such foreign remonstrances demanding a change in methods which have been deliberately, and we think necessarily, adopted for such purposes by Russia? Speaking not of the mere inconvenience of such an interference with the internal affairs of another country,—itself a direct violation of international law,—is it not evident that the Czar, in his actions as to such matters, must be guided only by what he perceives to be the interest of his own people as a whole, rather than by the opinions of foreigners who do not

understand a situation very different from that existing in their own countries, but undertake to pass with authority upon vital questions of administration in another nationality. The principle we contend for in Russia is home rule.

And as to the Russian Church. When I recall the various accusations against the Orthodox Church of Russia, which is charged with intolerance toward other religions, I do not find one that is well grounded. Russia has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” Though the great majority of the Russian people are of the Orthodox Church, the amplest freedom of faith and of practice in religion is allowed in our country. We have not only Christians of all denominations, and Hebrews, but also Mohammedans and even pagans in great numbers. In the principal street of St. Petersburg, just opposite the Orthodox Cathedral itself, there are Roman Catholic, Protestant, Armeno-Gregorian, and other churches. All these places of worship were built long ago in the very center of the capital, some of them on lands granted by our Government for the purpose. As to actual freedom in the practice of religious services, therefore, there can be no question. Two years ago I myself witnessed the commemorative ceremonies upon the fiftieth anniversary of the American church at St. Petersburg, on which occasion the American colony paid tribute of the greatest respect to the memory of Emperor Nicholas I., who had given lands for their church in the best part of the city, and had assisted in erecting the building. If our Government has displayed some perseverance and even austerity in regard to the suppression or prosecution of certain sects of our own Church, it was chiefly because the doctrines of these sectarians were subversive of morals or good order in society. The Orthodox Church is the state Church in Russia; and as I have explained, the strength and might of the Empire are considered by us to depend to a great degree upon the firm faith of the people in its doctrines and discipline. Our history abounds in proofs of this. It is therefore natural that our Government cherishes and supports the Orthodox religion, and tries to prevent the members of that Church or their children from heedlessly going off to other communions. The law requires, for instance, that in the case of a mixed marriage the children must be brought up in the religion of the Orthodox parent, be it father or mother.

I close this article at this point, because I would not abuse the patience of my readers; as to me, I shall never be tired of speaking for and defending my country. I shall consider

myself fortunate if what I have now written persuades some Americans, and restores to us the sympathy of some of them whose kind disposition has been disturbed by malignant or exaggerated stories about us.

I firmly believe in the friendship heretofore

maintained between Russia and the United States—a friendship that, in my opinion, will play a far more important rôle in the history of the future than has been allowed to it as yet; and for that reason I take very much to heart any word designed or likely to drive us asunder.

*Pierre Botkine,
Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington.*

PRELIMINARY GLIMPSES OF THE FAIR.



NEW thing is to be found in Chicago. It is enthusiasm for art—art of her own making. It is an enthusiasm which is infectious; that kind of enthusiasm which is happiness. For surely this is a happy year in America; and though in some parts of the globe physical conditions are ill, it is nevertheless true that the idea of the Columbian celebration has touched the romantic sense of the whole wide world.

All the world loves a hero, as well as a lover, and here was a hero more successful than Jason, of a nobler mold than Æneas. His celebration is to be a world epic brought out with the serious realism of the Oberammergau Passion, a classic city of towering domes for a stage, men of great emprise for living characters, and all the nations of the earth for a chorus. Other world's fairs have celebrated the civilization of a race, but the Columbian Exposition will glorify the world's transcendent migration. Other fairs have shown civilization spreading from field to field like a prairie-fire; but this fair will flame with the human energy that handed the torch of civilization across an ocean.

Everywhere talk of the fair is big. It is not an illusion, for it is biggest among those who have visited the unfinished site of the fair; it is not the scream of the American eagle, because the eagle has been quiet ever since Chicago showed America how it sounds to take one's merits at their future value. In one sense these large and general prognostications are a warning to fellow and foreign countrymen to be on their guard against the material surprises of the fair; for it is to be so dazzling to the eye, and so vast to the mind, that no spectator will ever see it, even in outline, who does not take his point of view, as it were, on the horizon, and contemplate its sky-line.

In fact, the unit of measure in this enterprise has been set so large that one is in danger of forgetting that the Yankee nation was

established for any other purpose. Four hundred years bear so lightly on the human mind that the world will persist in calling us young, though every great name in old and glorious English literature, except that of Chaucer, is from fifty years to several centuries younger than the voyage of Columbus. But every nation is young in proportion to its possibilities; and the older peoples of the earth who will so aptly join in the celebration of a happiness in which they are all sharing, should accept the New World newness for what it is—an exposition of human activity and government made to order with a definite plan, on a monumental scale, with incredible economy of time.

Even more is Chicago like a city created for the express uses of the fair. Homer's deities might well have shrunk from the building in sixty years of the seventh city of the modern world; but here it has been done by the ordinary earthworm actuated only by the spirit of barter and gain; moreover, twenty-one years ago, as though Jove had discovered that Chicago was not shaping herself to the Muses' purpose, the fire demon literally burnt her to the ground; so that her present glory as the sheltering arms of a million and a quarter of people, and as having a greater destiny than any other inland city of the world, is as young as the fledgling whose first vote was cast at the last election.

As a civic marvel, therefore, Chicago will be the most significant exhibit at her own fair. It was fate, which includes wisdom, that gave her the opportunity. For if she may not claim to be the metropolis, she is at least the typical American city, the point of fusion of American ideas, the radial center of American tendencies. Whether this should be regarded as a cause of admiration or of missionary effort, the era of the light jest has passed.

Somebody has said that it is a propitious moment in a man's life when his fellows feel a welling desire to kick him. The same is true of cities. Citizens of the three or four older cities that have held themselves in higher esteem, and of the half-dozen older cities that have wished they were as potent, may still find

Chicago too bustling, her buildings too broad or too tall, her architecture too much to suit herself, and her frankness too much flavored with success; and yet in visiting the fair they really ought not to waste their valuable time in damming the town. They should consider that Chicago has always taken herself seriously; has evinced a pride in her primitive duties, whether they involved the packing of bacon or the general services of a roustabout; has been willing, as Director-general Davis said to me, to lay down a railway on Michigan Avenue if the ready transfer of other people's produce had required it. When she had a call to go in for art, in for it she went; and in it she stands, with an architectural challenge to the universe. She may not be quite aware of the necessity of "lugging in" the comparison, as Mr. Whistler would say, but at least she does not resent the coupling of her fair name with that of ancient Athens.

Much of this reputation rests on the noble white palace of the gods which will house the fine arts at the Exposition. One building does not make a world's fair, and in this case it has not such opportunity; but when you visit Jackson Park the Art Building pitches the key of your enthusiasm and remains in your memory as the crowning motive of "The Chicago Centennial"—a term which is becoming popular among the people as an expression of the kinship of this fair with the celebration of 1876. And if you go by way of Philadelphia you may see, as I did, while the "Vestibule Limited" was skirting Fairmount Park, the mausoleum-like art gallery which still stands as the "Memorial Hall" of the Centennial. Though it covers an acre and a half, you would find on reaching Jackson Park that it would serve only as a vestibule to the new art temple, and as such would shatter every line of its beauty. Size is not a safe standard of influence, but it may denote the scale of an ideal purpose; and by comparison with the value of the exhibition at Philadelphia to American art, who may measure the growth that is to date from 1893?

In the autumn of 1891 I had entered Chicago on a similar hazy morning, and, from the point where the traveler loses sight of the turquoise lake, had looked in vain for some sign of the site of the fair. But on the September morning of 1892 a row of ghostly domes lifted their solemn prayer to beauty into the eastern sky. With the briefest interval in the city, I hastened back to the wonderland which a New York artist said is called the Chicago Fair "because it is nearer Chicago than any other city." Even then it was only necessary for a stranger to follow the crowd, for hundreds were gathering at the wharves of the lake-front, where there was a clamor of boats about to start. Yield-

ing to the loudest blandishment of flags and music, I found myself, after the prettiest water trip imaginable, in the hands of the Chicago "rustler"; for while the rival boat passed on to the piers of the fair-grounds, our crowd was dumped on a sandy beach outside, in general wonderment as to how it had happened. Still everybody trudged away good-naturedly, though in order to gain the northwest entrance, we, poor dupes, were doomed to a walk which emphasized the fact that the grounds are a 633-acre lot.

It was indeed worth a journey of a thousand miles to stand on the north bridge of the great lagoon and experience the emotions of a first view of Haroun-al-Raschid's new capital. The world's wonders that you have seen, the wonders you have read about, the wonders you have dreamed of, are there mere aids to your powers of appreciation. No ideality lurks in a nature that does not thrill in presence of the classic majesty of the Art Building. Grandeur due to man's design always appears to have been gained by accident; here is such accord between the parts and the whole design that every column, every section, every angle is an object of grace and dignity. It matters not, therefore, whether from near or far you see the entire temple, or only a part that is uncovered by some adjoining structure; the impression is always grand. You can even pardon the presumptuous Illinois building for elbowing into the water frontage of the glorious façade as viewed from the south end of the lagoon—the Illinois building with dome 230 feet high, a monument only to the strength of its materials.

While the Art Building queens it over a city of edifices of states and nations at the north end, an enticing series of architectural giants stretches right and left of the lagoon for a mile and a half to the south. East of the lagoon our own Government challenges attention with an eccentric house for the Fisheries, having the quality to become interesting on acquaintance; with a Government building which might have cut a figure at the Centennial, but which in its present surroundings merely stimulates the common inclination to criticize the Government. It is little mitigation that, within, the rotunda is fine; it seems to be so difficult to spoil a dome! Between these edifices runs the canal connecting the lagoon with the lake, where the battle-ship *Illinois*, resting on piles, typifies the unsinkability, if not the speed, of the new Yankee navy. But this fair, like all others, should not be examined between partitions or below the water-line.

On the west side of the lagoon the Woman's Building ingratiated itself at once, it is so gen-

ttlemanly. Within will be exhibited every feminine art and grace known to man, except the Continental rite of "blacking-your-husband's boots." Foreigners will discover here why the American girl belongs *ex officio* to the aristocracy of the Old World, and possibly may learn to wonder why she should have the temerity to qualify for it. The Art Building harks back to Athens, but the Woman's Building and its deep significance are "new birth of our new soil," the best that is American.

Horticultural Hall, nearly a fifth of a mile long, and the kind of thing one would like to see girdling the earth, has the most graceful dome at the fair, though it is only 132 feet high, and by contrast humble. A part of its exhibit will be out of doors in the grand lagoon which it faces, and which already mimics the careless largess of nature with a beautiful medley of aquatic plants and shrubs. A rose-garden will bloom at one end of the wooded island of eighteen acres, and at the other end the Japanese exhibit will blossom amid its own native flowers.

On the southwest shore of the lagoon the Transportation Building, with its annex, will offer eighteen acres of reasons why man was not made to fly. Walking the length of the Mines Building, where was to be seen the novelty of steel cantaliver trusses, I emerged on the plaza of the Administration Building, which, as it is in front of the railway terminus, was designed to be the triumphal overture of the architectural opera. In its unfinished state it did not yet realize to the eye the rich effects of the design as seen on paper. It had the air of a dowager duchess, who in her proper appointments is the regal peeress of the realm, yet in negligée is "not at home," for art worship. Still it was even then possible to enjoy the unique effect of the colonnades at the base of the dome, which in its grand proportions is second only to St. Peter's.

At Machinery Hall there was a chance to study the foundations of these mountainous structures. The foot of each roof-truss arch, of which there were three tiers side by side, rested on long blocks cross-piled and bolted, and secured below on a nest of piles. To the unprofessional eye the foundations looked flimsy under the tons on tons of structural steel they were airily supporting. Over the seventeen and a half acres of machinery space, similar and even more massive foundations had been placed at short intervals to receive the heavy machinery. Steam for engines aggregating 24,000 horse-power will be supplied by a solid bank of boilers 600 feet long, whose flames will be fed with oil. The largest engine, of 14,000 horse-power,—the great Corliss at the Centennial was only 5000 horse-power,—will be a part

of the 17,000 horse-power to be devoted to electric lighting and electric machinery.

The building for Manufactures and the Liberal Arts is the unparalleled Leviathan of the structural world. Size is only one element entering into the impression it makes upon the beholder. Its four great portals are triumphal arches, its corners are noble temples, and the connecting façades are vistas of pilastered arches. Its roof curves to a height of 232 feet, and sweeps for a third of a mile across the eastern sky—with what marvelous effect is only known to him who has seen it bathed in the glow of the setting sun. I walked across the lake front and the end facing the basin at a smart pace, with the effect of discovering that twenty trips around the exterior would be a good ten hours' task for an amateur pedestrian. We are not told with what speed the rams' horns of Joshua were carried around the walls of Jericho, but it may be assumed that the priests who blew them stopped occasionally for refreshments; we know besides that on the seventh day they succeeded in making the circuit seven times, so it would appear likely that two buildings of the size of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts would take in Jericho, its wall, and all of Joshua's ruthless host. It is believed that half a million people could find standing-room on its $30\frac{1}{2}$ acres of floor space, increased by the side galleries to 44 acres; and it was demonstrated at the October ceremonies that 100,000 people, with all they could sing and say, were lost in its vast interior.

Its truss arches are artistic as well as mechanical triumphs. They give form to a noble nave, a third of a mile long, 382 feet wide, and 203 feet high in the clear, which is above all notable for a certain air of distinction. This is due partly to the peculiar curve of the arch, which rises 23 feet above a true semicircle, and partly to the graceful swell of the base of each truss. Each rounded base is hinged by a massive eyelet and a great tie-pin to the foundation-plate. Thus each truss arch (consisting of two parts like the span formed by the arms of a man raised over his head, with fingers touching) is pivoted at the bases; and where the halves meet in the peak they are again linked with a pin, the upper ends of the semi-arches, as well as the bases, being so rounded that with the changes in temperature their great masses may bulge or recede without cross-strain. The weight of each truss is 300,000 pounds; they were brought from afar, in pieces, and put together without an error in boring or in bolt. In fact, since the plans and detailed drawings for this building were received by the Director of Works, there has not been an inquiry made as to their meaning or a defect found in their requirements.

One of the foremen roughly estimated that ten men had lost their lives by falling from

the roof or by having tools or material drop on them.¹ In entering the building one instinctively hovered under the edges of the galleries, for the crisp holes in the two-inch flooring, uncannily frequent, were evidences of the gravitating force of hammers and other tools. As seen either from the lake or from any point on the grounds, this colossus, which could swallow three coliseums, fulfills the praise of one of the architects who marveled that the "design had been kept so big." In September the central roofing of iron and glass had not been finished. Whenever the six-o'clock whistle sounded, a long sinuous line, like a moving caterpillar, could be seen in the middle of the curving roof. It consisted of a small army of workmen backing carefully down, step by step, from the dizzy height.

On the opposite side of the great basin, the Agricultural Building, with its fine portico and colonnades, backed with mural tints and paintings, offered a strikingly individual effect. Here all the muses that may be allied to architecture have been drafted for intelligent co-operation, as on no other building. In fact intellectual force is the predominant note, and the arrangement and lighting of the vast interior are for the same reason strikingly interesting. It was a surprise to find here another rotunda, in its way of unmatched beauty of proportions. And New Yorkers who cannot have failed to observe that Diana-of-the-Madison-Square-Tower has departed for Chicago, leaving her lofty rôle to an understudy, may see the original goddess above the Agricultural dome, presumably still chasing with bow and arrow the scurvy satyr who ran away with her clothes while she was bathing in the dewy morn.

About three fourths of the roofed area of the fair are included in the buildings I have briefly mentioned. Many of the smaller structures would be notable for beauty and for size if they were not here made pygmies by contiguous grandeur. Like the larger buildings they are veneered with "staff." Great is "staff"! Without staff this free-hand sketch of what the world might have in solid architecture, if it were rich enough, would not have been possible. With staff at his command, Nero could have afforded to fiddle at a fire at least once a year. One of the wonders of staff as seen at Chicago is its color. Grayish-white is its natural tone, and the basis of its success at Jackson Park; but it will take any tint that one chooses to apply, and maintain a liveliness akin to the soft bloom of the human skin. Staff

is an expedient borrowed from the Latin countries, and much cultivated in South America. Any child skilled in the mechanism of a mud pie can make it, after being provided with the gelatine molds and a water mixture of cement and plaster. How the workman appeared to enjoy seizing handfuls of excelsior or fiber, dipping them in the mixture and then sloshing the fibrous mush over the surface of the mold. When the staff has hardened, the resultant cast is definite, light, and attractive. A workman may walk to his job with a square yard of the side of a marble palace under each arm and a Corinthian capital in each hand. While it is a little green it may be easily sawed and chiseled, and nails are used as in pine. Moreover rough joints are no objection, since a little wet plaster serves to weld the pieces into a finished surface. In the rough climate of Lake Michigan staff is expected to last about six years, which is the average life of the ablest English ministry. Great is staff!

About ten thousand employees and workmen were scattered over Jackson Park, yet at every unfinished building the work seemed to be in semi-suspense, or to have the air of an industrial festival. Deliberation was the order of the day, flavored, however, with eagerness and willingness. Good wages, a little above the market rates, were a healthy incentive, and every mechanic with a spark of fire in his nature must have been quickened by the magnificence of his task. Also deliberation was a necessity in three fourths of the work, which required caution as well as judgment; for many were aerial gymnasts perched from 60 to 260 feet in the air. Sky generalship of a high order was to be seen under the arching roof of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts. Here, after months of patient lifting and fitting of unprecedented weights at great heights, each man had grown to know his duty intimately. From some lofty perch the foreman of a gang would conduct his men somewhat after the manner of the leader of an orchestra. Whenever he fell short of the mark he would shout his general order to an assistant half-way down, on the opposite side of the span, and the latter would give fuller instruction to another assistant on the floor. After each move all eyes would turn to the directing mind aloft. Under that roof feats were accomplished worthy to have called forth a "wild surmise" from the Egyptians who piled the pyramids.

Manual labor also has its victory in these monumental buildings, and no doubt the de-

¹ With regard to casualties at Jackson Park since the beginning of work on the grounds and buildings of the Columbian Exposition, Dr. John E. Owens, director of the Medical Bureau, made the following statement to the writer, in a letter dated Dec. 13, 1892:

"We have had 23 deaths, 2092 surgical cases, and 1703 medical cases. No spectators have been injured except on the occasion of the dedicatory services [in October last] when there occurred 66 cases of injury and illness."

scendants of those skilful artisans will preserve the tradition of their labors at the Columbian Fair. Considering the chances for fomenting strikes, the bickerings have been slight. No class among them had more cause to be happy than the small army of Italians engaged in the making of staff. But the serpent entered their Eden of American wages in the guise of an Hibernian who could speak Italian; and of course they fell. Three times he tempted them with his Milesian dream, and three times they were restored to grace by the fatherly patience of the Director of Works; but the Dublin Italian was with considerable trouble driven out, and a sword of flame fixed for him at the gates.

Four fifths of the ten thousand workers were in the employ of contractors; and no small part of the day's work fell upon the clerks. One late afternoon, when lingering summer made exploration wearisome, I rested opposite the pedestal of French's colossal "Republic" at the lake end of the great basin, and watched the carpenters who were finishing the framework of Music Hall, the Casino, and the connecting peristyle. These buildings are a gay architectural finish to the lake side of the grand quadrangle. Ready for their covering of staff, they were little more than a confusion of sticks, some upright, and many crisscross, to brace thoroughly the main part of the skeleton; as one of the artists said, they looked like a pile of jackstraws. A great arch in the peristyle spanned the canal that connects the basin with the lake; and I noticed that the drawbridges were all lifted to give free play to the tugs and launches that had been plying in and out. A distant whistle sounded, and a stampede began which to my startled mind had the look of an accident. Men rushed for the ropes of the drawbridge. Had somebody fallen into the water? No, for as soon as the bridges met, the men sprang over them and fled toward the Casino. Then the panic became general; men were almost dropping from the numerous ladders, and as they touched the floor they bolted always in the same direction; now and then a man had gathered a few tools in his apron as though he were bent on saving them at the risk of his life; then men began to appear from the north end of the structure, some of them already half blown, others showing wonderful staying power and squabbling for the drawbridge; behind them was a single workman burdened with tools who stopped running as soon as he perceived that he had been distanced. I headed him off, and inquired if anything serious had happened. "Yes," he replied, "those sprinters have put me at the tail-end of the line down there where we get our time checked off, which means that I'm three quarters of an hour late for dinner."

The head center of all the energy displayed at Jackson Park was to be found at the general offices near the Horticultural Building. Built around a large paved court, with stuccoed walls and flat roof, the Service Building, so called, resembled a Spanish-American hotel. Engineers, architects, auditors, paymasters, and overseers, with an army of clerks, occupied the rooms. Authority radiated from the northeast corner, where Daniel H. Burnham, Director of Works, has his office. He is a large man, with shoulders broad enough for the vast burden laid upon him, with the quiet patience that leads perplexed subordinates to believe there is a way out of every difficulty, and with the motive power that removes mountains and raises domes. He and the late John W. Root were the firm of architects who had most to do with the creation of Chicago's massive business quarter. So when Chicago, in the fall of 1889, nominated herself as the site of the proposed fair, Messrs. Burnham and Root were looked to as professional advisers. Plans were extensively sketched even before Congress on April 26, 1890, gave Chicago the fair. Four months later Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, Mr. Codman, were given decisive authority as consulting landscape architects, and Mr. Burnham and Mr. Root, who received official appointments as consulting architects, worked in conjunction with them. At last, Jackson Park was fixed upon as the site. The general conception of the fair, as it is now realized, was Mr. Olmsted's, the other three criticizing and sketching, and Mr. Root drafting the plans with his own hands, as fast as they were formulated.

The designs prepared by Mr. Root might possibly have been adopted, if he and Mr. Burnham, with large views of the importance of the work to the architecture of America, had not taken the lead in a memorial to the Exposition managers which resulted in the selection of a board of representative architects. Following upon this decision, Mr. Burnham was appointed chief of construction; and Mr. Root was confirmed as consulting architect four or five weeks before his untimely death. In August last, Mr. Atwood, the laureled architect of the Art Building, and designer-in-chief of Mr. Burnham's department, nearly succumbed to a dangerous illness.

At the end of last summer the American painters chosen to decorate some of the walls and portal ceilings, began to assemble from country retreats and from abroad. They were summoned by Francis D. Millet, who last spring had been installed as Mr. Burnham's art adviser and assistant, a position in which his varied abilities were focused for great public usefulness. Millet possesses the tact and

the artistic authority to lead his temperamental brethren on the side of regarding art as the most serious business of life; and he is not deficient in those blithe professional qualities which always impress laymen with a suspicion that art is only a lark. Certainly that devoted band of painters gave art no opportunity to look morose in the creative days of the Columbian Fair. It little mattered that the kind of work in hand was strange to most of them, or that they had dropped congenial tasks amid their natural studio surroundings for the sake of helping forward a great public enterprise. Answering, some of them, a tardy summons, they came with or without a first rough design and fell to work in a haphazard studio camp. A glance at the buildings convinced each one of them that the occasion demanded the best that was in him. In the galleries of the north wing of the Horticultural Building, vast studios had been partitioned off with boards and sheeting for the painters who were to fresco two hemispherical domes with pendentives in each of the four main portals of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts. Here old friends were still chatty neighbors, like Beckwith and Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, Robert Reid, Reinhart, Shirlaw, Edward E. Simmons, and Alden Weir. Stagings were erected, so that models might be posed in remote correspondence to the position the figures would occupy in the pendentives. Each painter was provided with a miniature model of the concave surface to be painted, and each artist could be seen now and then looking into these plaster kettles, as they rested on the floor upside down, as though the sought-for shapes might be found there, like Truth at the bottom of a well.

Each went to work in his own way. Blashfield made an elaborate color sketch on a large octagonal canvas which could be carried to his scaffolding, and, in working from it, turned so that the different figures would fall in their proper place, while the color sketch as a whole would always show the relation of the different parts to the entire design; Beckwith did the same thing, in outline, on the surface of his miniature plaster model; Kenyon Cox made careful color designs on a small scale of each of his pendentive figures, and Shirlaw, Reinhart, Reid, and Weir papered their walls with bold cartoons of single figures. Robert Reid tacked a giant cartoon in the pendentive of the dome allotted to him, in order to form an idea of effective stature as seen from the pavement, and everybody went to see how much wisdom might be gathered from the experiment. Simmons, departing from the happily "eternal feminine," with the purpose of peopling his dome with brawny men, was making bold sketches in oil and setting them up where they could be

seen sixty feet away over his neighbors' screen partitions. In all this fascinating and most promising effort, real experience was a matter of serious exchange, and intuitive advice was free.

At the Agricultural Building, Maynard, like a fez-capped Turk, with H. T. Schladermundt and other clever assistants, made another painters' colony. His task of decorating some of the exterior walls of that building with the actual and fabled beasts and deities of the farm was already far advanced. This work will be a revelation to thousands of Americans of the capabilities of exterior mural painting as an adjunct to architecture. C. Y. Turner, as assistant to Mr. Millet, had a comfortable studio in Mr. Burnham's offices. Later, J. Gari Melchers and Walter MacEwen arrived to decorate the tympana of the corner pavilions of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, and W. L. Dodge to work in the rotunda of the Administration Building. Miss Mary Cassatt and Mrs. MacMonnies will decorate the Woman's Building with paintings, the sculpture of that building having been done by Miss Enid Yandell and Miss Alice Rideout.

Augustus St. Gaudens early rendered a great service in advice as to sculpture and sculptors, and an important art contribution is still hoped for from him. Larkin G. Mead designed the sculpture for the main pediment of the Agricultural Building. Only the rough foundations had been laid, in September, for Frederick MacMonnies' brilliant emblematic fountain at the west end of the great basin.

On the east side of the Agricultural Building Daniel C. French was busy with the model of his colossal "Republic," and with his large group for the arch gateway to the great basin, the horses being modeled by Edward C. Potter. The "Republic," which with its pedestal now rises a hundred feet from the water of the great basin, is the largest piece of sculpture at the fair. On the open floor outside his studio a company of Italians were modeling the giant lady, in sections about ten feet high, beginning with her feet and leaving the bust, head, and arms till the last, so that the sculptor might have time for a second thought on the most important features. The enormous blocks of plaster were not so heavy as they looked, since they consisted of a skeleton of wood covered with wire netting and staff.

Even larger studios were those of Philip Martiny and Karl Bitter, whose groups and colossal figures were almost as numerous as the characters of the Greek pantheon. Theodore Baur, who was modeling figures for the Art Building, was a late comer on the scene; and also Olin L. Warner, who distinguished himself at once by giving the classic touch to the design for the souvenir coin; he has a commission also

to make several life-size statues for the New York Building.

Edward Kemeys was established in the south wing of the Horticultural Building, where his daubed sign "Keep out" placed him under obligation to be unduly courteous, as his nature always impels him to be, to anybody having the confidence to knock. But the brazen sight-seer was a roamer at will in those days, except when a soldier blocked his way, and any sort of protection was a boon. Both the sculptor and his wife were discovered, at the time of my invasion, with their hands in the liquid plaster, dipping excelsior into the pan and building up the sides of a giant buffalo, whose burly head had already been finished. The sculptor had discovered, after one beast modeled in clay had tumbled in pieces, that staff was a capital substitute for clay in modeling on a large scale; it was applied to a wooden skeleton wrapped with wire screening, and working on this plan, he was able to create, without the intervention of the usual clay model, the wild animals of America which, with those designed by A. P. Proctor, are to ornament the bridges. Mrs. Kemeys in her companionship was also proving herself a most skilful assistant.

In keeping with the professional sympathy of these artists was their gregarious sociability. Several were accompanied by their wives, and at a pleasant suburban hotel near the grounds the hard work of the day was supplemented by an evening salon; Mr. French even mitigated his sojourn with housekeeping. For the others, bachelors' hall was kept, as to meals, at a restaurant within the grounds. Here the host's curiosity to study the Bohemian company acted too strongly on his generosity for him to have been much the richer by their presence. It was evident that he had never before catered to a crowd so richly endowed with qualities subversive of his business principles; they might be artists, perhaps, but it was more evident that they were orators, actors, and escaped negro minstrels. Now and then when the demon of caricature rioted and the charcoal passed from the tacked-up paper to his new walls, his lank spirit, lingering in the doorway, seemed to hesitate between a smile and a tear. There was no mistaking his satisfaction when over coffee and tobacco his guests passed an hour in the charming "Groves of Blarney," though it was a danger always that in the climax the furniture would become animated. The chief merit of the current fun lay in the mood that inspired it, which was a beneficial relaxation from the hard work of the day.

In the general management of the fair there has been a peculiar division of responsibility. Inasmuch as Chicago promised to furnish all the money necessary to open the fair, it was proper that the spending of it should be in the

hands of a local board. Before the National Commission was created by act of Congress, the local board was organized as "The World's Columbian Exposition." Its undisputed province included all matters of finance, and the duty of providing grounds and buildings ready for exhibitors. And as the financial responsibility and custody of property could not end until the closing of the fair, there have been opportunities for the local board to invade the field of responsibility defined for itself by the "World's Columbian Commission," which as the representative of the Government has claimed superior authority. Broadly speaking, the National Commission has charge of everything that pertains to the organization and administration of the fair, and of its dealings with the exhibiting and paying public. In spite of some friction these two sources of authority have supplemented each other, and each has performed services which the other could not have rendered so readily. Both will soon be installed in the Administration Building at Jackson Park, but during the preparatory period they have been housed like one organization in the Rand-McNally building, in the heart of the city. Their offices, which occupied more than one floor, were reached by corridors passing entirely around the enormous edifice, and in extent and variety suggested the multifarious duties and responsibilities of a popular government. The members of the World's Columbian Commission correspond to the Legislature. Director-general Davis is the chief executive; he is surrounded by a large staff of heads of departments or cabinet officers, one of the most prominent in the early stages of the enterprise being the "Department of Publicity and Promotion," under Major Moses P. Handy. On the opposite side of the corridor the "Board of Lady Managers" wields a benign sway.

Everything on the other side of the building, where the chief officers of the local board were quartered, was tintured with finance. During the past summer, the disbursements averaged a million dollars a month, and it is estimated that 19½ millions will have been spent by the 1st of May, the opening day. These vast sums have been collected and disbursed under the leadership, during the first year, of Lyman J. Gage, the banker, who declined to serve for a longer period as president, though he has remained an active member of the local board; his successor was William T. Baker, for several years President of the Chicago Board of Trade, who seems to have been the first to see the necessity of abandoning the original plan for a double site for the fair. No such success as is now manifest could have been possible with the parts separated by seven miles of travel.

In July, 1892, Mr. Baker resigned and went abroad to recruit his health, when the vice-president, H. N. Higinbotham, was elected to the presidency of the local board. Mr. Higinbotham, as one of Chicago's largest merchants, was very nearly the busiest man in the city, which was reason enough, as the world goes, why he should have been asked to pick up the stroke-oar in the local board's prodigious race against time. As one of these busy officers said, "No Chicago man ever tires of doing business."

Liberal ideas have controlled the purse-strings, yet the financial problem has been handled with economy, and even with thrift. With the exception of the first London exhibition of 1851, world's fairs have been a costly luxury to their patrons; that fair, in covered area, was less than one fifth the size of the Columbian Exposition; it was open 144 days, and the receipts almost doubled the expenses. In 1867 Louis Napoleon opened his second Paris Exposition, and, considering its success as a "dynastic dazzler," did not probably begrudge the wide difference between the expenses, which were \$4,000,000, and the receipts, which amounted to \$2,100,000. Eleven millions was spent on the Vienna Exposition of 1873, and ten millions of it went into the financial crash that it heralded. The great novelty of that exhibition was the "American bar," but the "Amerikanische cocktail," with all its popularity and specious promise, was not able to avert the crisis. Under republican management, Paris in 1889 produced a remarkable fair, a third larger than the Vienna Exposition, with the same outlay, and with a satisfactory income. Like the Philadelphia Centennial, the Parisian fair with its buildings covered sixty acres, or half the space of the Columbian Exposition. At Philadelphia the receipts (\$3,800,000) fell nearly 60 per cent. short of the cost, which was \$8,500,000.

Both the pride and the business instincts, somewhat entwined, of the Chicago managers, are enlisted in the problem of making their fair pay expenses; more they do not ask. Nearly all the subscribers to the world's fair stock, which was the original fund, are said to have charged the investment to profit and loss, though the financial scheme provides for its return; it was mostly given as a token of public spirit, and the municipality was a heavy subscriber. Chicago had promised the country that she would foot the bills if she might have the fair, and at that crisis genuine "hustling" was needed to inspire confidence. With some outside aid the stock account now exceeds \$6,000,000. Another \$5,000,000 was raised on bonds guaranteed by the city of Chicago, and an additional \$4,000,000 of "World's Fair Bonds" were pur-

chased by public-spirited citizens. When it became apparent in the spring of 1892 that the \$14,000,000 or \$15,000,000 then in sight would not complete the grounds and buildings on the scale that had been adopted to a point where it was impossible to turn back, Chicago appeared before Congress as a Prodigal Son asking for a loan of \$5,000,000. Congress declined the loan, yet fell upon Chicago's neck, and gave \$2,500,000 in souvenir coins. By the simple process of holding these coins at a premium of 100 per cent. the managers hope to realize the full \$5,000,000 from the kindly act of Congress, and to increase the available funds to \$20,000,000. No citizen who visits the fair will begrudge the moiety of 2½ millions of public money. A good thing is usually worth all its costs; and it is a satisfaction to realize, as every visitor to Jackson Park must, that the expense in excess of the basis on which Chicago undertook to pay for the fair has been due to zeal for larger scope and enhanced beauty, and not to vain extravagance or mismanagement. In sentiment, at least, the country owes Chicago an enormous bounty for a colossal success.

If 19½ of those 20 millions suffice to open the gates of the fair, the board will meet the paying public with \$500,000 to its credit. Supposing that the estimate of 200,000 visitors daily for 150 days is not too high, they safely count on a revenue of \$15,000,000 from the admission fee of half a dollar. Probably half a million dollars will accrue from the sale of tickets to sight-seers during the building period. And the neat sum of \$5,000,000 is counted on from concessions granted to interests that are supposed to benefit as well as amuse the millions of visitors. Half a million dollars is called a "conservative estimate" of the gross receipts of the pop-corn and lemonade business, nearly two thirds of which will go into the treasury of the fair. Quite as much more is expected from the soda-water concession. A purveyor of the deleterious peanut has offered 70 per cent. of the gross receipts, and a bonus of \$140,000 besides, but when last heard from on this subject, the managers were not disposed to weigh the peanut so lightly. Nor is the fair to be paved with crisp and fragrant shells, since no peanut will be admitted that has not been through a shelling-machine. As a question of space, horse-vehicles have been barred from the grounds. But 1600 rolling chairs with attendants, and 800 without attendants, may be utilized, the maximum fare being fixed at 75 cents an hour. In order to meet his obligations to the managers the owner of this concession must take in a million dollars. So if all goes well with the estimates there will be \$22,000,000 to count on at the end of the fair, less three millions for

current expenses, which is the estimate; granting that sum for conducting the fair, there will be \$19,000,000 to satisfy an indebtedness of \$15,000,000, since no return is expected of the \$5,000,000 of resources to be derived from the gift made by Congress.

It is true that the managers are obliged to restore Jackson Park to a condition satisfactory to the park commissioners; but no step has been taken except in consultation with Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, Mr. Codman, who are the landscape advisers of the Park Board as well as the landscape architects of the Exposition. As a consequence the expensive landscape features will remain as a permanent embellishment of Jackson Park, of no final expense to the Exposition and of great value to Chicago. The city and the country will profit also from the semi-permanence of the Art Building, which ought some day to be faced with marble and bequeathed to posterity. In the sad hours of demolition the large buildings will probably more than pay for their removal. It has been suggested to a millionaire sporting man that he should buy the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, transport it to New York, and give winter races on a track which would be nearly a mile in length. Many of the truss arches will be available for railway stations; the remaining iron and steel will have some value, and the timber will work into rough lumber or kindling-wood. Five thousand acres of pine forest have entered into the construction of the buildings. Even in its ruins the Exposition will be grand.

As was to be expected, the fair has attracted the indigenous and numerous American "cranks," as well as foreign persons with mental and moral crotchetts. These, and also youthful geniuses, have besieged, personally and by letter, the Ways and Means Committee, of which Edward B. Butler is chairman, and Samuel A. Crawford is secretary. A few examples will indicate how much of human nature as it really is will not be on exhibition at the fair: An American was early in the field with a divine revelation of the site which had been foreordained for the fair when the foundations of the world were laid, and an Englishman has desired to be put on exhibition as the Messiah. Two boys "of respectable parentage" in western New York have offered to walk to Chicago, and to camp on the Exposition grounds with the purpose of illustrating the life of tramps, and of lecturing on its vicissitudes. Another boy of sixteen recommended that a number of nickel-in-the-slot phonographs fixed to repeat amusing fish stories might be placed in the Fisheries Building and about the grounds; he urged that a royalty on the suggestion would enable him to help his widowed mother. An

enterprising dealer in cosmetics asked for space to exhibit an old woman, one half of whose face was to be smoothed out with his preparation and the remainder left with its mortal wrinkles until the end of the fair, when he would smooth out the other half in the presence of the multitude. The parents of a "favorite orator" of six years offered his services as introducer of the chief orator at the dedicatory ceremonies, which would, they thought, lend emphasis to the portentous importance of the occasion. A mathematician asked for standing-room where he might show the world how to square the circle. Out of Indiana came a solver of perpetual motion; he was informed that space could not be allotted for the exhibition of an idea, so he would have to bring on his machine; later he informed the committee that his self-feeding engine, which had been running a sewing-machine, had unfortunately broken down, "but the principle remained the same." A Georgian asked for a concession to conduct a cockpit, and another son of the South knew of a colored child which was an anatomical wonder, and could be had by stealing it from its mother; for a reasonable sum he was willing to fill the office of kidnapper. Innumerable freaks of nature have been tendered; and the pretty English barmaid has in several instances inclosed her photograph with an offer of assistance to the fair. A very serious offer came from a Spaniard, who had been disgusted with the weak attempts to give bull-fights in Paris during the recent exposition. He offered to fill the brutal void at the Columbian fair if he could be assured the privilege of producing the spectacle "with all his real and genuine circumstances."

Many eccentric schemes have been offered in the shape of mechanical wonders. A tower three-thousand feet high was proposed as a proper Chicago rejoinder to the Eiffel pygmy. One aspiring person conceived a building four hundred stories high; and a submarine genius proposed a suite of rooms to be excavated under Lake Michigan.

Some of the marvels which are actually in course of construction would have been regarded a few years ago as hardly less absurd. Most of these mechanical curiosities are located in the Midway Plaisance, which is 600 feet wide, and extends from opposite the Woman's Building for a mile to Washington Park. In this annex will be grouped the foreign villages, the natatorium, the Bohemian and American glass-factories, the Cairo Street, the Donegal industries, and innumerable attractions which of themselves would occupy an indefatigable visitor for the better part of a week. In September the Turkish village had the start of the other foreign exhibits; in the early stage of the

work a Yankee carpenter was directing a miscellaneous band of workmen some of whom had curious methods of handling tools. A crowd of stalwart Turks, in costumes rather worse for wear, were loafing around a charcoal fire, or warming themselves behind a cigarette, neither merry nor sad, nor even weary with idleness.

In the center of the Plaisance will stand the "Ferris Wheel," which will be a gigantic example of the merry-go-over wheels sometimes seen at county fairs. In this case the diameter of the wheel will be 250 feet, and the bearings of the axle, which will, it is said, be the heaviest casting ever made, will rest on towers 135 feet high. Cars, which by their own weight will swing so as always to be parallel with the ground, will be suspended on the outside or perimeter of the wheel, so that passengers who may step into a car from the ground will, as the wheel revolves, get a view of the fair from all heights up to 250 feet, which is only 30 feet lower than the dome of the Administration Building. The revolving mass will weigh 2300 tons, and the engineering problem involved is one of no ordinary interest.

In height the Ferris Wheel will be surpassed by the Spiral Railway Tower, which will enable an electric car to corkscrew to a height of 560 feet. This tower will be 200 feet in diameter, and the spiral truss track will be supported by uprights of steel. Those who prefer to soar in the old-fashioned way to such a height as 1500 feet may confide themselves to the Captive Balloon. On the other hand, the sensation of a rapid and safe descent will be supplied by the Ice Slide, which will be coated with the real article by refrigerating machinery; it may incidentally also relieve the Eskimo exhibit of homesickness.

Those who desire to test their nerves at a speed of 100 miles an hour have merely to embark on the Barre Sliding Railway, which will traverse the entire length of the Plaisance. This method of propelling cars was invented in 1862 by the famous Paris hydraulic engineer Dominique Girard, who was killed on one of the little Seine steamers during the siege. Mr. Barre, the developer of the system, was an engineer under the inventor. Water is both the medium of lifting the cars off the rail and of propelling them. At the fair the road is an elevated structure, and the rail has a broad, flat top. Instead of by wheels the body of the car is supported by hollow iron shoes that rest upon the rail; the water which is fed into the cavity of the shoe under pressure, escapes between the rail and the shoe during motion. The hydraulic pressure is adapted to the weight to be sustained, so that the shoes, lifted by the expelling force, are separated from the surface of the rail by a mere film of water. The cars

being relatively light, and the friction on the film of water hardly appreciable, comparatively little power is needed to propel the train at great speed. This power is supplied from standing pipes near the center of the track, a jet of water being forced from them against a bucket-like contrivance repeated continuously under each car. These standing pipes are so spaced that by the time the rear of the train is leaving the pipe that is propelling it, the head of the train will be automatically opening the jet of another pipe. As the train passes, each pipe automatically closes. On the return trip another branch of the standing pipes supplies the power. The water, leaving the buckets and the shoes, falls into troughs, which conduct it back to the power-stations, where it is used over again. Aside from high speed the absence of jar and noise is a great merit, and the expense of operating is said to be relatively light. A speed of 90 miles an hour can be attained in going 500 yards. The track can be laid over hill and dale without much grading, since any rise or decline under 30 per cent. can be traversed easily. In cold-winter countries the water may be heated at the power-stations, and conveyed in covered conduits. At the Paris Exposition the system was successfully operated on a road 500 feet long; also at Edinburgh; but at the Columbian Exposition it will have the advantage of a mile run.

A rival method of railway construction, from which great things are also expected, is "The Multiple Speed Railway or Movable Sidewalk," which will be put to practical use on the long pier of the fair, extending nearly half a mile into the lake. Here the movable sidewalk will be a continuous loop 4300 feet long, and turning at each end with a radius of 75 feet. In principle the movable sidewalk is made up of two or more parallel sections, moving in the same direction, and each section about two inches higher than the adjoining one. The first section is given a motion of three miles an hour, which is a walking gait; the next section moves three miles faster, or six miles an hour, which is the speed to be attained on the pier. The passengers, facing the way the sidewalk is moving, step upon the first or slow section by grasping posts attached to it; from that section they pass with the same facility to the six-miles-an-hour section, which is provided with seats. By the simplest contrivance the system is capable of being worked up to any desired speed; four platforms would give a speed of twelve miles an hour. The power, which is stationary, is applied to the axles by electricity. Several elements in the problem of rapid transit for cities are supplied by this system; as the motion and the cars are continuous there are

no stops, and no waiting for trains, and no danger from collisions or from jumping the track. At the fair passengers landing or departing by boat can utilize the movable sidewalk, as can also the patrons of the restaurant which is to dispense ordinary cheer and lake air at the end of the pier.

I have hinted only at a few of the exhibits of curious character to be made by foreigners and by Americans. Krupp alone will spend half a million dollars on his exhibit of engines of war, thanks to the interest of Emperor William in having this German industry prominent at the fair. He will send the largest gun ever made, which will weigh 122 tons. It will leave Essen on a car constructed to carry it to the seaboard; it will be landed at Sparrow's Point near Baltimore, where the Maryland Steel Company will undertake to lift it from the ship to a specially constructed car of the Baltimore and Ohio road. There is a track in the grounds which will carry it to the door of Krupp's special building on the lake shore, east of the Agricultural Building. It is fate at the fair, just as in the larger field of the world, that peace and war are nearest neighbors,—that this temple of Mars will be only a few feet from the reproduction of the Convent of La Rabida where Columbus, despairing of government aid, was finding refuge when his luck changed. If the managers have confidence in the walls of the fair, and Herr Krupp has confidence in his pet monster, it would be a good idea to make amends by firing a salute from this gun in honor of the Columbian victory of peace.

A salvo of addresses in honor of peace will

be delivered every day at the Art Institute, especially erected in Lake-Front Park for the World's Congress Auxiliary. Here all the ideas and isms of the age will be on oral exhibition, and great will be the endurance of the attending intelligences that survive.

Relaxation of a remarkable kind is to be provided in the "Spectatorium," a theater of gigantic proportions invented by Steele Mackaye, which will stand on the lake shore contiguous to the Exposition grounds. Spectacles, like the Columbian voyage with real winds and waves, ships, rain and rainbows, have been projected on an unheard-of scale, with novel effects and a concord of serious music and art.

Large as is the covered area of the fair, neither foreign exhibitors nor our own people may have much more than half the space that they have wanted. In the interest of quality rather than quantity, it is just as well that this is so; for, if any fault is to be found with this Columbian Exposition, it will be on account of the inability of the human mind to compass and appreciate it. There can be no fault found with Columbus, or with Chicago, or with foreign governments who have been most considerate, or with American energy and ambition. But assuredly, after a few exhausting days of such music as will be provided, such exhibits of mental audacity and ingenuity, such art, such architecture, such a glory of bunting, such a blaze of electricity, the American sightseer, with all his stamina and flexibility, will retreat to his quiet walk in life, and, emerging under the immortal stars, will reflect that there is a glory not made with hands—and will rest his soul.

C. C. Buel.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word from Russia.

THE CENTURY has from time to time published criticisms of certain internal affairs of the Russian empire, but surely with no ill will for the country which showed its friendship for our own at a time of national peril. Much has been said in these columns concerning the Siberian exile system, and on the treatment of the Jews in Russia. It will be remembered that on the latter subject opposing views were printed here some years ago by Madame Ragozin and the late Emma Lazarus.

We now ask a fair hearing for "the other side," in the paper printed in this number of THE CENTURY by a member of the Russian Legation at Washington. If any statement of the Russian governmental view has ever before been put forth with any color of authority, in an American periodical, we do not know of it. Whatever may be thought of this view, as here briefly presented by Mr. Botkine, it will surely be regarded as a fact of deep significance that an official of the Rus-

sian government has been permitted to break through the reserve of his position in order to make an explanation to the American people of the situation at home, as he himself understands it.

Responsibility for the Spoils System.

THE President-elect has recently given forth some vigorous expressions of opinion unfavorable to that view of government which makes of it simply a scramble for and dispensation of the salaries of the blue-book. He seems to be determined to check the tendency to regard the Executive Mansion as little more than a National Employment Bureau, rather than the center of the executive branch of the Government, with all its varied functions. The more strenuously he adheres to this determination, the closer will the entire Government be held to its proper uses, the better the nation will be served, and the better the good people of the country will be pleased.

But are the executive branches of our National State,

and municipal government alone to blame for the spoils system? And in the general community are the bad people solely to blame for it? In fact does not a considerable part of the blame and the disgrace rest upon those who are classed among the "good"? Do or do not these same good people, or a large part of them, whenever there is a chase after a petty office in their neighborhood, join in the hue and cry—if not in their own behalf, then, in a friendly way, in behalf of some needy neighbor who wants their names to his petition or their influence in his enterprise?

When every citizen who at heart despises the spoils system shall live up to his despisal, and set his face resolutely against the indecent and cruel scramble for other people's bread and butter—then it will be easier for Presidents, and all others in authority, to carry out their own best intentions; then the present laws in relation to the subject will be executed in their full content and intent; and the merit system will be extended to all that part of the public service to which, in reason and in justice, it should be applied.

Efficiency of Ballot Reform.

AFTER the supreme test of the Australian ballot system of voting which was made in the last Presidential election, there can be no further question of its efficiency. It was tried for the first time in a national election in no fewer than thirty-five States, and in all of them it worked so smoothly and satisfactorily that no serious complaints were made. It was noticeable that the most successful of the laws were those which are the most thoroughgoing applications of the system, and which follow the example of the pioneer Massachusetts law in having the names of all candidates printed upon a single or blanket ballot. Few complaints were heard about the working of these laws, but those which, like the New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and California laws, are applications of the system which never met the approval of ballot-reformers gave rise to many expressions of dissatisfaction which ought to lead to the adoption of new and better laws in their stead.

The great results gained in all the States were quiet and orderly elections, an absence of intimidators, vote-peddlers, and vote-buyers from the polling-places, and the opportunity for every citizen to cast his ballot in absolute secrecy. It was demonstrated that the new system went a long way toward abolishing bribery from our elections. The professional corruptionists of all parties confessed frankly that in no previous election had money produced so slight an effect, chiefly because the bribers took the money paid them for their votes, and then failed to keep their bargains. This demonstration is of great value, for no man will waste money in buying votes which he is not certain will be delivered. There have been differences of opinion as to the degree of immorality in the business of vote-buying, but never any about the un wisdom of paying money for votes about the deposit of which there is any uncertainty. A man who will sell his vote cannot be trusted to keep his bargain when he is left to execute it in secret. This claim was made by the advocates of the Australian system at the outset of their agitation for its adoption, and the recent election has shown that it was well founded.

In saying this for the new system, we do not wish to be understood as declaring that no further legislation against the illicit use of money in elections is necessary. On the contrary, such legislation is imperatively needed, for there are forms of using money other than in direct bribery. It is entirely probable, also, that familiarity with the new voting system will enable the corruptionists to circumvent its provisions. This has been done in some States in elections which were not national in character, and in time it might be done in national elections. The great point has been gained of checking wholesale bribery of voters; we ought not to stop until bribery is abolished, by having the use of money forbidden under such stringent laws as shall make its use without detection and punishment impossible.

Next to the partial abolition of bribery, the most noteworthy triumph of the new system was the immunity from espionage, intimidation, and undue influence of all kinds which it secured to every voter. As time goes on we believe that this secret ballot, which is in reality the only absolutely free and fair ballot, will be recognized as the most invaluable feature of the Australian system. It permits every citizen to vote as his conscience dictates without fear of consequences.

The complete success of the reform system in so large a proportion of the States makes certain its speedy adoption in the remaining States. At the beginning of the present year the only States still without it were Kansas and Idaho in the North, and Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia in the South. All these ought to have it embodied in their statutes before the next Presidential election comes around, and the chances are that all of them will do so. In no part of the country is the reform more urgent, or more salutary in its results, than in the South. It subjects the negro voters to the same test of intelligence which is imposed in the North, and thus removes all ground of complaint in case a portion of such voters are not able to exercise their rights of suffrage. It is estimated by the leaders of Tammany Hall in New York City that the new system deprives them of from 8000 to 10,000 votes in every election because of the inability of the most ignorant voters to cope with the requirements of the law. The exclusion from the polls of voters so densely ignorant as this, whether they be in the North or in the South, or whether they be black or white, is far from being a public misfortune, and is also far from constituting a defect in the new voting method.

Reform in Contested Election Cases.

IT was most unfortunate that the constitutional amendment in New York State, taking from the two houses of the legislature their power to decide contested election cases, and transferring it to the courts, should have been submitted to popular vote for approval in a Presidential election. A very small vote was cast in its favor, and a comparatively small, but yet larger, one was cast against it. The simple fact was that the people were so absorbed in the great issues of the Presidential contest that they paid little or no attention to questions of minor importance. In addition to this fact, the judicial transfer amendment was associated with two others, both desirable, but both

adding to the complications of the situation, since they increased the popular tendency, always observable in such cases, to vote against measures the purport of which is not fully comprehended. Not having either time or disposition to inform themselves as to the meaning and wisdom of the three amendments, the people either declined to vote on them or voted in the main against them.

This is no new development of American proclivities, and it is not by any means a deplorable trait of national character. The result in this instance is deplorable, but it is not irrevocable. It was due to the unfortunate circumstance that the amendments were submitted to the people in an election which was the one most unsuitable for an intelligent and deliberate verdict upon them. The figures of the returns show that only a very small proportion of the voters of the State expressed any opinion whatever upon them. There cannot be said, therefore, to have been any popular verdict rendered as to their merits; least of all can it be said that a verdict has been rendered against them. The people have simply declined to express a favorable or unfavorable opinion until they can do so intelligently.

This view of the matter ought to be given great weight by the approaching constitutional convention, the delegates to which are to be chosen by the people of New York within a short time. Among the various changes in the State's organic law which that body will be called upon to consider, none is of greater importance than that of a change of power from the legislature to the courts. We discussed this subject fully, shortly after Senator Saxton's joint resolution embodying it as an amendment passed the legislature for the first time in March, 1891.¹ We showed at that time that the reform proposed had been adopted in England in 1868, and though it was regarded as of doubtful wisdom by many high authorities, including the judges to whom the power was transferred, it had worked with such perfect success that no complaints had ever been made in regard to it, and no suggestion had ever been heard for a change to the former method. We were in error in saying at that time that no American State had adopted the reform, for it was embodied in the constitution of Pennsylvania in 1874, and has worked as satisfactorily in that State during the subsequent eighteen years as it has in England. Commenting upon it recently, the Philadelphia "Press" said:

Pennsylvania already enjoys this wholesome reform. It is incorporated in the Constitution of 1874, and since its adoption the time of the legislature has not been wasted in considering contested election cases. What is of more importance, party interests have not determined the decisions in these cases. A court can be, and usually is, non-partisan, though the judges are chosen by a party vote. A legislature can never be non-partisan when the party control of the legislature turns on its decision on a contested seat. In such cases argument and the taking of evidence are a waste of time. The verdict can be forecast with certainty from the beginning by noting the relative party strength in the chamber.

The "Press" characterizes the old method which is still in vogue in all other States as "absurd and vicious," and its language is no more emphatic than that which has been used by other commentators who have studied its effects not merely in State legislatures,

¹ See "Judicial Control of Contested Election Cases," in "Topics of the Time" in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1891.

but in Congress. Ex-Speaker Reed of the Fifty-first Congress, a body in which the majority was increased from seven to twenty-four by partisan decisions, has said of the method now in use that "it is unsatisfactory in results, unjust to members and contestants, and fails to secure the representation which the people have chosen." He has also said, as confirming the view that partisan considerations invariably control the decisions, that "probably there is not a single instance on record where the minority was increased by the decision of contested cases." The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, who has advocated the transfer to the courts by Congress of its power over contested cases, is no less pronounced in his views, saying, as we quoted him in June, 1891, that the "House is rarely thoroughly and violently partisan, except when it sits in a judicial capacity to try an election case."

So far as New York State is concerned, its citizens had a very forcible illustration of the evil possibilities of the present system in the performances which occurred in Albany in January, 1892. The subsequent decisions of the Court of Appeals have left no doubt that in the contested cases of that period the Democrats secured a majority in the Senate by methods which would not have been possible of successful employment had final decision rested with the courts. No one who has the welfare of his country at heart, and who desires popular government to attain its best and most beneficent estate, will wish to see a practice continued which is capable of such abuses as this. The New York constitutional convention, we are confident, will realize that it has a duty to perform in this matter, and will take the ground that the people should be given another opportunity to pass deliberate and intelligent judgment upon what investigation is certain to convince them is a salutary and most urgent reform.

Free Art a National Necessity.

REPRESENTATIVE ANDREW of Massachusetts has done a public service in resuming, in the present Congress, the agitation for free art. On this question the artists of the country have taken an enlightened and honorable position. The arguments for an unrestricted interchange of paintings and sculpture between the United States and other countries have been rehearsed in these columns and elsewhere to the point of fatigued. Miss Kate Field has been especially serviceable to the cause in setting these arguments clearly before Congress and the public. Any one who is interested in the question knows that the present duty of 15 per cent. on art is not defensible on any theory of protection; that the revenue product is comparatively insignificant in the mass, while exceedingly annoying and exacting in the item, and that at least 95 per cent. of those who are "protected" by the duty are daily crying out against a protection which does not—and in its nature cannot—protect. These considerations are made more significant by the fact that in 1890, under the leadership of Mr. McKinley, free art passed the House of Representatives—a body of protection proclivities—in the first draft of the present tariff law.

What argument then remains to support this barrier in the way of American national progress in art? Simply the delusion that art is a luxury, and must be taxed accordingly.

OPEN LETTERS.

In the spring of 1890, at a dinner party in Washington, a prominent Senator in a gale of jest agreed to escort to the World's Fair the two ladies between whom he was seated. Six months later, the McKinley bill having passed the House, the Senator was reported in the newspapers as expressing a doubt as to the concurrence of the Senate in the removal of the duty on art. "For," said he, "how can we go to our constituents and stand up for the tax on sugar, which is a necessity, and defend its removal from art, which is a luxury?" Meantime, the interview having come to the eye of one of the ladies, she wrote, in effect, the following note:

MY DEAR SENATOR: I think it proper to say to you that I could under no circumstances consent to go to the World's Fair with Mrs. —— in the company of a Senator who thinks sugar a necessity and art a luxury; for while you would be longing to go to the candy counter, we should be wild to visit the picture-galleries, and, you see, there would be discord at once.

Sorrowfully yours, —————.

However novel this view of art as a necessity may be to some legislators, it is not a novel view to the vast majority of cultivated people of this country. There may be some excuse for thinking that in the early colonial period gunpowder was more necessary than statuary. But the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next. The time was when ice was a luxury; now it is a necessity. In this era of sated material prosperity, good is no longer, in the definition of the English statesman, simply "good to eat." Public sentiment clearly perceives that what we need to cultivate and encourage are the graces and refinements of life, pure learning, the best music, the beautiful arts, the progress of civilization being measured by the conversion of luxuries into necessities.

It ought not to be difficult in this year of grace and

art—the year of the artistic miracle by the side of Lake Michigan—to convince even the most material mind of the practical utility of beauty and of the good policy of giving the freest circulation to artistic products. European nations know the commercial value in pounds or francs of a liberal patronage of the arts. There is hardly an article of modern dress or household furniture that is not ultimately affected for the better by the spread of true ideas of art. By making the interchange with European centers difficult, we simply delay the day of our ultimate glory as an artistic nation—a destiny to which the genius of our people points, and which must reach its accomplishment through the education and growth of popular taste.

In the last Congress a great step was taken in civilization when, against the bitterest prejudices and the most alarmed entreaties, a large measure of justice was done to intellectual property by the passage of the International Copyright Bill. The new law has already justified the claims of its friends, and shown the groundlessness of the fears of its enemies. It was not asked for as a matter of favor, but of right; and it is on this ground, and in the same spirit of self-respect, that American artists and their allies ask for the justice that lies in free opportunity. To provide this is the first duty of government. No man is a beggar who asks for it; no good citizen will be content with less. And as no public investment is so valuable to a government as its investment in the respect of its own citizens, it is to be hoped that before the close of the present session, this barbarous tax upon intelligence will be removed, so that Americans may be able to look frankly in the face the representatives of those great nations—great in nothing more enduring than their art—to which our own artists are indebted for the most constant and generous opportunity, instruction, and inspiration.

OPEN LETTERS.

How Pianists May be Different and yet Each be Great.

MUSICIANS have long agreed that there is something amiss in the modern piano-concert. An undertow of dissent sets back from the popularity of our greatest artists. The instant loss of artistic prestige that follows an attempt to settle in America shows how much more public interest arises from novelty than from appreciation of musical genius. We have no pianists who possess a tithe of the hold upon public regard that is enjoyed by a very large number of favorite actors. This is partly because the stage has an immense advantage in the attitude of its patrons toward it. We go to the theater to enjoy the acting; we go to a concert to decide how nearly a pianist playing a familiar program is able to come up to our ideas. An actor is free to choose his own special line of art. Robson is not expected to play *Hamlet*, nor Salvini *Selon Shingle*; neither of them is obliged to be a scene-painter. The fine arts offer similar freedom; a man may select landscape or figure; may excel in color or line; may be classic, realistic, or impressionist, as suits him best.

But the pianist is supposed to be everything or nothing, although no art contains possibilities more various and incompatible than those inherent in music. In its tissue of pleasing sounds it affects the ear just as color affects the eye, and accordingly possesses a school of art the musicians of which are as truly colorists as if they handled a brush. It is also a language, and as such numbers in its ranks not only writers, but orators, critics, and dramatic artists. Furthermore, being dependent on muscular agility, it offers a field for the phenomenal development of virtuosity. Among all these obligatory requirements an artist finds himself, like Issachar, an overloaded ass, stooping between his burdens; and his artistic purpose becomes hopelessly confused. This is more unfortunate from the fact that the normal attitude of the artist toward his art is not the same in men of different temperaments. Given a musical ear, any one of several powerful instincts may impel an artist to his art, and in the direction of this impulse will be his greatest strength. What a liberty of perfection, what an exorcism of commonplace, would follow if we were broad enough to recog-

nize the point where the struggle for symmetrical artistic development should cease, and if we were sympathetic enough to urge each genius onward in its normal bent! The natural bent of an artist's instinct is his vein of ore in the great mine of art. He will dig to very little purpose at right angles to it.

That, indeed, would be a unique artist who so well understood his own genius that he was always consistent; and exceptional artists have many active instincts, which prompt as many developments. This paper seeks to define these instincts, and by no means to limit the powers of the artists cited. We will, for the purpose, consider a few common types of art in general, and piano-playing in particular.

Musicians separate instrumentalists into two broad classes, those who work by feeling, and those who work by conscious intellectual effort. The artistic productions of these two classes are easily recognized as different, not in degree, but in kind. The first are said to be "subjective," the second "objective." These metaphysical terms are extremely misleading. However, if we use them as a rough classification of clearly opposing types, we can make it plainer why musicians may be different, and yet each be great. Thus the critic and the virtuoso are certainly objective, while the rhapsodist, the colorist, the composer, and the idealist are subjective. Perhaps the impressionist occupies a middle ground.

THE RHAPSODIST AND THE PLAYING CRITIC.

LET us consider the rhapsodist—the man who reproduces classic art forms with an enthusiasm that often carries him past interpretation into improvisation. The type is as old and familiar as art itself. "One may dare to break all bounds only in his own compositions," sighs Rubinstein, who can never keep within bounds. The musician who unconsciously creates in the very act of interpretation is the artist with the instinct of an orator. Daudet drew the type in "Numa Roumestan." It is the freshness and spontaneity that one enjoys most in the flights of such a genius. Critical interpretation is its negative pole. The enthusiasm of the artist and the audience create the result between them. So normal is the artistic manifestation that the comparatively unmusical public is able to understand and revel in it. If such an artist pauses in his flight to reason and analyze, his wings drop off.

A tendency to improvise was one of the most marked features of Liszt's genius. Hiller, who disliked him, said Liszt played best at sight, because if he went through a piece a second time he altered it to suit himself. The artists who play Liszt's own music as he played it do so by ear, for he seldom kept to the text he furnished the public. The inspiration of the occasion provoked many of the great Hungarian's finest utterances. But such artistic freedom is the rarest condition of a modern pianist. How many tender rhapsodists have we cut down to the standards of the excellent Cotta edition of classic works—although the interpretation of the genuine rhapsodist is always happiest in moments of greatest abandon! The initial impulse of an artist like Bülow, on the other hand, is frankly analytic. He clamors for truth and fidelity to subject-matter as loudly as Ruskin. He scorns to consider the result of his music upon the audience he despises. He enters literature as tractarian, not as composer. Even as

pianist he avowedly neither creates nor composes his musical picture. He is a critic of musical literature who embodies his opinion in musical form. Bülow, the greatest, clearest-sighted critic of German music that we possess, presents exactly the traits which we are accustomed to seek in critics of *belles-lettres*.

Here we have the insight, the discrimination, the caustic wit, the cool dissection of the subject, and the fervent opinion thereon. We listen to Bülow on Beethoven as we study Colenso on the Pentateuch. Perhaps one clearly understands Beethoven's sonatas only after hearing Bülow play his "Commentary on Beethoven." Bülow's life work has been of inestimable value to the student. Without him how dim would be our intelligence, how meager our culture! But his bitter gibes have scorched the freshness and spontaneity out of his pupils. Thanks to him, all Germany has turned critic, and it is idle to ask of critics the abandon, the naïve instinct for beauty or impersonation that still exist in non-Teutonic peoples. For these things we begin to look to nations who are romantic rather than sentimental. But if we do not insist on tone-color, or invention, or passion, we must demand that the critic have and express ideas upon his subject matter, and that his music be reasonable, coherent, intelligent, and limpidly clear. Criticism is not interpretation, and still less impersonation; but a music without its playing critics would be a music without a literature.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE ARTIST.

To the analysis of the critic let us oppose the constructive instinct of which Poe is the literary exponent. The artistic genius whose methods Poe discusses in the "Philosophy of Composition" numbers some of our most brilliant names in literature, music, painting, and acting. In exposing the processes by which he created "The Raven," "I prefer," said Poe, "to begin with an effect." Artists of this particular temperament may then be supposed to concern themselves with producing effects where others may seek to reproduce their ideas, opinions, or impressions. "The old masters," writes Hamerton, "troubled themselves very little about the nobility of their subject, but were generally careful to see that the material they painted would come as they wanted it, in form, color, light, and shade." He avers that the true artist is always calculating the effect of his work upon his public, and gives an account of the successive steps in which a picture is composed and painted. Now the materials of rhetoric in musical composition, and of declamation and elocution in audible music, may be combined and worked up just as Meissonier painted a picture. But if this, the normal instinct and method of the painter, is very strong in the musician, a pictorial quality appears in his work that is absent from the productions of other musical types. For many of the strongest musical instincts begin and end with the necessity for expression, and are careless of effect. These artists are unconscious of the details of their musical outpourings, and very often ignorant of the artistic laws which they fulfil. They share the instinct of song-birds. Some one asked Paderewski to write down the cadenza of his own minute as he actually plays it, and it came out that he did not know how he did it himself. If you criticize such a musician, he says, "But I felt so." This is not the standpoint of the constructive artist. There are

OPEN LETTERS.

musicians of whom you instinctively say that they "composed a tone-picture" or they "built a climax."

The finest representative of this school of pianists that we have heard on this side of the Atlantic is Eugen d'Albert. From first to last he is intent on crescendo, contrast, suspense, surprise, and climax. He plies his hearers with every variety of touch and technic, master of all. He subjects his musical matter to every mode of treatment. By turns picturesque, impetuous, caressing, awesome, and merry, he is unfailingly interesting. Mr. Richard Mansfield offers an example of the same instinct in dramatic art. He tells us that he concocted the entire play of "*Beau Brummel*" to bring out the scene where the Beau, poor and forgotten, talks to the phantoms of his old companions. He seized, not a passion, but a picturesque and pathetic situation. His transformation scene in "*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*" is worked out on the same principles of suspense and climax that D'Albert applies to a similar musical situation. We all remember the Bach fugue which furnished to D'Albert the text of his magnificent illustration of a grand climax, and the series of neatly contrasted technical studies into which he resolved the Bach suite in D minor. These were not the opinions of the playing critic. They were effects—the brilliant result of a constructive process in which artistic instinct and intellectual effort acted together. Such art possesses a development and flavor altogether different from that of any other type. Its existence is legitimate, and its artists as versatile as they are enthusiastic and sincere. But it is impossible to estimate them by the same criterions that we apply to Chopin, who found the twilight of a boudoir more congenial than the glare of the foot-lights, and, as a concert player, failed with the public.

THE COMPOSER THAT ALSO PLAYS.

CHOPIN was a literary man, the idol of his friends, and worked comparatively unseen by his public. Just as Dickens and Cable have read their books better than anybody else can read them, so no one has ever played the music of Chopin as he played it. To Chopin music was a form of speech, the easiest way of expressing his feelings. His originality was unconscious and unpremeditated. In him appear musically qualities unknown to any of the types of music we have considered, but not less precious or effectual. Too refined and sensitive to be comprehended by the general public, those objective particulars which that public could grasp—his touch of velvet, his flexible rhythm, his treatment of passages and embellishments—generated a new school of music.

THE COLORIST.

JUST as painting numbers artists who are supremely great because of their love of color, in and for itself, so music possesses players whose love of beautiful tone is their guiding impulse. Mr. Joseffy, another instance of an artist who works independently of his public, both in ideal and in elaboration, is an example of this type. He is not always calculating the effect of his work upon his hearers, for in spite of his great popularity it is almost impossible for him to persuade himself to undertake a concert. Yet each reappearance brings the surprise of a new artistic departure, which, however, sacrifices no familiar charm. As a young artist, the exquisite grace

and delicate beauty of his playing revolutionized the popular conception of piano-music throughout America. His was a revelation of what beautiful tone meant; it placed him among the great colorists just as emphatically as if he had rivaled Ziem's Venetian scenes.

Mr. Joseffy has offered us the pleasure (rare in our new world) of watching the lifelong development of an artist—a healthy growth in breadth and power, always harmonious with the sensitive feeling for beauty, especially beauty of tone, that is its generative impulse. It is curious that the same indifference to drawing that the genuine colorist exhibits in painting is paralleled by the disinclination for strongly marked phrasing and accent in his musical counterpart. De Pachmann is another instance in point. Art is a choice between opposing possibilities. It is obvious that the creations of a colorist will differ from those of a constructive artist from every standpoint of good criticism. The colorist will seldom sacrifice beauty of tone to effective accent. He will often prefer elegance to energy. His surprises will not be dramatic effects, but new discoveries of beauty. He charms where the composition and delivery of a constructive musician compel admiration. The history of the art of music proves that it sprang from more than one germ, and the question in hearing it should be, What is the player's instinct and aim? and then, Does he reach the aim? Is he true to the instinct?

THE IMPRESSIONIST.

TURNER was a genuine impressionist. This is the school that "seizes the most striking feature of its object, and seeks to reproduce that feature in the most vivid possible way"—the school which reproduces "not truths of fact, but truths of imagination."

We possess its entire parallel in music. Rubinstein is the prince of impressionists. He has gathered up in memory just such a treasury of natural sounds and motions as attracted Turner in color and form, and he uses them with similar genius and technic. It is a crudity to ask Rubinstein to be clear. We do not need to have him clear—we need to have him moving.

THE VIRTUOSO.

THE bravura player is a bird of another feather. Bravura is inseparable from virtuosity, by which musicians mean extraordinary technical skill, resource, and endurance. Bravura is the use of these abilities—first, to produce a grand artistic climax; second, on account of their value as gymnastic feats with which to delight the hearing and seeing audience.

The virtuoso is not to be reckoned with in matters of beauty, discrimination, or oratory. Not that he is necessarily indifferent to them, but his preparation is that of any other gymnast, and his standpoint the question of possibilities for flesh and blood. Bravura playing is often the first instinct of a genius that awakens later to higher aims. But it has its independent value. Without such men as Rosenthal, who in feats like the "*Don Juan*" fantasie are continually enlarging the limits of execution, piano-playing would come to a standstill. What Rosenthal does to-day, the world will do tomorrow. If we can brook no limit to our latent power, it is he and his rivals who make our impossible the world's actual. The art of painting possesses exactly the same phase of genius—men who bless difficulties

for the chance of overcoming them. The gymnastic feats of the acrobat on one hand, and the technical successes of pictures like Whistler's "White Lady" on the other, fairly represent the lowest and highest achievements of the bravura player.

THE DRAMATIC IDEALIST.

THERE is still another group of artists whose standpoint differs utterly from all those heretofore considered. For want of a better name, I am inclined to call them the "dramatic idealists," because they develop their artistic product from an inner ideal of human nature.

On the stage Jefferson and Modjeska are examples of two great artists who work from this same standpoint. Jefferson's definition of an actor is "a player who, *solus*, with neither scenery nor stage properties, is able to run through the gamut of human emotion, and never fail to touch a responsive chord in the audience," and such are those artists who, conscious of the power of music as a language, not only make it the vehicle for the utterance of their personal feelings, but are able to express in music that progress and play of emotions which we call mood. We see at a glance that here is something different in origin, aim, and use of material from any previous type.

The artistic material of such artists is less the dramatic situation than the character they impersonate. Jefferson is *Rip Van Winkle*; he does not play him. Paderewski has the same power. Their strongest appeal is to the imagination and feeling of their hearers. It is characteristic of the idealist that his appeal is at once noble and stimulating.

The exquisite ideal of womanly tenderness which Modjeska expresses when she, as *Portia*, abandoning all stage traditions, obeys the divine impulse of pity, steals toward *Skylock*, and gently touches his arm as she tells him "the quality of mercy is not strained," is a beautiful instance of dramatic idealism.

From the exercise of the same gift arose the touching scene in Carnegie Hall, when an audience, loath to leave their artist or to let him go, went away hushed and sorrowful from the presence of a man who had won them solely by the music of a piano.

The peculiarity and charm of this, perhaps the rarest, type of art, is that it sometimes seems to pass the borders of artistic production and to enter those of inspiration.

NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

THE artist who is able thus to impersonate a character, and to express its feelings, does so in the mold of his own nature and nationality. There is no more essential property of music than its national flavor. We demand this flavor in literature, as in the fine arts. We resent the cumbrous Germanism of a Scotch Carlyle. Although we go to Scotland with Sir Walter Scott, we do not ask Hawthorne to become an Italian in Rome. We expect to see every school of painting embody its highest ideals in its national type of feature. Rubens, Da Vinci, Bonnat, and Munkaczy have respectively produced a Dutch, Italian, French, and Hungarian Christus. We would not dream of demanding a denationalized Christus. It would be weak. Ristori, Janauschek, and Modjeska have played the same character—*Maria Stuart*. The national temperament of each of these great artists was perfectly obvious in her conception.

And so must be the nationality of the pianist. The greatest artist is he who, like Liszt, uses his national instinct to the highest artistic purpose. Paderewski gives us a Polish Chopin. Some of us enjoy it because the Polish temperament, especially in its romantic quality, is strongly akin to the American. But next week comes De Pachmann, who offers Chopin the Frenchman. Let us who prefer Chopin the Pole remember that to a musician of Parisian instincts De Pachmann's Chopin is the speaking truth of nation and taste. If we do not find it true, may it not be because we are not in sympathy with French character? We hear a dozen Teutonic pianists play Beethoven with the utmost breadth of tone and grandeur of crescendo. Two others of different nationality and temperament follow. The one offers us a Beethoven of physical beauty and grace, the other of chivalrous feeling and action. Now and then appears a philosopher, a poet, a musician whose philosophy is broad enough, whose sympathies are strong enough, whose utterance is direct enough, to make him the mouthpiece of the world. Such were Shakspere and Beethoven. Even Schiller in *Maria Stuart* created a world's type of suffering. Dare we affirm that a symmetrical and consistent art creation falls below our standard because it shows how a French, Italian, Russian, or Polish temperament deals with the chain of moods which forms the dramatic material of a sonata?

How inartistic would be a *Macbeth* played with the Scotch bur proper to the smaller art form of the *Man o' Airlie!* The larger the artistic creation, the less essential are its outside details, and the more easily it runs in the mold of any and every nation, and rises from the particular instance to the universal type.

ARTISTIC SCHOOL AND PERSONALITY.

If we take into account the artistic value of a musician's nationality, we must also recognize that of master and school. If Union Seminary or Princeton sets her mark on a theologian; if Paris, Munich, or Spain effectually qualifies a painter's method and ideal, so Paris, Berlin, or Vienna alters the development of the growing pianist. A pupil of Liszt, Kullak, or Leschetizky cannot be mistaken. Moreover, the culture, the nature, the social habit of the artist, must be considered. These will not counteract his genius, but they will work conclusively upon his taste, his sense of propriety, and upon the moods of which he is able to form a conception. They will largely go to make the personal quality which is the crowning charm of all artistic work.

Fanny Morris Smith.

Columbus Relics—The Question of Genuineness.

In this year, when all the world is concurring to celebrate adequately the memory of Columbus, everything bearing upon him is of interest. We hear therefore on all sides of biographies that have appeared or are about to appear, of fêtes to be held in his honor, of relics pertaining to the great explorer. Of these relics a great number are to be lent by the various owners to the Exposition of Chicago, to be publicly exhibited in the section devoted to Columbian memorials. It is much to be hoped that all such mementos may prove really genuine, that no frauds, conscious

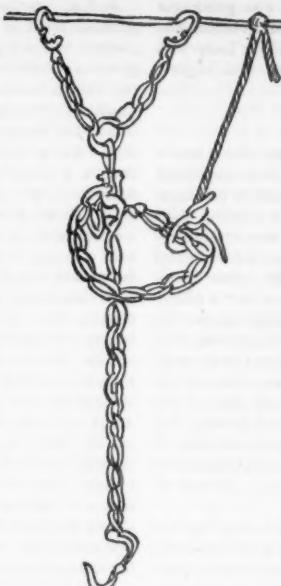
or unconscious, be committed upon the good faith of the public. That there exists great danger in this respect is beyond question.

We learn that Don Cesareo Fernandez Duro, captain of the Spanish Navy, announces that there has been consigned for the purpose of exhibition, to Mr. Robert Stritter, the sword said to have been unsheathed by the great Genoese at the taking of Guanahani, and which is now in the possession of the Museum of Salzburg. Speaking of this relic, truly precious if genuine, the same gentleman declares that there are those who boast of having found the fetters and manacles with which Bobadilla tortured the navigator. Is it possible that we are really dealing here with those chains which Columbus desired should never leave him, as a sort of *memento mori*, and which, it is asserted, he willed should be buried with him?

Let us examine the matter a little in detail, availing ourselves for that purpose of an erudite and searching article published by Fernandez Duro in the "Ilustracion Española y Americana" of February 22, 1892, as well as of the biography of Columbus written by Justin Winsor, and thus try to solve the probabilities regarding the genuineness of these fetters.

Signor Michelangelo Maria Mizzi of Malta has published a pamphlet in which he narrates that the chains of the admiral are at present in the possession of Signor Giuseppe Baldi of Genoa, who guards them jealously in his house, together with other memorials of his great fellow-townsman. The fetters are preserved in a magnificent casket inlaid with ivory and ebony and lined throughout with white and red satin; they weigh about seven English pounds, and can be detached into separate pieces for the hands, legs, and waist. The writer of this pamphlet declares that the authenticity of these fetters has been attested by expert and learned antiquarians and archaeologists, whose names, however, he omits to mention, and that on the two manacles and on a ring-belt are to be read three inscriptions, of which we give facsimiles. These inscriptions are cryptogramic, composed of abbreviations and designs which reduce themselves into three rebus. The author avers—the burden of the proof lies with him—that it was needful to have recourse to this method in order to gain space, and that, moreover, this strange system was the one commonly adopted in the fifteenth century for writing inscriptions. In order to avoid mistakes, let us give the Spanish reading of the hieroglyphics.

"La flecha de la calumnia dió estos yerros a Don Cristobal Colón paloma de la buena nueva, ciudadano de Genova muerto en mi casa posada Valladolid," of which the English version runs: "The arrow of calumny gave these irons to Cristobal Colon, dove [i.e., messenger] of the good tidings, citizen of Genoa, who died in my house in Valladolid." On the second man-



THE SO-CALLED COLUMBUS FETTERS.

cle: "Mayo quinientos seis en la paz de Cristo F.^{co}. M.^{ro} hizo grabar en secreto este recuerdo in eterno." In English: "In May, 1506, in the peace of our Lord, F.^{co} M.^{ro} secretly ordered this engraving as a remembrance forever." On one of the rings of the belt is the well-known signature of the navigator, and the date 1499.

Now we must bear in mind that in old Castilian, as it was employed before the fifteenth century, the word corresponding to iron was written *ferro*, later it assumed the form *hierro*, but never was it written, as on the pretended relic, *yerro*. This fault in orthography casts the first doubt on the authenticity of the chains.

The host of Columbus at Valladolid has not thought proper to inscribe his own name, but has remained satisfied with his initials followed by the last syllable of his cognomen. This circumstance arouses suspicion. Messrs. Mizzi and Baldi say that the chains of Columbus resemble those which the angels, according to the legend, loosened from the apostle St. Peter,

and which are adored to this day by the faithful in the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, but, as Fernandez Duro justly observes, the reputed chains of the saint are not of the same model as those in use since immemorial in Spain for the securing of prisoners. Here we are face to face with the third argument in favor of our theory, which doubts the genuineness of these pretended relics.

*H ~~A~~ S... D. CRIS^{co} val
A x d. G... ua
P m. de
Apos v < d*

*M - D. VI + J. F.^{co} M^{ro}
P res - o R^o*

*+ XPO FERENS +
1499*

INSCRIPTIONS ON FETTERS AND BELT.

It now behoves us to see how far the carefully pondered facts put forward by Justin Winsor support or destroy our arguments. Winsor narrates that when Bobadilla sent to St. Domingo to recall Columbus, who was at Concepcion, the 23d of August, 1500, the admiral obeyed the summons. He was then arrested at Bobadilla's orders, laid in chains, and imprisoned in a tower, which is still to be seen in the southeastern portion of the city. Las Casas in his history tells us that Espinosa, the cook of Columbus, was the person chosen to rivet the fetters. Now Las Casas knew Espinosa personally, and is a trustworthy witness. The act of riveting (in Spanish *remachar*) does not fitly describe chains such as those possessed by Baldi, and illustrated by Mizzi.

It is well known that in the life of the admiral attributed to Don Fernando Colon, his natural son, are to be read the following words, which for the sake of brevity we translate into English from the Italian text of the first edition, which was published to the world in the city of Venice in the year 1571 :

The admiral had decided to keep these fetters as relics and memorials of the first of his many good services, and this he did, for I always saw in his room those irons, which he willed to be buried with his bones.

Now the supposed host of Columbus, if we are to accept the testimony of these inscriptions, was a certain Francisco Mesonero, *anglicè*, Francis the innkeeper. But when Columbus died on May 20, 1506, in the house marked as Number 7 in the Calle de Colon in Valladolid, a house still extant, he could not have been lodged in a hotel, but in a private residence, and therefore there could be no question of an innkeeper. And this because one of the provisions of the most Catholic King in favor of his good servant Christopher Columbus was that each and every time that the admiral viceroy should remove himself from one city to another he should not only be lodged at the public expense but recommended to the care of the notables of the city, and that no such host was to permit himself to be paid even a farthing by this great man under penalty of a fine of the heavy sum of 2000 maravedis. Further, the royal decrees bearing the dates May 24, 1493 Barcelona, and that of April 23, 1497, Burgos, declare that to the admiral and his suite should be given over gratuitously the best houses, such as are not *mesoneros*—that is to say, inns. Consequently, Columbus could not have died in an inn, but in a private house.

Let us proceed yet further. The last will and testament of Columbus is very diffuse and detailed, and that there is no doubt as to its authenticity is well ascertained. A great part of it is occupied with the question of his rights, and he complains bitterly regarding the ill treatment he had received. Of the chains there is not one word. Now, is it likely that the heir of the great admiral, Don Diego Columbus, should not have religiously preserved these chains, which would have served as such sentimental arguments in order to continue the famous lawsuit of the Columbus family against the crown of Spain? And even if Don Diego should not have so done, Don Fernando, who had the custody of his father's papers and books, and who founded the Columbian library of Seville, is certain to have preserved them. Hence, either Fernando Columbus is the author of the life of his father, known under the

name of "Historie," or he is not. If he is, he must have felt an interest in these chains, which the writer of this biography asserts that he saw, as mentioned in the quotation already given.

In 1509 the body of Christopher Columbus was disinterred at Valladolid, where it had until then rested, and was transported to the Certosa Convent of Seville, called Las Cuevas. Although the body was identified, the fetters were nowhere to be found in the coffin, and they were diligently sought for, since legend had already promulgated the tale that such fetters would be discovered together with the body of Columbus, rumor having it that these famous chains had been buried with his bones. It is, therefore, more than probable that the chains, if they were so buried, had vanished long before the removal of the body, and hence Messrs. Mizzi and Baldi must be deceived as to the authenticity of the relics which the one owns and the other writes about, for we hesitate to believe that they can voluntarily be palming off a fraud upon the public.

It is notorious to all who collect antiquities how easy it is to falsify objects made, for example, in iron. It is an art which in Florence is practised with an ability such as to deceive every one who is not a thorough expert. May it not, therefore, well have happened that some such skilful forger of things ancient played the part of deceiver to Signor Giuseppe Baldi? And is not this theory all the more probable when we add that no traces of the chains were found in the coffin of Columbus on the two subsequent translocations of the admiral's body, when it was taken to the cathedral of San Domingo, and, afterward, when it was removed to Havana?

Here, too, is what Justin Winsor says concerning the chains :

It is the statement of the "Historie" that Columbus preserved the chains in which he had come home from his third voyage, and that he had them buried with him, or intended to do so. The story is often repeated, but it has no other authority than the somewhat dubious one of that book, and it finds no confirmation in Las Casas, Peter Martyr, Bernaldez, or Oviedo. Humboldt says that he made subtle inquiry of those who assisted at the reinternment at Havana, if there were any traces of these fetters or oxide of iron in the coffin. In the account of the recent discovery of remains at Santo Domingo it is said that there are equally no traces of fetters in the casket.

The question as to the authenticity of these chains, which it is proposed to exhibit at Chicago, may therefore be considered to be solved. And what about the sword? Is not that also an antiquary's fraud? Surely this too would have remained in the hands of Don Diego Columbus, and at his death have passed to the heir, Don Luis Columbus, with whom ended the direct male line of the admiral. Would the son who so carefully preserved all documents bearing on his father have parted with his sword? There cannot even be put forward the plea of poverty to justify such an action. Don Diego made a great marriage: he wedded Maria de Toledo, niece of the Duke of Alba, and hence became cousin to King Ferdinand V. It might, of course, be that Don Diego bestowed the paternal sword upon the royal family, from whose hands it passed into those of Charles V., who may have carried it to Salzburg; but these are mere conjectures, and in a question of such value conjectures do not suffice, and definite proofs are required. It is much to be desired and hoped that this question as to the authenticity of the sword may also

be thoroughly sifted, so that America may not incur the reproach of exhibiting to the crowds that will rush to Chicago relics which are worthy to be classed only with the wooden nutmegs of evil repute.

X. Y. Z.

The First Account of the Grand Falls of Labrador.

THE pleasure of reading Mr. Henry G. Bryant's interesting article on the Labrador Falls, which appeared in *THE CENTURY* for September, is, I think, somewhat marred by reason of the very brief reference made by Mr. Bryant to the circumstances of the discovery of the falls, and the impression thereby conveyed to the public that there is no record of McLean's visit to the falls, except the traditional story known to the Hudson's Bay Company; whereas the discoverer, John McLean (not McLane), in his book entitled "Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory," gives the following description of the scene as it appeared to him when he first saw the locality in August, 1839:

About six miles above the falls the river suddenly contracts from a width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, to about one hundred yards, then, rushing along in a continuous foaming rapid, finally contracts to a breadth of about fifty yards ere it precipitates itself over the rock which forms the fall, when still roaring and foaming it continues its maddened course for about a distance of thirty miles, pent up between walls of rock that sometimes rise to the height of three hundred feet on either side. This stupendous fall exceeds in height the Falls of Niagara, but bears no comparison to that sublime object in any other respect, being nearly hidden from the view by the abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately beneath it. If not seen, however, it is felt. Such is the extraordinary force with which it tumbles into the abyss beneath that we felt the solid rock shake under our feet, as we stood two hundred feet above the gulf. A dense cloud of vapour, which can be seen at a great distance in clear weather, hangs over the spot. From the fall to the foot of the rapid, a distance of about thirty miles, the zigzag course of the river presents such sharp angles that you see nothing of it until within a few yards of its banks. Might not this circumstance lead the geologist to the conclusion that the fall had receded this distance? The mind shrinks from the contemplation of a subject that carries it back to a period of time so remote; for if the rock (syenite) always possessed its present solidity and hardness, the action of the water alone might require millions of years to produce such a result.

Thus it will be seen that we have reliable information regarding McLean's discovery, not mere tradition.

A. H. Whitcher.

William Thorne.

PERHAPS the one great advantage which the Académie Julian possesses over its rival, the Beaux Arts, is its eclecticism, although that eclecticism is possibly not complete, for impressionism as exemplified in the work of Monet would hardly find favor with the Julian professors. What I mean is, that while the traditions of the Académie are nobly upheld by Le Febvre and Laurens, the modern spirit in art is fairly well represented by Doucet. It is but natural, however, that an earnest and conscientious student, venerating, as he must, the skill and knowledge of Le Febvre and Laurens, should be disposed to yield to their overwhelming influence, much as he may be attracted by the light and joyousness of the modern movement. It is as well that it should be so, for there are few greater

masters of the human form than they, certainly no better workmen; and I have little faith in the originality or individuality of the artist under thirty. The history of art teaches that style and individuality are the ripe fruit of years of following a stronger and more "knowledgeable" master or masters.

In Mr. Thorne's "Purity," printed on page 560, one sees an honest following of the traditions of the Académie, together with a reaching out toward the more modern. The picture has much of the quality of Le Febvre, much of his excellent drawing and workman-like putting on of paint; it shows also that impulse toward tenderness, sentiment, and light which is affecting all the younger painters.

Mr. Thorne has but lately returned from Paris, where he has studied since 1889 in the Julian school under Le Febvre, Constant, Doucet, and Laurens. He won an honorable mention at the Salon of 1891, and was an exhibitor in the Champs Elysées Salon in 1890. He was born in Delavan, Wisconsin, in 1863. His first instruction in art was at the National Academy of Design in New York, where he received a first medal for drawing.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Abraham Lincoln's Last Hours.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ARMY SURGEON PRESENT AT THE ASSASSINATION, DEATH, AND AUTOPSY.

THE notes from which this article is written were made the day succeeding Mr. Lincoln's death, and immediately after the official examination of the body. They were made, by direction of Secretary Stanton, for the purpose of preserving an official account of the circumstances attending the assassination, in connection with the medical aspects of the case.

On the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the beloved President, his great heart filled with peaceful thoughts and charity for all, entered Ford's Theater amid the acclamations of the loyal multitude assembled to greet him. Mr. Lincoln sat in a high-backed upholstered chair in the corner of his box nearest the audience, and only his left profile was visible to most of the audience; but from where I sat, almost under the box, in the front row of orchestra chairs, I could see him plainly. Mrs. Lincoln rested her hand on his knee much of the time, and often called his attention to some humorous situation on the stage. She seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing his enjoyment.

All went on pleasantly until half-past ten o'clock, when, during the second scene of the third act, the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. The report seemed to proceed from behind the scenes on the right of the stage, and behind the President's box. While it startled every one in the audience, it was evidently accepted by all as an introductory effect preceding some new situation in the play, several of which had been introduced in the earlier part of the performance. A moment afterward a hatless and white-faced man leaped from the front of the President's box down, twelve feet, to the stage. As he jumped, one of the spurs on his riding-boots caught in the folds of the flag draped over the front, and caused him to fall partly on his hands and knees as he struck the stage. Springing quickly to his feet with the suppleness of an athlete, he faced the audience for a moment as he brandished in his right hand a long knife, and shouted,

"Sic semper tyrannis!" Then, with a rapid stage stride, he crossed the stage, and disappeared from view. A piercing shriek from the President's box, a repeated call for "Water! water!" and "A surgeon!" in quick succession, conveyed the truth to the almost paralyzed audience. A most terrible scene of excitement followed. With loud shouts of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" part of the audience stamped toward the entrance and some to the stage.

I leaped from the top of the orchestra railing in front of me upon the stage, and, announcing myself as an army surgeon, was immediately lifted up to the President's box by several gentlemen who had collected beneath. I happened to be in uniform, having passed the entire day in attending to my duties at the Signal Camp of Instruction in Georgetown, and not having had an opportunity to change my dress. The cape of a military overcoat fastened around my neck became detached in clambering into the box, and fell upon the stage. It was taken to police headquarters, together with the assassin's cap, spur, and derringer, which had also been picked up, under the supposition that it belonged to him. It was recovered, weeks afterward, with much difficulty.

When I entered the box, the President was lying upon the floor surrounded by his wailing wife and several gentlemen who had entered from the private stairway and dress-circle. Assistant Surgeon Charles A. Leale, U. S. V., was in the box, and had caused the coat and waistcoat to be cut off in searching for the wound. Dr. A. F. A. King of Washington was also present, and assisted in the examination. The carriage had been ordered to remove the President to the White House, but the surgeons countermanded the order, and he was removed to a bed in a house opposite the theater. The wound in the head had been found before leaving the box, but at that time there was no blood oozing from it. When the dying President was laid upon the bed in a small but neatly furnished room opposite the theater, it was found necessary to arrange his great length diagonally upon it. The room having become speedily filled to suffocation, the officer in command of the provost guard at the theater was directed to clear it of all except the surgeons. This officer guarded the door until relieved later in the evening by General M. C. Meigs, who took charge of it the rest of the night, by direction of Mr. Stanton.

A hospital steward from Lincoln Hospital did efficient service in speedily procuring the stimulants and sinapisms ordered. The wound was then examined. A tablespoonful of diluted brandy was placed between the President's lips, but it was swallowed with much difficulty. The respiration now became labored; pulse 44, feeble; the left pupil much contracted, the right widely dilated; total insensibility to light in both. Mr. Lincoln was divested of all clothing, and mustard-plasters were placed on every inch of the anterior surface of the body from the neck to the toes. At this time the President's eyes were closed, and the lids and surrounding parts so injected with blood as to present the appearance of having been bruised. He was totally unconscious, and was breathing regularly but heavily, an occasional sigh escaping with the breath. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room, and it was the saddest and most pathetic death-bed scene I ever witnessed. Captain Robert Lincoln, of General Grant's

staff, entered the room and stood at the headboard, leaning over his dying father. At first his terrible grief overpowered him, but, soon recovering himself, he leaned his head on the shoulder of Senator Charles Sumner, and remained in silent grief during the long, terrible night.

About twenty-five minutes after the President was laid upon the bed, Surgeon-General Barnes and Dr. Robert King Stone, the family physician, arrived and took charge of the case. It was owing to Dr. Leale's quick judgment in instantly placing the almost moribund President in a recumbent position the moment he saw him in the box, that Mr. Lincoln did not expire in the theater within ten minutes from fatal syncope. At Dr. Stone's suggestion, I placed another teaspoonful of diluted brandy between the President's lips, to determine whether it could be swallowed; but as it was not, no further attempt was made.

Some difference of opinion existed as to the exact position of the ball, but the autopsy confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis upon first exploration. No further attempt was made to explore the wound. The injury was pronounced mortal. After the cessation of the bleeding, the respiration was stertorous up to the last breath, which was drawn at twenty-one minutes and fifty-five seconds past seven; the heart did not cease to beat until twenty-two minutes and ten seconds after seven. My hands were upon the President's heart, and my eye on the watch of the surgeon-general, who was standing by my side, with his finger upon the carotid. The respiration during the last thirty minutes was characterized by occasional intermissions; no respiration being made for nearly a minute, but by a convulsive effort air would gain admission to the lungs, when regular, though stertorous, respiration would go on for some seconds, followed by another period of perfect repose. The cabinet ministers and others were surrounding the death-bed, watching with suspended breath the last feeble inspiration; and as the unbroken quiet would seem to prove that life had fled, they would turn their eyes to their watches; then, as the struggling life within would force another fluttering respiration, they would heave deep sighs of relief, and fix their eyes once more upon the face of their chief.

The vitality exhibited by Mr. Lincoln was remarkable. It was the opinion of the surgeons in attendance that most patients would have died within two hours from the reception of such an injury; yet Mr. Lincoln lingered from 10:30 P. M. until 7:22 A. M.

Mrs. Lincoln (with Miss Harris, who was one of the theater party, a few other ladies, and the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor) remained during the night in the front parlor of the house, occasionally visiting her dying husband. Whenever she sat down at the bedside, clean napkins were laid over the crimson stains on the pillow. Her last visit was most painful. As she entered the chamber and saw how the beloved features were distorted, she fell fainting to the floor. Restoratives were applied, and she was supported to the bedside, where she frantically addressed the dying man. "Love," she exclaimed, "live but for one moment to speak to me once—to speak to our children!"

When it was announced that the great heart had ceased to beat, Mr. Stanton said in solemn tones, "He now belongs to the Ages." Shortly after death, finding that the eyes were not entirely closed, one of the

young surgeons reverently placed silver half-dollars upon them. The lower jaw fell slightly, and one of the medical men bound it up with his handkerchief. Secretary Stanton pulled down the window-shades, a guard was stationed outside the door, and the martyred President was left alone.

Immediately after death, the Rev. Dr. Gurley made a fervent prayer, inaudible, at times, from the sobs of those present. As the surgeons left the house, the clergyman was again praying in the front parlor. Poor Mrs. Lincoln's moans, which came through the half-open door, were distressing to hear. She was supported by her son Robert, and was soon after taken to her carriage. As she reached the front door she glanced at the theater opposite, and exclaimed several times, "Oh, that dreadful house! that dreadful house!"

Shortly after her departure, the body of the late President, surrounded by a guard of soldiers, was removed to the White House. A dismal rain was falling on a dense mass of horror-stricken people stretching from F street to Pennsylvania Avenue. As they made a passage for the hearse bearing the beloved dead, terrible execrations and mutterings were heard. A disparaging reference to the dead President was punished by instant death. One man who ventured a shout for Jeff. Davis was set upon and nearly torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd.

During the post-mortem examination Mrs. Lincoln sent in a messenger with a request for a lock of hair.

Dr. Stone clipped one from the region of the wound, and sent it to her. I extended my hand to him in mute appeal, and received a lock stained with blood, and other surgeons present also received one.

It was my good fortune during the early part of the war to become acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. Busy as he was,—weary as he was,—with a burden of care and anxiety resting upon him such as no other President, before or since, has ever borne, he yet found time to visit the army hospitals. He came several times to the Church Hospital on H street, of which I had charge. He was always accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. While she was distributing the flowers she had brought, Mr. Lincoln would accompany me on a tour of the ward. The convalescents stood "at attention" by their cots. He asked the name of every soldier, his State and regiment, and had a kindly and encouraging word for each one. If he came to a soldier who was above the average height, he would laughingly ask him to measure heights, back to back. He never found one there who overtopped him. Mrs. Lincoln always brought, in addition to a quantity of flowers from the White House conservatory, bottles of wine and jellies. She was a kind-hearted and sympathetic woman, and a devoted wife and mother. A gold-and-onyx initial sleeve-button that I took out of Mr. Lincoln's cuff when his shirt was hastily removed in searching for the wound, was subsequently presented to me by Mrs. Lincoln, and is still in my possession.

Charles Sabin Taft, M. D.



IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The General Opinion.

A NUMBER of men were lounging in the "Seminole Land Exchange Office," when Mr. Ferris and Colonel Morris came in. Mr. Ferris was from the North, and had been out with Colonel Morris to look at land. The two gentlemen seated themselves.

"Mr. Ferris's been a-speaking to me about tarantulas," said Colonel Morris, with a smile. "He's heard that tarantulas are the chief product of this part of the country; that there's more deaths by being bit with 'em than from all kinds of sickness. And"—here the Colonel made an impressive pause, and looked up toward the ceiling—"I've been telling him that I never have known a single case where a tarantula-bite caused death. And"—here another pause—"I don't believe one of you gentlemen, who have lived here all your lives, can name an instance. You never knew of one, did you, Mr. Creeny?"

"Well, no, I can't say as ever I saw a person die of a tarantula-bite," responded Mr. Creeny; "but there was my wife's brother, he was a land surveyor; when he was laying out the northern part of this town he got

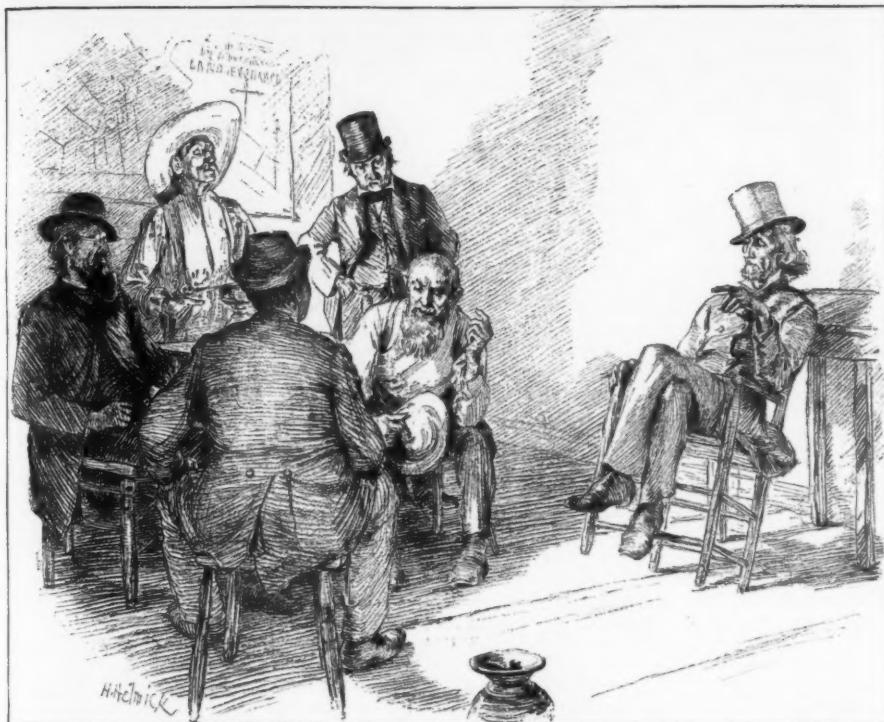
bit, and 'spite of everything he died. You must have heard of it, Colonel, at the time. 'T was some six years ago. They tried whisky and all kinds of remedies, but he died."

"Oh, well—one case, you see, in six years. Nothing more than might happen anywhere. He might have been killed some other way. There's just how little there is to such stories. I don't suppose there's been any other case like that in this county," said the Colonel, with a triumphant look at Mr. Ferris.

"There was my niece's youngest child," ventured an elderly man who was sitting near the door; "he was out playing round the dooryard one day last spring, and one of the pesky critters bit him; and he died 'fore we really sensed what was the matter. The doctor said, soon as he got there, that there wa'n't no use trying to do anything; that 't was a tarantula-bite."

"Well, yes, an occasional case like that, you see; and after all, it might not have been a tarantula," said the Colonel, hopefully. "Now, you see, only two cases, and one of them doubtful. You ne'er had any trouble from 'em, did you, Dunbar?"

"No," responded Mr. Dunbar—"no; we never've



“THERE'S MORE TALK THAN FACT TO TARANTULA-STORIES.”

seen any of the pizen things. But about a year ago, when my wife was visiting at a neighbor's,—Mrs. Smith's; she lives the second street above here,—Mr. Smith came rushing home just about wild; said he'd been bit by a tarantula. They sent for a doctor, but he could n't be saved. That's the only case that's ever come direct to my knowledge, except that of the old colored woman who washed for a neighbor. She died of a tarantula-bite.”

“Oh, a stray nigger now and then, I dare say,” said the Colonel, moving his chair back a little, and tilting it against a convenient counter; “but as for there being many cases, all I've got to say is, that I've never heard of 'em. You and I, Major Irving,” turning to the man beside him, who had not spoken, “we know there's more nonsense than sense to most of the tarantula-scares, eh?”

“That's a fact, Colonel. I was a-thinking, as I set here, of the time my black Joe got bit. Lord! the fellow was crazy, and so was all the darkies about the place. Joe suffered considerable, and we hadn't hardly got quieted down after his death 'fore a cousin of mine got bit, too. That happened three years ago, and those were all the bad bites I ever actually knew about. I've heard now and then of some bite or other; but those two is all that's come under my notice.”

Major Irving was the last speaker: “Um-m,” responded the Colonel, “you see, Mr. Ferris, the general

opinion is that there's more talk than fact to tarantula-stories.”

“I see,” replied Mr. Ferris, as he bade the gentlemen good night, and went slowly and fearfully toward the hotel.

Alice Turner.

Counter-thoughts.

“What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!”

WHAT are the old folks thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
A thought like this filled the baby's head
(A wonderful baby, and very well read).
He gazed at grandpa, and grandma too;
And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue,
As side by side they sat there rocking —
He with his pipe, and she with her stocking.

And the baby wondered, as well he might,
Why old folks always were happy and bright—
And he said in his heart
With a blithe little start
That showed how gladly he'd act his part:
“I'll find some baby, as soon as I can,
To stay with me till I'm grown an old man,
And, side by side, we'll sit there, rocking —
I with my pipe, and she with her stocking.”

Mary Mapes Dodge.

Uncle Ben and Old Henry.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS."

"WELL, I 'll leave hit ter Mr. Ed'ards —"
"Don't leave it to me, Uncle Ben."

"But you was raise' by de Book, you know what de faith is; an'de Booksays, ef you have faith as er mustard seed,—an' God knows hit's mighty little,—ef you have faith as er mustard seed, you c'n move mount'ins."

"Hit don't say you c'n mek rain, do hit?" Old Henry laughed as he drove his plane along the edge of a plank he was beveling for the new plantation tank.

"Don't turn yo' back ter me, don't turn yo' back ter me! I 'm er man!" Uncle Ben drew himself up, and struck his hoe violently on the ground as he extended his right arm. "I 'm er man, an' I stan' by de Baptis' faith. You done lef' hit; you done parted from de faith!" Thus challenged, old Henry rested from his labors a moment, and indulgently faced his antagonist, a half-smile illuminating his yellow, wrinkled face, while his eyes wandered off toward the far hills. The carpenter's bench stood under a group of majestic pines, and I had been idling upon one end of it, watching the pretty shavings curl out from under the plane, while the old man ran over the incidents of his early youth. Although seventy years of age, he was still as active as a boy, and his skill with tools was, as it had always been, marvelous to me. He was the last of the old-time plantation carpenters, and as the rear-guard of a vanishing civilization they deserve especial mention. Within their province lay the building of gin-houses, mills, cribs, cabins, dwellings, gates, sheds, and in fact everything needed in country carpentry. The ingenuity and inventive powers of the old fellows would astonish the city mechanic; their gates still swing on abandoned plantations, without hinges, their latches still defy the efforts of roving cattle, and I know of a mill-wheel, pivoted on a pine-knot, that has run true for a quarter of a century. It is true, they ever preferred odd jobs to a long one; that there probably never lived one that, given a shed to build, did not put a helve to an ax, make a wheelbarrow, fit standards to a wagon, nail on palings, hew out a sill, patch a roof, mend a well-windlass, make a beehive, and yoke a jumping cow, before he finished the shed. If he had to cut a plank he would lift first one end and then the other, measure both ways, reflect, and wander off. But afterward the plank was always cut to advantage.

These accomplishments were all based upon a hatchet, broad-ax, chisel, saw, hammer, and square, which were carried in a bag, and made the owners privileged characters. Brought into contact with many kinds of people, naturally the carpenters lost something of their ignorance, and suffered likewise from the irreligious tendencies of the age. So it was that, looking wearily over the far-stretching fields of corn, the leaves twisting in the heat, and contemplating the discouraging cotton prospect, I had said, half jestingly, to a negro passing, "Uncle Ben, pray for rain," and precipitated a doctrinal discussion; for Ben had immediately replied, "Ef I had faith enough, I could fetch er rain."

The form of the carpenter overtopped his challenger as he faced him.

"Go on," he said, "I 'm er-listenin'." One or two others, having refreshed themselves at the water-tank, paused to watch the conflict.

"I say you done parted from de faith, Unc' Henry. Ef you was still en de faith, an' ask anythin', you goin' ter get hit."

"Why don't you ask fer er million dollars; what you hoein' out yonder en dat sun fer, when all you got ter do is ter ask de Lord fer money?"

"Dat ain't de question, dat ain't hit. You dodgin' now!"

"No, I ain't dodgin'—"

"Yes, you is. De Lord don't sen' ter people what dey axes fer deyse'ves. He only sen' blessin's. Ef I ax fer er million er money, hit 'd be 'cause I 'd natchly want ter quit work, an' dat 's erg'in' his law. By de sweat er de brow—dat 's how hit 's got ter come off hit come lawful."

"Oom hoo!" This assenting sound came from Uncle Peter, who had paused among the listeners, and simply yielded to his church habit when his opinion was stated correctly. Old Henry bristled up; these aged negroes are always ready upon scriptural points, and are frequently disputants of no mean ability.

"Well, why don't you git rain, then? Hyah 's Mr. Ed'ards waitin' an' waitin' fer rain, payin' you ter hoe, an' one good rain 'd do more fer him 'n all the hoein' in the worl'."

"I did n't say I could fetch rain, Unc' Henry, I did n't say hit!" The speaker extended his hand deprecatingly.

"What did you say, then?"

"I said, ef I had faith."

"You b'lieve ef you had faith you could fetch er rain?"

"Yes, I do! Yes, I do!"

"Well, ain't dat faith? Ef you b'lieve hit, hit 's faith. Trouble is, you don't b'lieve hit yo'self."

"Don't turn yo' back on me! I 'm er man! Face me! Face me!" exclaimed Ben, excitedly. Old Henry had laughed triumphantly, and was shoving his plane again.

"I 'm er-facin' you. Go on!"

"You done parted from de faith, Unc' Henry, dat 's what ails you." Ben was simply gaining time.

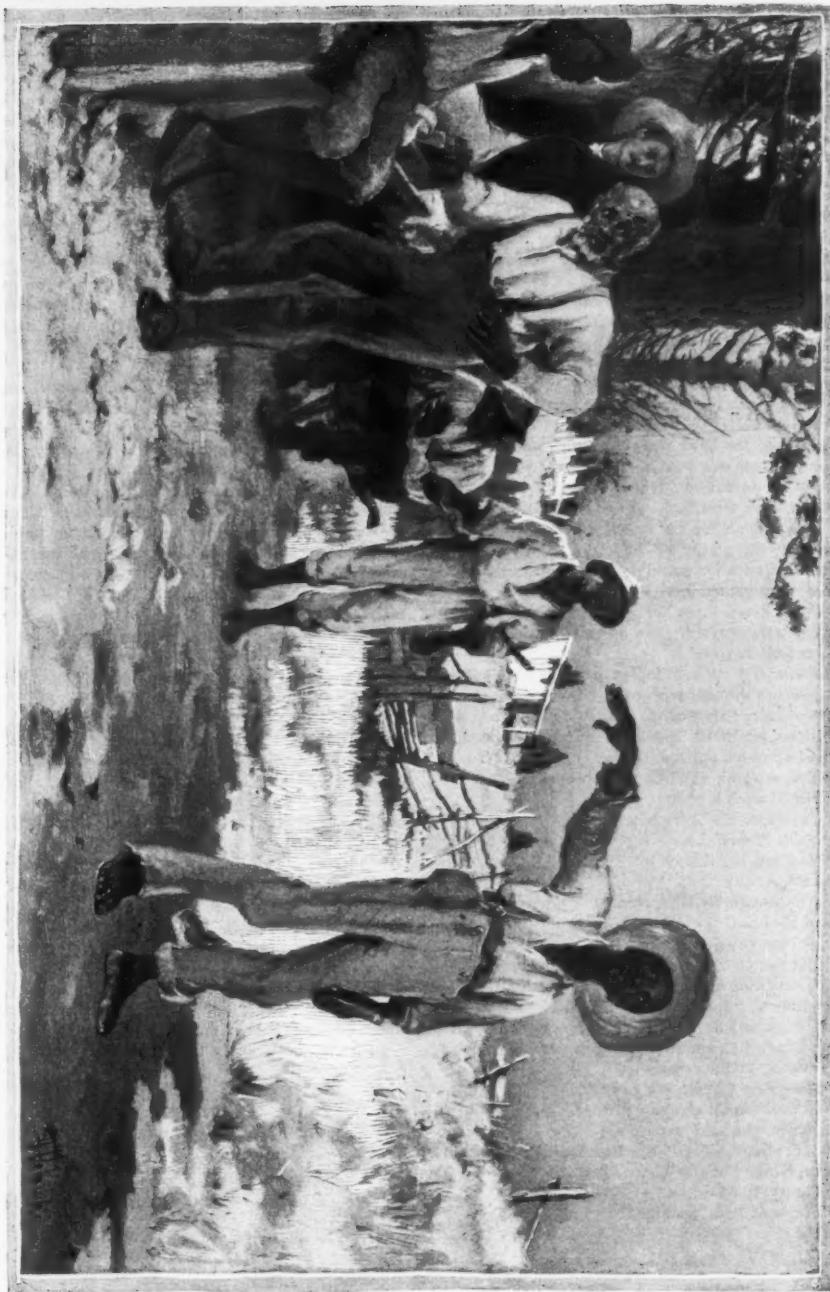
"No, I ain't parted from no faith, but I got too much sense ter b'lieve any man can git rain by askin' fer hit."

"Don't de Book say, 'Ask, an' you shall receive?'"

"Not rain. Hit meant grace. When hit comes ter rain, de Lord don't let nobody fool wid him; he look arter rain especially himse'f." The speaker was emphatic, and now, as an unanswerable argument dawned upon him, he raised his voice. "Why, man, look at hit right! S'pose two men side by side pray dif'nt,—an' wid faith,—what happen? Yonder 's Mr. Ed'ards's oats ter be cut nex' week, an' on t' other side de fence Unc' Jim's gyarden burnin' up. Mr. Ed'ards wants dry weather, an' Jim want rain, an' dey bofe pray deir own way! Bofe got faith, now, bofe got faith, an' one pray for rain while t' other pray fer dry weather; what de Lord goin' do? Is he goin' ter split er rain on dat fence?"

Ben hesitated.

"Answer me! Answer me!" shouted Henry, triumphantly. Several laughed at his extravagant gestures. "Don't turn yo' back ter me, Ben! I 'm er man!" he said mockingly. Ben faced him. One could see his black face light up as an idea came to his relief.



" You want my answer ? "

" Yes, I want hit. Don't stan' dyah stammerin' ! What de Lord goin' do ? "

" You want my answer ? "

" Ain't I tote you so ? "

" Well, hyah 't is." It was an impressive moment, and all looked on with interest. " De Lord 'u'd sen' 'nough rain to help de gyarden, but not 'nough ter hurt de oats. Dat 'my answer ! "

" Oom hoo ! " Peter was straightening the backband upon his aged mule; Henry looked around angrily.

" Who said 'Oom hoo' ? You don't know what you all talkin' 'bout ! Send 'nough rain ter help de gyarden, an' not 'nough to hurt de oats ! You reckon Mr. Ed'ards let er nigger stay on dis place an' pray for rain when he cuttin' oats ? You reckon er nigger goin' ter come hyah an' run er market-gyarden wid 'im on sheers, an' him er-prayin' fer dry wedder when cabbage oughter be headin' up ? No, sah ! You c'n pray fer grace, an' when you gits grace you 're all right, rain or no rain ; but you better not resk yo'se'f on rain." Old Henry shook his head energetically. " Folks got ter have somebody ter settle when hit shall rain, an' when hit sha'n't rain. Faith ain' got nothin' ter do 'ith hit. It takes horse sense. Why, ef de Lord was ter tie er rope to de flood-gate, an' let hit down hyah ter be pulled when dey need rain, somebody 'd git killed ev'y time dey pulled hit. Folks wid oats ter cut 'u'd lie out wid dey guns an' gyard dat rope, an' folks wid cabbages 'd be sneakin' up in de dyark tryin' ter git hold er hit. Fus' thing you know, er cem'tery grow up roun' dyah, an' nobody lef' ter pull de rope ! "

" Faith 'u'd fetch it." Ben had the audience with him, despite the old carpenter's long harangue, and his easy confidence showed it. Henry suddenly laid down his plane, which he had for a moment resumed, and turned upon his opponent.

" Yes, sah ; hit will bring hit," repeated Ben.

" Hit 'll fetch hit ? "

" Yes, sah ; hit 'll fetch de rain."

" Faith 'll fetch hit ? "

" Yes, sah, hit 'll fetch hit."

" You got any ? "

" Not 'nough ter fetch rain." Henry grinned, and tossed his head.

" Yo' fam'bly got any ? "

" Not 'nough fer rain." This time old Henry laughed, his chin resting on his chest, his yellow skin wrinkling everywhere. " Look like faith es 'bout as scyarce an' hard ter git as rain," he said to the crowd. Then he turned upon Ben again, and said in the most mocking, aggravating manner possible :

" Macedony Church got any ? "

Ben could not dodge any further.

" Plenty," he said promptly.

" Got 'nough fer rain ? " Ben was now fairly in a corner, but he put a bold face upon it.

" Plenty."

" Prayer-meetin' ter-night ? "

" Yes."

" Well, you go down dyah ; an' take yo' fam'bly, an' all de niggers in de settlement what 's got faith,—don't get none but faith niggers,—an' see ef you git er rain. You git er rain, an' I 'll give up. I hyah you all been prayin' fer me ter come in chu'ch — cause de ole roof wants patchin', I reckon. Git de rain an' you gits me, too. Go on ; go on, an' try hit. I ain' got no time ter waste. Fus' thing you know, rain 'll be pourin' down, an' dis hyah tank be leakin' faster 'n hit can run in. You goin' ter git dat rain, Ben ? " he called out sarcastically as the others moved off. " Don't turn yo' back ter me ! I 'm er man ! " The old man was now jubilant.

" Yes," said Ben, without looking back. " I 'm goin' ter try. An' ef we have faith we 'll git hit. Hit 's er dry moon," he continued, looking up at the inverted crescent ; " ain't nair drop of water dyah, an' she lays erbed en de mornin' ; but faith c'n do hit."

THE next morning a thin little cloud floated out of the brazen east, a mere ghost of a cloud, and from it was sifted down for about two minutes the poorest apology that nature ever made to injured verdure. Soon it passed into nothingness, and the full sun blazed over the parched land once more. I heard a triumphant laugh out where the hands were watering the mules preparatory to their departure into the fields, and recognized Ben's voice above all the others. About the time I was congratulating him upon his success, up came old Henry, his sack of tools across his shoulder. He began to laugh silently as he tightened a bit in his brace ; a little, aggravating, mocking laugh it was, too. Gradually, as this continued, Ben's triumphant manner disappeared. The old carpenter was now boring a hole, and stopping every few seconds, overcome by some idea of his own. He did not seem to know even that Ben was present. Soon he had gained everybody's attention, and nearly all were laughing from sympathy. Then I asked him what was the matter. Wiping the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, he said, still shaking :

" Hit only teks faith, Mr. Ed'ards, faith as er mustard seed, ter move er mount'in, an' hyah 's de whole of Macedony Chu'ch can't lay de dus' ! " And with a twist of his bare foot he raised a small cloud beside him. A shout greeted this thrust and comical gesture, and before it poor Ben wilted. What doctrinaire can withstand ridicule ? As Ben hurried off, suddenly seized with a desire to attack the grassy cotton-field, old Henry shouted :

" I 'm er man ! Don't turn yo' back ter me ! "

Harry Stillwell Edwards

A Counter.

So knavishly they played the game of hearts,
She counted him a victim to her arts,
He thought her snared. So, pleased both went their
way ;
And yet, forsooth, old strategists were they !

Edith M. Thomas.

